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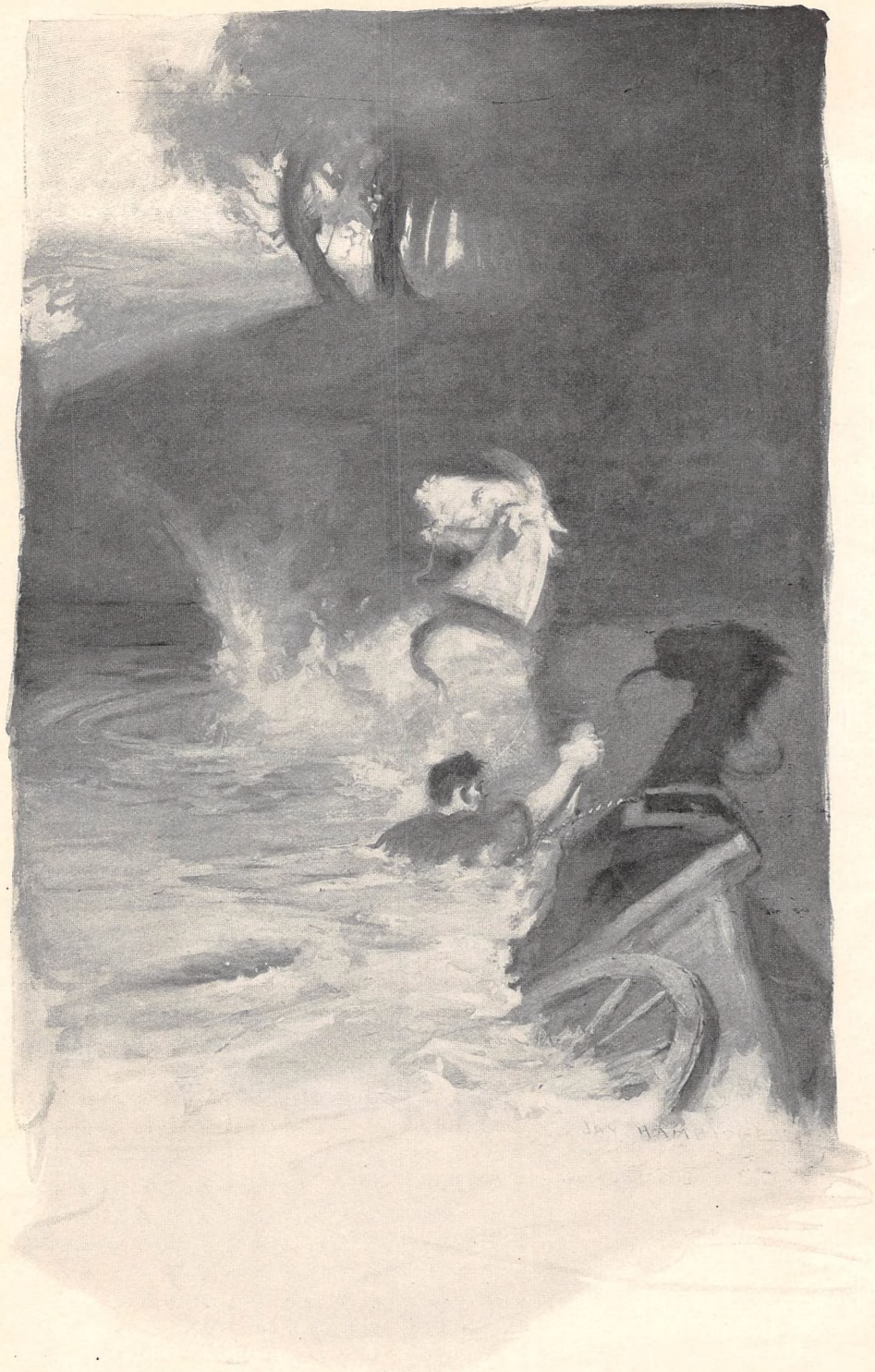
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"JOCK, FORGETFUL OF HIMSELF, WAS DETERMINED TO GIVE HIS HORSE A CHANCE FOR LIFE."

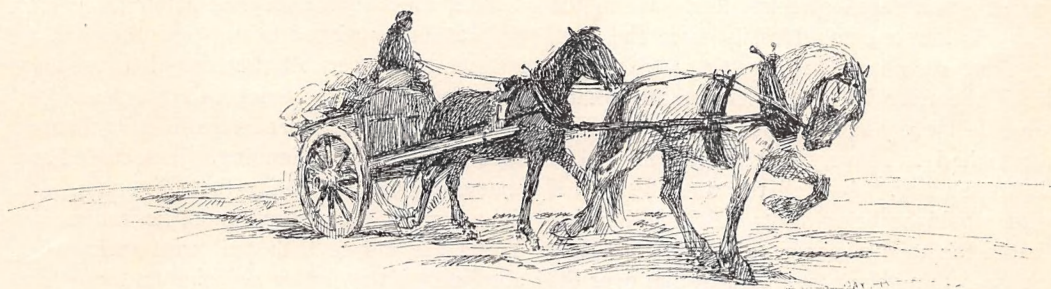


# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 1.



## FOR THE SAKE OF A HORSE.

BY IAN MACLAREN,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

IN the days of long ago I used to live in the summer-time upon a farm in one of the rich plains of Scotland, where the soil was deep and we could grow everything, from the fragrant red clover to the strong, upstanding wheat. One reason why our farm bore such abundant crops was its situation; for it lay, in the shape of the letter V, between two rivers which met upon our ground. One of the rivers was broad and shallow, and its clear water ran over gravel, brawling and fretting when it came upon a large stone, and making here and there a pleasant little fall. This river in the winter-time could rise high and run with a strong current, and there were days and sometimes weeks when we could not send our men and horses across its ford. We never hated this river, because, although it could be angry and proud when the snow was melting on the distant hill or a big thunder-cloud burst in the glens above us, it was never treacherous and sullen; it had no unexpected depths into which a man and

horse might fall, but was open as the day, and its water was as bright. Wherefore I have kindly thoughts of that stream, and when the sun is hot in the city, and there is no unused air to breathe, I wish I were again upon its banks and could see it gleaming underneath the bushes as it sings its way past my feet.

The other river was narrow, and ran in silence between its banks; or rather it did not run, but trailed itself along like a serpent, deep, black, and smooth. There was no end to its wicked cunning, for it pretended to be only three feet deep and it was twelve, and sometimes it hollowed out to itself a hole where a twenty-foot line would not touch the bottom. One of its worst tricks was to undermine the bank so that the green turf on which you stood became a trap, and, yielding beneath your feet, unless you were very dexterous landed you in the river, and, unless you could swim, the river would drown you in its black water as if with fiendish delight.



Over this river, also, we required to have a ford; but in this case it was not natural, for the bottom of this river was far below the surface of the water, and it was soft, deep clay. Across the river, therefore, the ford had to be built up with stones; and it was made in the shape of a horseshoe, so that any one crossing must follow a rough half-circle from bank to bank, and he had to be very careful to keep to the line of the ford, for below it the water poured into a depth of thirty feet. When the river was low one could easily trace the ford, and there was no excuse for getting into danger; but if the river had been fed by the upland rains, then every sign of the ford was lost, and a man had to be very careful how he picked his horse's way. And all the time the wicked water would be bringing its weight to bear on him, in the hope of carrying him and his horse and everything else that was with him over the edge.

This river we loathed, and at the thought of its wickedness and its tragedies—for twice I nearly lost my life in it—I still shudder, here in my study.

One afternoon I went down to the ford in order to warn a plowman that he must not cross. That morning he had taken a load of grain to the railway-station, and now he was coming back with the empty cart and two horses. During the day there had been rain upon the mountains, and the river was swollen so that every sign of the ford was lost.

I stood high up upon the bank, and when he came down the road on the other side I shouted across the river—which was rising every minute—that he must not on any account attempt it, but must turn back and go round by the bridge. Of course he ought to have obeyed this order, and I am not going to say that he was wise in what he did; but safety would mean a detour of ten miles, and he knew not fear. It was from this breed that our Highland regiment got their recruits, and more than one of our men had gone into the "Black Watch."

"I 'll risk it," he cried from the other side; and he made his preparations for the daring enterprise, while I, on my side, could say and do nothing more. All that remained for me was to watch, and, if it were possible, in case of

things coming to the worst, to give such help as I could from the bank.

It was a heavy two-wheeled cart he had, with one horse in the shafts and another before, tandemwise; and this kind of team could not be driven from the cart. The driver must walk, holding the reins of the tandem horse in his right hand, and, if necessary, guiding the horse in the shafts with his left; and so they entered the stream.

After the horses had gone a few yards into the water they wished to stop; for they had an instinct of danger, all the more because they were not free, but were strapped and chained, so that it would be almost impossible for them to save their lives by swimming. Jock chided and encouraged them, calling them by name, and they went in without any more hesitation; for horses are full of faith, and trust their driver absolutely if they know his voice and love him. Each of our men had a pair of horses under his charge; and so close was the tie between the men and their horses that the pair would come to their driver in the field when he called them by name, and would allow another plowman to handle them only under protest.

Very carefully did Jock guide his team round the farther bend of the horseshoe, and when they reached the middle of the stream the water reached his waist and was lapping round his chest. Of course he could not have stood had it not been that he was on the upper side, and had the support of the shaft, to which he clung, still holding the reins of the foremost horse and the bridle of the other.

"Take care, Jock! for my sake, take care, man!" I yelled from my bank. It was poor advice, but one had to say something as he looked on the man and the horses, more than half covered by the stream, so lonely and helpless. "You are at the turn now"; for we knew that the bend of the shoe was at the middle of the stream.

"It's a' richt," came back the brave, honest voice. "We 'll win through"; and now Jock turned the leader's head up-stream, and the cart began to move round on the nearer turn of the horseshoe. Yes, they would win through, for surely the worst was past, and I jumped upon the bank for very joy, but ever watched the slight-



est movement, while every inch seemed a mile and every moment an hour.

Alas! there was no end to the deceit and wickedness of that river; for, owing to some slight bend at a little distance higher up on the opposite bank, the current ran with its main strength, not in the middle of the channel, but toward the place where I was standing, and into a black deep just at my feet. It beat upon the cart, and as I looked I could see the cart begin to yield, and to be carried sidewise off the track of the ford. I shouted,—I know not what now; I think the plowman's name,—but Jock already had felt himself going with the cart as it turned round. He called upon his horses: "Pull up, Star! Steady, lass!"—this to the mare in his hand.

The intelligent creatures answered to his voice and made a valiant effort, Star plunging forward, and the mare—a wise old beast—straining herself to recover the cart. For an instant the cart's further wheel was pulled on to the track, and I saw the cart once more level in the water; and again I shouted, calling both man and horses by their names. Then the river, afraid that she was to be spoiled of her prey, put out all her strength. The cart yields and sinks on the lower side and begins to turn over. It is off the ford now, and will pull the horses after it, and all that can be done is for Jock to let go the horses, who are now struggling in desperation, and to save his own life. He could swim, and was a powerful man, forty inches and more round the chest, and a fellow, if you please, to toss the hammer on a summer evening.

"For God's sake, let go the horses, Jock, and make for the bank!" And I went to the edge where he was likely to come, and lying down upon my chest, I twisted one arm round a sturdy bush, and was ready with the other hand to catch Jock if he should be fighting his way through the current and come within reach of shore.

By this time the horse in the shaft was fighting on the edge of the abyss, and only the top of one side-board of the cart could be seen, and the upper shaft, which was standing straight out of the water. Star was screaming with terror—and a horse's scream is a fearful sound—for if only he could be free of the two chains that

fastened him to the shaft, he, a powerful young horse, would soon reach safety where the road came out from the ford through the banks, up the slope, to dry land. And Jock, forgetful of himself, was determined to give Star his chance for life—Star, whom he had broken in as a colt, and taught to take an oatmeal-cake out of his pocket, of whom he boasted in the markets, and for whom he had bought little brass ornaments to wear on his forehead and chest. The mare was beyond redemption, and must perish with the cart; she was old, and had done her work. But Star must not be drowned. Already he has loosened the near chain and on one side Star is free, and now, in the midst of that wild hurly-burly of plunging horses, Jock, holding on to the projecting shaft with one hand, is reaching with the other underneath the neck of the mare, to free the other chain from the farther shaft.

He succeeded, as I took it, at the very last moment; for Star, now on the brink, made a desperate effort, and, shaking himself free of all entanglements, swam into the quieter water, just above where I had hoped to meet his driver.

In another minute Star was standing on the road, shaking in every limb, and hanging his head between his fore legs, with all the strength and bravery taken out of him.

Before he reached the bank, the cart and the mare, and poor Jock with them, had been swept over the edge of the unseen ford into the deep water below. Had Jock been free of the cart and horse he might have made some fight for his life, even in that caldron; but, from the marks upon his body, we judged that he had been struck, just when he loosed the chain, by the iron hoofs of the mare in her agony, and had been rendered unconscious.

Within a second, horse and cart and man had disappeared, and the cruel river had triumphed and was satisfied.

Three days afterward we rescued his body from her grasp; and when we carried it up to the bothy where he and his mates had lived together, the roughest of them felt that this man had been a hero.

No doubt he ought not to have dared so much; but having dared, he did not flinch.



His duty was that of every driver,—to stick to the last by his horses,—and he did it to the uttermost.

He was a rough man, Jock, who never read anything except the stories in the weekly newspaper which used to circulate in the bothies. There were times when Jock took a glass too much on a fair-day at Muirtown, and then he was inclined to fight. His language, also, was

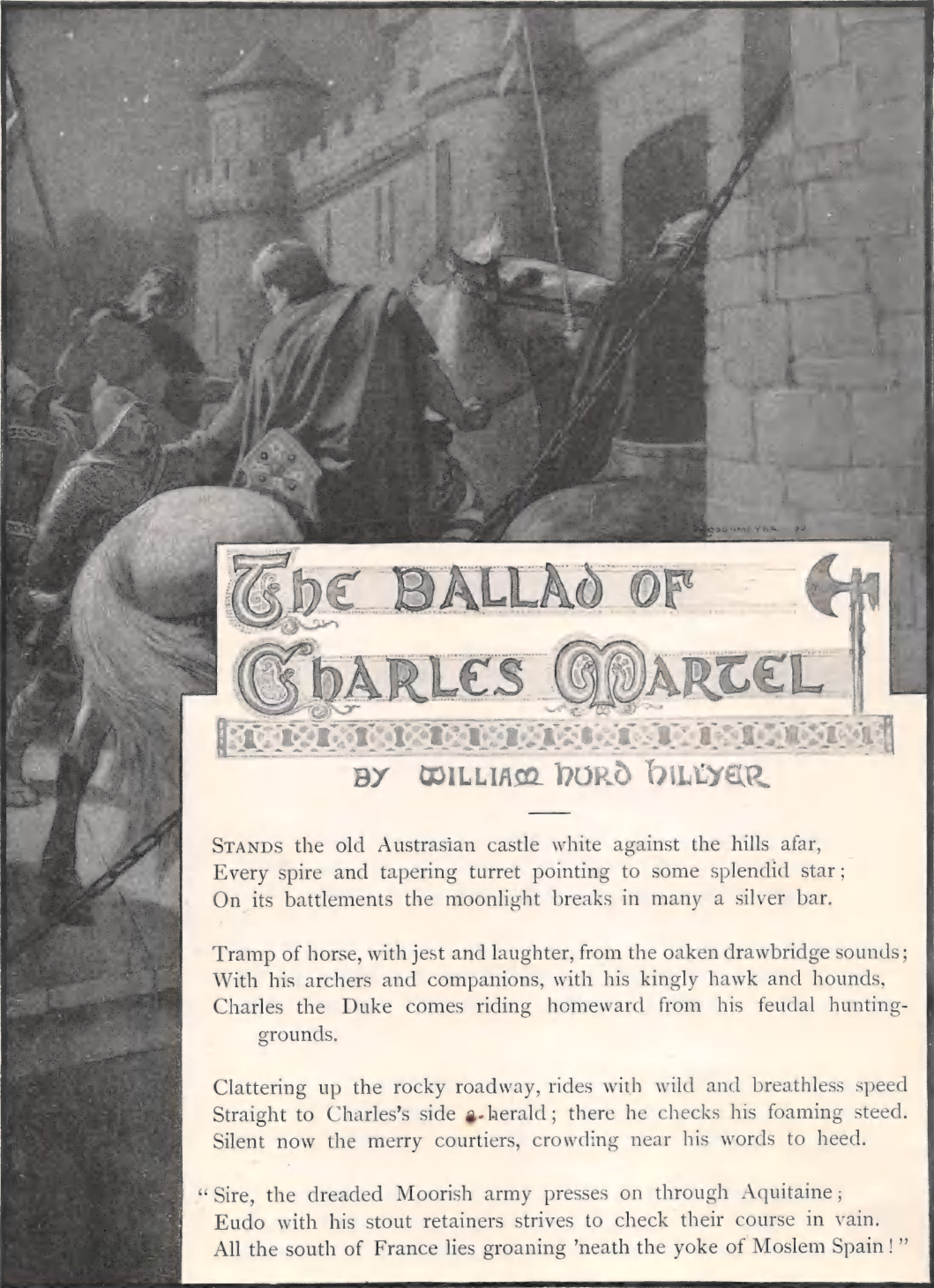
not suited for polite society, and his temper was not always under perfect control.

Let me say it plainly: Jock was nothing but a Scots plowman, and all he did that day was to save the life, not of a child or of a man, but of a cart-horse worth about £50. It was, however, his bit of duty as Jock understood it, and all he had to give was his life, and he gave it, without hesitation and without fear.



AUTUMN WORK.





# THE BALLAD OF CHARLES MARTEL

BY WILLIAM HURD MILLYER

STANDS the old Austrasian castle white against the hills afar,  
Every spire and tapering turret pointing to some splendid star;  
On its battlements the moonlight breaks in many a silver bar.

Tramp of horse, with jest and laughter, from the oaken drawbridge sounds;  
With his archers and companions, with his kingly hawk and hounds,  
Charles the Duke comes riding homeward from his feudal hunting-  
grounds.

Clattering up the rocky roadway, rides with wild and breathless speed  
Straight to Charles's side a herald; there he checks his foaming steed.  
Silent now the merry courtiers, crowding near his words to heed.

"Sire, the dreaded Moorish army presses on through Aquitaine;  
Eudo with his stout retainers strives to check their course in vain.  
All the south of France lies groaning 'neath the yoke of Moslem Spain!"





As the Duke heard, looking upward at the tall gray towers, by chance  
Bright the hornèd moon beyond them rose within his rapid glance;  
And he cried, "'T is right that ever, in the tranquil skies of France,

"God's own crescent should be gleaming; but I swear by all that 's high,  
While I live no other crescent shall be queen of yonder sky!  
France shall see, O paynim Calif, which is master, you or I!"

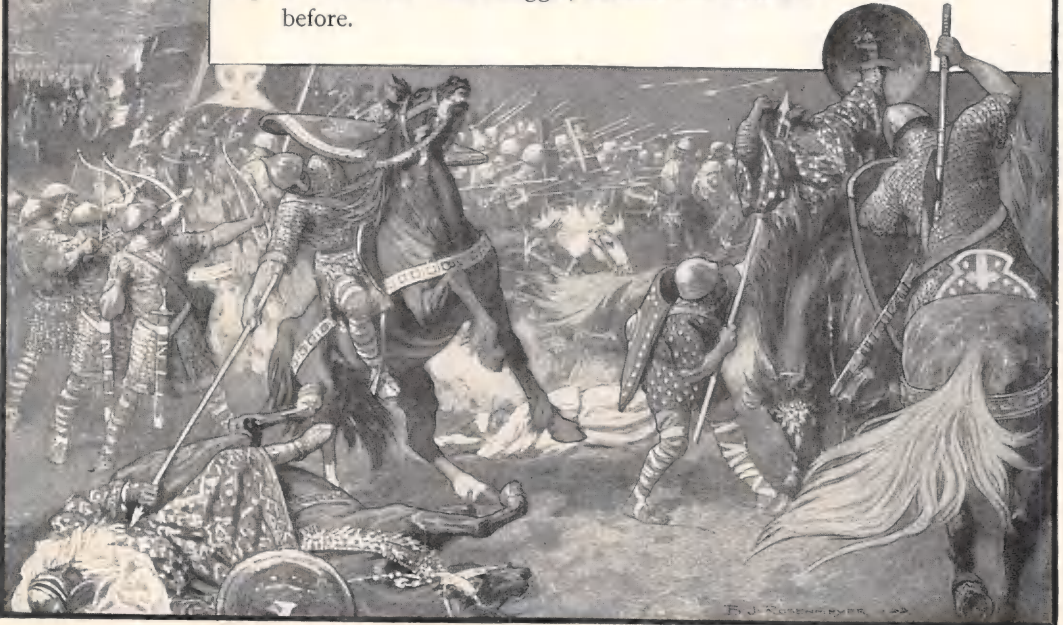
Summer glided into autumn. Northward rolled the Moslem tide.  
Still the call to arms resounded; Christendom with hope and pride  
Heard the tramp of Charles's soldiers coming to their chieftain's side.

Where the winding Loire rolls seaward with its song of quaint romance,  
There he met the Moslem army, there he staked the fate of France —  
Nay, the fate of Christian Europe — on a single battle's chance.

Arab chief and Berber horseman mingled with the swarthy Moor,  
Sunburnt hordes from Libyan deserts — Sennar, Kordofan, Darfur —  
Stood the soldiers of the prophet on the rolling plain of Tours;

Splendid with the spoils of conquest in a hundred battles won —  
Gems from Gothic monasteries, silks in far Damascus spun;  
Golden crescents on their turbans glittered in the morning sun.

Six long days of fighting followed. On the seventh day once more  
Clashed the hostile arms at sunrise; and the sudden battle-roar,  
Opened then the final struggle, deadlier far than e'er  
before.





"Courage!" cried the Christian chieftain. "Let him die  
whose cheek shall pale!

Right is ours, and God will help us — if we fight we cannot  
fail!"

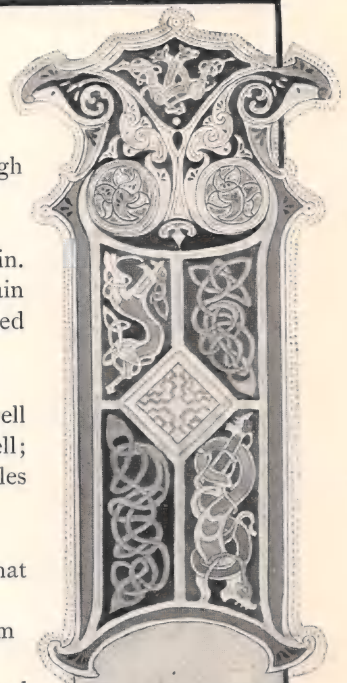
And the sturdy Frankish warriors hewed their way through  
Moslem mail.

Lo! the Ameer Abd-er-Rahman lies among his thousands slain.  
Swift the last charge of the Moslems surges forward, and again  
Breaks, as on some granite headland hoarsely breaks the baffled  
main.

On that day the Frankish chieftain dealt his battle-blows so well  
That, beneath his stroke unerring, Moslems by the hundred fell;  
And they called him ever after "Carl the Hammer" — Charles  
Martel.

Darkness closed the scene of carnage; but through all that  
autumn night  
Panic reigned among the conquered, and the morning, calm  
and bright,  
Found the Moorish tents deserted, telling of their southward  
flight.

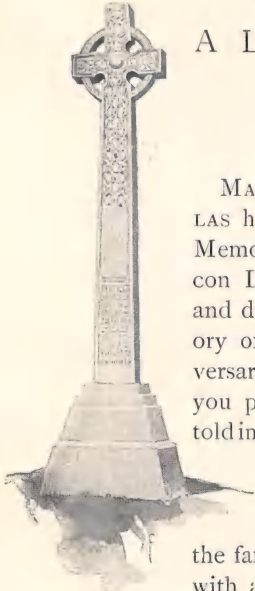
And that shattered host retreated back to Spain, as o'er the seas  
Backward drift the cloudy legions broken by the rising breeze.  
Ne'er again a Moslem army crossed the frowning Pyrenees.





## A LITTLE GIRL'S GLIMPSE OF TENNYSON.

By EDITH M. NICHOLL.



THE MEMORIAL CROSS.

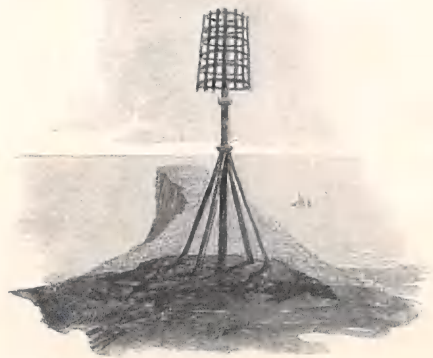
MANY readers of ST. NICHOLAS have heard of the Tennyson Memorial Cross, erected on Beacon Down in the Isle of Wight, and dedicated to the poet's memory on August 6, 1897, the anniversary of his birth; and some of you perhaps remember the story told in ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1897, of the little girl's first meeting with the great poet on another 6th of August in the far past, on a sun-lit afternoon, with a haystack for a tea-table, when both were celebrating birthdays, she her third and he his forty-fifth. To that little girl of the long ago the poet's favorite walk, the goal of which the new cross now marks in place of the old beacon, was familiar from end to end; and Maiden's Croft and the high Down, and the well-known figure pacing the long meadow and climbing the steep ascent, were no mere imaginary pictures, but actual, every-day realities. The beacon stood where the cross stands now—at the extreme limit of the Down, overlooking the surge and roar of the sea and the sharp white points of the Needles.

The beacon was a pole set in a pile of rocks, and in time of "war's alarms" a heap of brush lay beside it, ready for kindling, and the iron basket that was upon its top was kept filled with tar for the same purpose; but that was long before the day of the little girl. Still, she loved to hear her elders tell of the warning fires leaping into the blackness of the night from the white and crimson cliffs of England's furrowed coast, summoning the sturdy yeomen from their beds and the soldiers from their camps, to repel the invader, who, after all, never came.

Many happy minutes has the little girl passed lying face downward upon the short grass and wild thyme and tiny shells of Beacon Down, gazing enchanted over the edge of that terrific descent into the boiling caldron beneath,

while her father held her by the skirts lest she should fall over and be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Yet the scene had no terrors for her; it was all pure, unmixed delight. Across the sapphire blue of the Solent stretched the fair Hampshire shore, protected by Hurst Castle on its long spit of sand; and between the castle and the Needles slipped, hour by hour, ships great and small into the unknown deep, or homeward bound from distant lands, bearing with them the vague dreams and imaginings of a still untraveled little girl.

Quite as entrancing was it to look down the sheer wall of the cliff into the abyss below. The furious roar of the waves as they dashed the foam high above the Needles and sometimes into the small face peeping over the cliff's brink, the scream of the gray gulls as they wheeled and poised in the heart of the tumult—all is as vivid as if seen and heard at this moment; and the wail of the ocean birds on the monotonous flats of the New Jersey seashore speaks to one listener always of enchanted moments in the long ago, when she lay face downward on a little island's perilous rim, and nothing in the world was real but dreams.



THE OLD BEACON.

Maiden's Croft, through which runs the path from Farringford to Beacon Down, is a long,





LANE FROM FARRINGFORD TO BEACON DOWN. THE POET'S FAVORITE WALK.



tree-skirted meadow, and belongs to the Tennyson estate. A lane—a real English lane, shut in by moss-grown, flower-strewn banks, as only English lanes are—divides it from the house and its lawns and groves. A rustic bridge spans the depths of this roadway. The Croft was constantly used by the poet as an outdoor study. In it he was as secure from disturbance as within the walls of Farringford. Half-way down the meadow was a summer-house built for his especial use—a picturesque little building, provided with benches around its octagonal sides, stained-glass windows, and a table for writing purposes.

In the afternoons, when its rightful owner had departed with some chosen companion upon his daily walk, there came not seldom stirring times for that summer-house. Then arrived little knights and squires of high degree. They bore lances of reed and shields of plaited rushes, and the small house became a splendid castle, and the scene of many a furious onslaught,—attack and defense,—and the greensward of Maiden's Croft was magically transformed into lists, wherein were held jousts and tournaments. The ladies were, however, entirely imaginary, all the players desiring knightly rank. Thus it may be seen that the children had the "Idylls of the King" at their tongues' ends, and that, what with these and the immortal legend of Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, they were never at a loss for inspiring games. On wet days there were the delights of the huge, rambling

house with its secret passage, of which something has been related before, the lead soldiers in the warm and pleasant day-nursery, capable also of being pressed into service as knights, and last, but not least, the Farringford rocking-horse, the light and desire of visiting children's eyes. To swing by the hour with this glorious steed, two on his sorrel back and one in each of the seats at the end of his rockers, weaving imaginary tales and singing songs, was a special and peculiar joy. The younger of the two little girls writes in these later years: "The trees around the house have grown up into a kind of wood, like the one around the palace of the Sleeping Beauty."

The games in the upper portion of the irregularly built old house never disturbed the calm of the elders below; the walls were too heavy, and connecting rooms and winding passages contributed further to shut out noise. But on a never-to-be-forgotten afternoon the little girl, confident of the poet's absence on his customary walk, concealed herself, during a game of "I spy," under a flight of steps leading from his bedroom to his dressing-room. Unexpectedly he appeared, caught sight of her, shouted, "I spy!" and started to run—then suddenly whirled, and, catching her up, pretended to smother her in the folds of his voluminous cloak, roaring like a huge bear. Too old to be scared, she was nevertheless startled at the results of her own audacity, and he was gone before she could find breath to utter a word.



"A RUSTIC BRIDGE SPANS THE DEPTHS OF THIS ROADWAY."





## JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

### CHAPTER I.

JOSEPHINE SETS OUT ON HER ADVENTURES—  
WHAT SHE FOUND IN THE BIRDS' COUNTRY.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Josey. She was plump and rosy, and sweet as a posy; and she lived in a garden that was full of flowers, red, white, blue, pink, purple, and gold. I mean that Josey's house was in this garden.

Behind the house was a tree so big that when Josey was under it, and looked up, she could n't see the top. She had her swing on the lowest branch, and she sat under the tree many times, looking up and wondering; for she could see birds and squirrels in the tree, and she thought there might be bears up there.

She wondered and wondered and wondered,

and at last she asked the man to put the ladder against the tree and let her climb. And he did. And then she climbed and climbed to the top of the ladder, and when she got off she was in the birds' country.

There were birds of all sorts, and they began to sing:

"There was a little girl, her name was Josey,  
And she was just as sweet as a posy—  
Always laughing, plump, and rosy,  
Rosy-posy Josey!"

"Thank you," said the little girl, politely.  
"I've come to see your country."

So the birds took her about to show her everything, and they were all very good except the big red-and-green parrot that sat by itself. When the parrot saw the little girl it at once began to scream:



"Get a gait! Get a gait!"

"What do you mean?" said Josey.

"Oh, don't mind Polly," said the other birds. "She's a little cracked."

At that the parrot began to laugh: "Ha, ha, ha! Cracker! Cracker! Cracker!"

"What kind of a cracker?" asked the little girl. "Is it a fire-cracker you want?"

At this the parrot was greatly excited.

"Pfzst! Bzzt! Whzzt!" she said. "Get a gait! Get a gait! Pretty Polly! Ha, ha, ha! Polly! Cracker! Cracker!"

"Pooh! Pay no attention," said the other birds; and they led the little girl into a meadow where there was a peacock who was strutting up and down with his tail spread, saying over and over to himself:

"I'll tell you a tale of a beautiful tail—

A beautiful, beautiful tail!

Pray don't fail to look at my tail,

My beautiful, beautiful tail!

My rival is pale, and thin as a rail,

Thinking about my beautiful tail."

"Dear me! What conceit!" said the little girl.

"That's the way he goes on all the time," said the birds. "Come and look at the babies."

There were rows and rows and rows of nests all filled with baby birds. They had no feathers. Their mouths were all very wide open, and they were shrieking:

"Caterpillar-pie! Caterpillar-pie!

Hurry, mama, hurry, with caterpillar-pie!

We like them stewed

Or baked and brown;

All sorts of ways

We gulp them down."

"Mercy!" said the little girl. "Do the baby birds eat caterpillars?"

"Indeed they do, when they can get them," said the birds; "but their appetites are good, and worms and grubs, snails and beetles, will do almost as well."

"I wonder if they like candy," said the little girl, and she took some from her pocket and put a piece in one of the mouths. The mouth shut, the baby bird gulped the candy, and began to choke. It coughed and coughed, and struggled about till it fell from the nest.

Then there was a great cry:

"Ring for the ambulance!"

Ding, ding, ding! Toot, toot, toot!

"Look out—it's coming!" said the birds.

Four birds flew down, carrying a big leaf in their bills. They lifted the baby bird on this and brought it back to its nest.

The little girl went on and on, and came to a place where a cockatoo was scolding a crow:

"Ho, ho! Look at the crow!

The clerical crow—

He's a thief, you know!"

"Why does he call him a clerical crow?" asked the little girl.

"Because he dresses in black like a clergyman," said the birds, "and he is so solemn in his ways. No one would think him a thief."

The black crow sat very still, looking at the cockatoo from the side of his eyes. As the little girl was going away he said:

"The cockatoo is the parrot's cousin, so what he says does n't matter."

At this the cockatoo flew into a rage, chattering angrily, ruffling his white feathers and raising his yellow crest.

Josey left him and went on and on, and came to a place where the old hen was walking around clucking. She had twelve little yellow chickens, all soft and fluffy, and they had black spots on their wings, and they were running about and picking up things from the ground. The old hen talked to them all the time: "Take care! Take care! Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck! Such children! such children!" she said. "I'm sure they're the very worst that ever were. They never mind me one bit. Cluck, cluck! Cluck, cluck! I never have any peace till I cuddle them all under my wings, and that is n't till the darkness comes up."

"The darkness does n't come up. It's the sun that goes down," said Josey.

"It's all the same," replied the hen; "and there is n't any one has so much trouble as I have."

"I'm sure there is," said Josey. "There's the old woman who lives in a shoe."

All this time the rooster was standing on one leg, looking very fierce and haughty, like a soldier. He had beautiful plumes that waved



in the wind, and a red hat. Every now and then he stretched out his neck and crowed.

He looked so wise that Josey thought she would ask him some questions. So she said:

"Please, sir, can you tell me what the birds are good for?"

The rooster turned his head this way and that, like an officer watching soldiers; then he said very sharply:

"What are people good for?"

"Oh," said Josey, "people are good to build houses."

"And what are houses good for?" said the rooster.

"Why," said Josey, "they're good for the people to live in."

The rooster thought for a time and then said: "I never found them so."

All the birds now gathered about Josey and said:

"Don't you want to see our flycycle?"

"Flycycle?" said Josey. "Do you have flycycles?"

"Of course we do," said the birds. "People have bicycles, mice have micycles, polar bears have icicles, and birds have flycycles."

Then the birds all began to fly, some making their wings go very fast, others floating along, not moving their wings.

"It's funny I can't do that," said Josey, "and I'm so much bigger than you."

It was getting dark by this time, and the glow-worm lamps were all lighted, and the birds got their suppers and gave the little girl all the best fruit.

"We'll make rosy-posy Josey cozy," they said; and they made a lovely soft nest for her, and covered her up, and sang her to sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

### JOSEY MEETS THE CHIPMUNK — HER ADVENTURES IN THE LAND OF THE SQUIRRELS.

THE next morning Josey was up very early, and got her breakfast with the birds, and bade them all good-by.

Then she climbed up and up and up till she came to the country where the squirrels and chipmunks lived. There were black squirrels and red squirrels and gray squirrels, and even

one or two white squirrels, and there were plenty of chipmunks with black stripes on their red coats. They were racing about up trees



JOSEY MEETS THE CHIPMUNK.

and down trees, and there were some flying-squirrels that could fly from tree to tree.

"Purr-r-r-r-r! chuck! chuck! chuck! chuck! tut! tut! tut!" said a voice.

Josey looked round, and there on a branch was a chipmunk sitting up and smiling. His big eyes were full of fun, and his ears stuck straight up, while his tail curved over his back.

"Purr! purr! purr! purr! purr!  
Caught my tail on a great big bur!"

he sang, laughing.

"Well," said Josey, "I see you've got the bur out of your tail, so it is all right."



"Yes," said the chipmunk; "it's all right now. Did you ever see me fix my whiskers?"

"No," said Josey; "I never did."

"Watch, then!" said the chipmunk.

He put his little fists up to his whiskers and made them fly so fast that Josey could n't see them going.

When he stopped his whiskers were all curled and he was laughing again. He twisted his head on one side and said:

"What do you think of me now?"

Josey said she thought he looked very fine.

"Oh, I'm a dasher!" he said.

The chipmunk jumped down from the branch and ran over to a spring, where he stood looking at himself in the water. He held his head on one side and fixed his whiskers again.

Soon he came scampering back to the little girl.

"If you spend so much time fixing your

the nuts he has gathered. The tree is hollow all the way down from that knot-hole near the top, and he has it nearly filled. But come, now, let me show you where to go."

With a run and a spring the chipmunk landed on the little girl's shoulder.

"Go right ahead!" he said.

Josey walked through the woods and through the woods, and the chipmunk showed her where the squirrels built their nests in hollow trees, with small knot-holes for doors. Beautiful, soft, fluffy, downy nests they were, filled with baby squirrels that kept calling for their mamas all the time, and had their papas running like mad getting more and more nuts for them.

"Why do they have such small doors, and why do they go so high to make their nests?" asked Josey.

"They have small doors to keep the big birds away, and they build high so that the snakes



"THE MAYOR WAS SITTING ON THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE, FANNING HIMSELF WITH A LEAF."

whiskers, I don't see how you can work," said Josey.

"I don't," said the chipmunk. "My uncle attends to all that. He is a miser. His house is in that big tree over there, and if we lived ever so long we should not be able to eat all

may not visit them," answered the chipmunk. "But come along, or you will be late for our cousins the prairie-dogs."

Then they went on and on till they came to the end of the woods, and there was a place all covered with grass, and in the middle of it the



prairie-dogs lived. These were like squirrels, but they lived in holes in the ground. They were all very busy. Some were eating, some were talking, and some were working when they saw Josey.

"Bow-wow!" said one of them, and in an instant they were all gone.

Josey ran to the place where they had been, but not one could be seen; only a lot of holes in the ground.

"Keep very still!" said the chipmunk.

So she was very, very quiet.

Soon a gray nose was poked out of one hole. It twisted all about, sniffing.

"He 's smelling to see if we are friends," said the chipmunk.

"How can he tell that way?" asked the little girl.

"Easy enough," said the chipmunk. "Everybody except people can tell that way."

Out came the prairie-dog as bold as a lion and sat on top of his house. He barked once or twice, and out came all the other little dogs.

They were going to scold Josey and the chipmunk for giving them such a fright, when they heard a great crying, and a little dog came jumping out of a house in the middle of the village.

"Oh, such a time! such a time!" she said. "Where 's the mayor?"

The mayor, who was very old and fat, was sitting on the roof of his house, fanning himself with a leaf.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, such a time! such a time!" she said. "The boarders are all fighting in my house."

"Who are the boarders?" asked the mayor, very severely.

"Two owls and a rattlesnake! Oh, such a time!—such a time!"

"What 's the matter with them?"

"The owls hoot all night when the rattlesnake wants to sleep, and the rattlesnake rattles all day when the owls are sleepy. Oh, such a time!—such a time!"

"Why don't you tell them to go away?"

"Why, so I did, and they won't go. Oh, my!—oh, my! What shall I do?"

"They won't go?" said the mayor, blinking uneasily. "Why, this must be a riot!"

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"They 're tearing my house down; I 'm sure they are," said the poor little dog.

"Why, this must be a riot," said the mayor, again, "and I shall have to stop it."

He laid down his leaf and went slowly over to the little dog's house. All the others followed him.

"Hey! Stop that noise!" he cried.

But the noise did not stop. The rattling, hissing, and hooting became louder and louder, and at last out came the rattlesnake, with the owls pecking and tearing at him. He wriggled away and away till they could n't see him any more, and the owls went with him.

"Oh, what a good riddance!" said the little dog. "Now I 'll go and get supper ready."

"If those boarders come back," said the mayor, "you must tell them that I say they must behave themselves. Why do you have them in your house?"

"They came into my house and would not get out," said the little dog.

"Then if they come back we 'll put them in prison," said the mayor.

So the little dog went off to her house to get her supper, and the mayor asked Josey and the chipmunk to have supper with him.

They had cakes and berries and plums, and when they had all eaten, the mayor showed them his house. It was down a little way and up a little way and round a little way.

Every one of the dogs brought a sweet-smelling branch and some leaves for a bed, and they made rosy-posy Josey cozy.

And she curled her golden hair and closed her blue eyes and went to sleep, as snugly as if she was at home in her own house, and the mayor kept watch and sent the other dogs to stand guard and see that the rattlesnake and owls did not come back.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PIG THAT WOULD N'T REFORM.

NEXT morning after breakfast the little girl climbed up and up till she came to the country where the pigs lived. Everything was dusty and muddy here, and in a puddle lay a very big pig. His legs were stretched out, his eyes were shut, and he seemed to be asleep;



but when the flies bothered him he would twitch an ear or move a few bristles.

Josey stood still, and the pig seemed to see her without opening his eyes.

"Who are you?" he growled.

"I'm Josey," said the little girl. "Oh, Mr. Pig, I've come to tell you that you need a wash!"

"Wash? Bosh!" said the pig.

"See, I've brought you a cake of soap:

The pig half opened one eye and raised his head, and the little girl held out the cake. Opening his mouth, the pig swallowed it, and then tried to go to sleep again.

"Oh, that is'n't the way at all," said Josey. "That soap was to wash you outside."

"It tasted well enough," said the pig. "Have you any more?"

"No, indeed," said Josey. "But, Mr. Pig, you really do look disgraceful. You're mud from head to foot. You look like some of the little boys I know."

"Yes," said the pig; "I've heard that before. But I don't mind. Pigs and lazy little boys like to be covered with mud and don't like to wash. When we are covered with the right sort of mud the flies don't bother us."

"But it looks so bad!" said the little girl.

"Oh, we don't mind that," said the pig. "What odds how we look, so long as we're happy?" Then he went to sleep and snored very loudly.

When the pig woke up he said: "Lots of people don't like the way I act. They say I'm as bad as little boys. I like mud, and I don't care about looks, and I like to put both my feet in the trough and gobble and gobble and gobble till there is n't anything more to gobble—just like those little boys. But I don't care what they say. The way to be happy is to have a thick skin and not care what they say."

Then the pig sang softly to himself:

"I love to lie and snore and sigh;  
If I should work I'm sure I'd die.  
It is my joy, my fondest joy,  
To be as lazy as a boy."

"Were you the pig that went to market?" asked Josey, after a time.

"I was," said the pig; "I went to market—all the way there and all the way back."

"And you cried 'Wee! wee!' all the way home?"

"That's what I cried," said the pig.

"Well, what did you do it for?" asked the little girl.

"What do you suppose I did it for?" said the pig.

"Maybe your boots were new and they hurt you?"

"No."

"Maybe you did n't want to leave the market so early?"

"No; I did n't care. I cried 'Wee! wee!' because I wanted my dinner, and mama would not stop to give it to me. So I cried all the way home. I would do it again, too, if I was hungry."

"Come on," said the chipmunk; "the pig is a greedy thing and does not care for anything except eating."

The pig shook his ears and went to sleep again, and Josey and the chipmunk went on and on till they came to the Cows' Country, all among the green grass, with clear streams running, and big trees waving in the air.

The cows were standing knee-deep in the grass, and they were all chewing something.

When Josey had said how-d'ye-do to the cows, she asked them what it was they were chewing.

"My mama," she said, "tells me that it is n't nice to chew gum."

"We're not chewing gum," said one of the oldest cows; "we're chewing grass. That's our way of eating."

Josey was hungry by this time, and the cows gave her a mug of fresh cream and a dish of clover-tips, and she left a little on her plate and a little in her cup to show that she had had enough.

When the sun set they made Josey a lovely bed of clover and flowers, and the cows lay down all around and watched her while she slept; and if a mosquito came near, the old cow shook her bell and frightened it away.

When Josey awoke the next morning she found all the cows up and dressed. The old cow took the little girl on her back and carried her away down to the spring, where she had a



drink of cold water and a nice bath, and then a plate of clover-tops and a bowl of cream.

After breakfast Josey had some questions to ask, as little girls often have, so she said:

"What was the tune the old cow died of?"

"That was 'God Save the Queen.'"

"Did you know the old cow?"

"Oh, yes; I knew her very well. Her name was Miss Bunty. She was a nice old lady, and a true American."

"Why did she die?"

"Some one took the tune 'God Save the Queen,' and put it to the anthem 'America'; and the band came along playing 'America,' and Miss Bunty was standing in the field when she heard the music. She thought the British had got the country back again, and it gave her a terrible shock. She closed her eyes, and fell on her back, and waved all her feet in the air, and shook like a jelly, and just — just died; and they found that her heart was broken — just as if she had fallen down-stairs."

"And did you know the cow with the crumpled horn?"

"Certainly; her name was Mrs. Freckles."

"And was she a nice person?"

"Certainly; a very nice person."

"Well, then, why did she toss the dog?"

"She had good reason for tossing the dog. You know that she had a beautiful calf that used to play about her in the field. The calf had long legs, and big ears, and fine, soft eyes,

and he used to gallop around and swish his tail, and bellow and bunt at things. He was an innocent calf, and was only pretending; but the dog chased him all over, and was going to bite when the cow tossed him."

"How did she toss him?"

"With her horns."

"Did he ever come down?"

"I don't think he ever did; very likely he's up among the stars now."

"I heard papa say that there is a dog-star," Josey remarked.

"That is probably the very same dog."

"There is another thing I wanted to ask you about," said the little girl. "What is a cow-bell?"

The old cow smiled and looked down at her ankles.

"Oh, as to that, you'd better ask the other cows; but if you really want to know, I am the cow belle. Everybody calls me the belle."

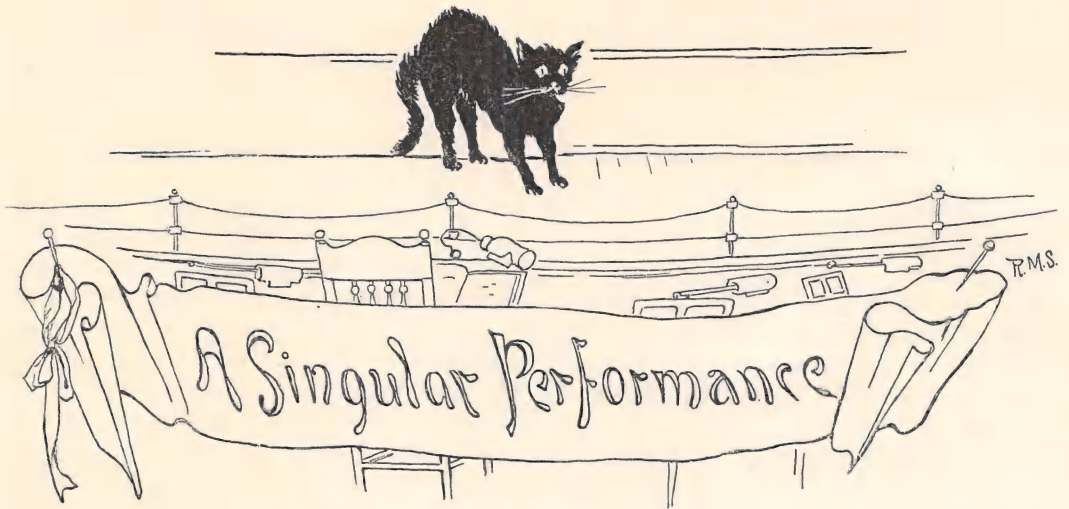
The chipmunk by this time had grown tired of waiting so long. He had curled his whiskers again and again, and had run up the cow's back and out on her horns and then down to the ground many times. Now he sat on the little girl's shoulder and told her very plainly that the time had come to say good-by.

So she said good-by to the cows, and the cow belle carried her down to the gate, and she and the chipmunk went on and on till they came to the country where the cats live.

*(To be continued.)*







BY ROSE MUELLER SPRAGUE.

KITTY CARSON was called "Carson" after the famous trapper of that name (she was something of a trapper herself), and she was called "Kitty" because she was a cat. Kitty Carson had her home in a Chicago theater. It was quite a magnificent place, and she liked it just as much when it was all dark and still, with just the mice scampering about and the watchman sleeping in his chair, as she did when it was brilliantly illuminated, the orchestra playing, and Miss Gloriana Desdemona Holland singing an aria before the footlights. Kitty Carson could sing an aria herself, but it was n't just the same tune nor the same key in which Miss Gloriana sang hers.

Kitty Carson was very fond of the leading lady's dressing-room. She was n't always welcome there; it depended on who the leading lady happened to be.

Kitty Carson could n't understand why, when they once got a leading lady who liked cats, they did n't keep her. Often, she noticed, they were as sorry to go as she was to have them.

One time the leading lady was very young, and she cried a little when she said good-by. Doubtless she was a little homesick, and had once had a cat of her own. Of course Kitty Carson did n't cry, but she mewed very sympathetically; for every one who knows cats knows how

sympathetic they are. Well, Kitty Carson felt very uncomfortable for a little while after the young lady was gone, and she thought she would like to tell the manager what she thought of the matter. On another occasion she came very near going all the way from Chicago to Minneapolis in an enormous theatrical trunk, and, worse than that, in a trunk which belonged to a leading lady who did not like cats. She was discovered just in the nick of time, lying curled up on mademoiselle's blue illusion dress trimmed with crush roses and spangles. While mademoiselle's French maid shrieked at this discovery, Kitty Carson gave a bound and was up and away, no one could tell where. There never was a place with lovelier loopholes for a cat to slip into, and she knew them better than most children of eight know their primers. As Kitty Carson was as black as the shadows which lurked in the wings, there was nothing to betray her but her big yellow eyes, which gave, in certain lights, an uncanny, phosphorescent glare.

Sometimes the leading lady would bring her a bit of a quail or a box of sardines, or she would have a cheese sandwich, and that would attract the mice. Altogether, life was very pleasant for Kitty Carson; and if, as sometimes happened, the leading lady did n't like her, there were always so many people about who



did that she did not mind very much. She lay down on their best dresses and got into their band-boxes just the same.

It happened, on one occasion, that Kitty Carson had her afternoon nap much later than usual. The company playing at the theater had had a late rehearsal, and kept her awake at the time she was accustomed to sleep, so after they were gone she settled herself for a good long sleep, lying down on a tattered old coat which belonged to the stage-carpenter, and which lay on a box in the wings. She had a good long sleep, not a mere cat-nap, and when the company began to arrive to get ready for the evening performance, she was n't ready to wake up.

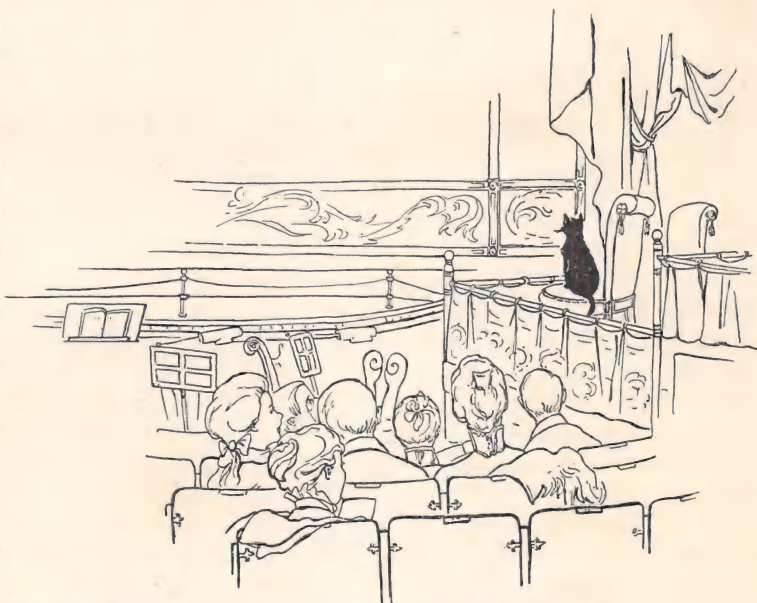
The curtain was down, and it seemed to her the stage people were clattering around at a dreadful rate, shoving scenery into place and going back and forth. Finally, quite out of patience, she jumped down from the box and ran along in *front* of the curtain, when suddenly arose a din and racket, horrid laughter, and then mewling of unnatural, unmannerly cats, and, still worse, barking like dogs! She stopped right in the center of the stage, turned face about, and—if there was n't the audience, or a great part of it! She was so startled she put up her back, her fur stood out like bristles, and then Kitty mewed back. It was n't very good manners, but the audience had n't set her a very good example. However, she soon saw there were no "truly" cats and dogs, just some boisterous boys, and she was n't frightened any more. So she trotted on across the stage, and jumped into one of the proscenium boxes and then up into a chair, and sat there as if waiting for the performance to begin; and then the house acted as if it was *all* made up of boisterous boys. They just went wild. The company behind the

curtain was quite alarmed; they did n't know what to think of it. The young man who played the juvenile parts ran over to one of the peep-holes in the curtain, and from this point of view saw Kitty Carson's performance.

"Here 's fun!" he cried—"Kitty Carson is giving them a curtain raiser, and they've just gone crazy. There she is now, sitting in one of the boxes."

The orchestra began to crawl out of the little door under the stage and take their places. They were all friends of Kitty Carson, and she sat quite still, and looked about her quite coolly, as if she wondered what all the disturbance meant. She did n't appreciate that she was playing the part of the leading lady. The members of the orchestra did not know what to make of the disturbance, either.

A few moments later the plush portières behind the box were pushed aside, and a beautiful little girl of ten, all dressed in white,



"KITTY JUMPED INTO ONE OF THE PROSCENIUM BOXES AND THEN UP INTO A CHAIR."

stepped in. She gave a little cry when she saw Kitty Carson, and took a quick step forward and gathered her in her arms. Kitty Carson was quite embarrassed; she was n't very much accustomed to little girls. Once there had been a little girl who played "Little Lord Fauntleroy" at the theater, but Kitty Carson

had n't known she was a *girl*, and as she was afraid of *boys*,—she had made their acquaintance on the street before she came to the theater,—she had kept herself well out of sight all the time "Fauntleroy" held the boards.

However, this little girl seemed so gentle, and so pleased to hold her on her lap; and now the audience applauded in a kindly, friendly way, and the little girl thought it must be for the orchestra, which had just finished playing.

The tall gentleman who came in with the little girl laughed and teased her, but she sat stroking the black cat all through the play, and gave very little attention to the performance. Toward the end she said, "Oh, I *must* take this kitty home; I've always wanted a black cat, and this one is lovely, she has been so good."

The tall gentleman smiled at her. He thought the fair little girl with the big black cat a pretty picture, so he went behind the scenes to ask permission. The theater people did not wish to give up the cat, but as the gentleman happened to be one of the principal stockholders of the theater they did not like to refuse. When the performance was over, the little girl carried the cat out in her arms, wrapped in her soft fur cape, and then in a minute they all whirled away in a carriage which did not stop until they drew up before a big stone house. A man in bright buttons jumped down from the box to open the carriage door, and in a moment more Kitty Carson was in her new home.

She was quite hungry by this time. She sniffed about. She hoped they would offer her something; there might not be any mice

about. She heard them say something about "cream"; she hoped it was something to eat. Well, she would see how things turned out.

"What are you going to call your cat, Helen?" asked the tall gentleman.

"Oh, just the loveliest name — Juliette Harriette Juanita," said Helen. It sounded like a leading lady's name. Kitty Carson thought she did n't quite like it. It was n't a good, sensible every-day name like Kitty Carson.



"THE LITTLE GIRL CARRIED THE CAT OUT IN HER ARMS."

Presently a person came in with a white cap on her head and wearing a big white apron, something like mademoiselle's French maid. She carried a saucer, and put it down on the tile hearth and said: "Kitty, kitty!"

Very politely Kitty Carson went over to her; besides, she was very curious to know what the saucer contained. Daintily she put her pink tongue into the cream. First she thought it tasted queer, and then she thought it tasted nice, and she ate it all up.

"Now," said Helen, "you are going to sleep in my doll-baby bed"; so she picked Kitty Carson up in

her arms again, and they all went upstairs together.

The next few days Kitty Carson spent examining the premises. There were many things she had never seen before. A bright yellow bird hung absurdly high in a gold cage. There were thin, flimsy things before the windows to swing on, and a lot of bric-à-brac. It was n't like the bric-à-brac in the leading lady's room; they had nice-smelling pomades in them. There were not any interesting odors in this bric-à-brac in what she heard them call the drawing-room.



In the morning she had to wear a blue ribbon, and at night a yellow one to match her eyes, and that had a jangling little bell on it which always betrayed her presence. She did n't like that, and tried to get it off. She was tired of cream and mush and the cooked meats they gave her; she got tired of having a plate set before her long before she wanted anything to eat; and she had n't even smelled a mouse since she left the theater. The more she thought of it the more she longed for the freedom of her old life. She wanted to roam about the big auditorium, to run along the balcony edges. But she would take care never to go in front of the curtain again. They could trust her for that!

The very next night she saw her chance and slipped away. It was just after the first act was over. The leading lady, the same that was with them the memorable night when Kitty

Carson made her exit, heard a tinkling sound and then a mew, and there was Kitty Carson before her, looking very bedraggled, her yellow ribbon tied in a hard knot and trailing on the ground, and the ends all soiled. But if ever a cat looked happy, Kitty Carson did. She frisked about like a kitten,—she was n't much older,—and the leading lady said to her:

"Why, Kitty Carson, where do you come from?" and Kitty Carson answered in a joyful mew. Just then the stage-manager knocked at the door, and Kitty Carson went trotting up to him, and he said:

"And so 'the cat came back.' Well, I 'm glad. I believe you bring us good luck, puss; it's the best house we have had since you left."

Kitty Carson is still the theater cat; but not even a plump mouse would tempt Kitty Carson *before* the curtain again.

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## TIMOTHY BROWN.

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Oh, Timothy Brown was a terrible scamp,  
And lessons he voted a bore!  
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,  
He vowed he 'd not learn any more.  
At the end of a year he knew nothing at all  
About anything under the sun,—  
French, grammar, geography, history, sums,  
He 'd forgotten them every one.

One day a rich uncle said, "Timothy Brown,  
I 'll ask you a question or two.  
If I 'm forty-five, and you 're younger than I,  
How much am I older than you?"  
Well, Timothy Brown he thought for a while,  
And at last he discovered this fact,  
That he had n't a notion how long he 'd been born,  
And he did n't know how to subtract.

"Come, when is your birthday? I 'll give you a tip,"  
Said his uncle, and patted his pate.  
But Timothy Brown he burst into tears,  
He could n't remember the date!  
That 's the end of the story of Timothy Brown,—  
A story that 's perfectly true.  
And perhaps there 's a moral for no one at all,  
And perhaps there 's a moral for you!

*Eric Parker.*

## OUR MINIATURE NAVY.

BY WHITMAN OSGOOD AND GEORGE P. CONN.

THE Miniature Navy of the United States has been ordered to France. It will proceed direct from Washington to Paris in the year 1900. There is no occasion for alarm, however, as there is no likelihood of a conflict between the great power of the West and her friend of ancient days and Revolutionary times.

The wonderful little fleet of war-ships is to go to the Paris Exposition of 1900. They will prove one of the most attractive and interesting of the exhibits offered by the government of the United States.

There are twenty-three in all; but Admiral Hichborn, the "Father of the Miniature Navy" and also its commander, has determined to send only the "Olympia," the "New York," the "Oregon," the "Iowa," the "Massachusetts," the "Columbia," the "Texas," the "Boston," the "Baltimore," the "Miantonomoh," and the ill-fated "Maine."

A pity it is that the war-worn "fighting-machines" of which these Lilliputians are models cannot be sent, with their illustrious commanders, Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Sigsbee, Evans, Philip, and other sailors of undying renown. However, the sight of these grim toys, and the realization that they are exact duplicates in minute form of war-ships of our navy, will excite the admiration and respect, surely, of any who believe that bison yet roam the streets of Buffalo, and that Boston is only a few hours' ride from California.

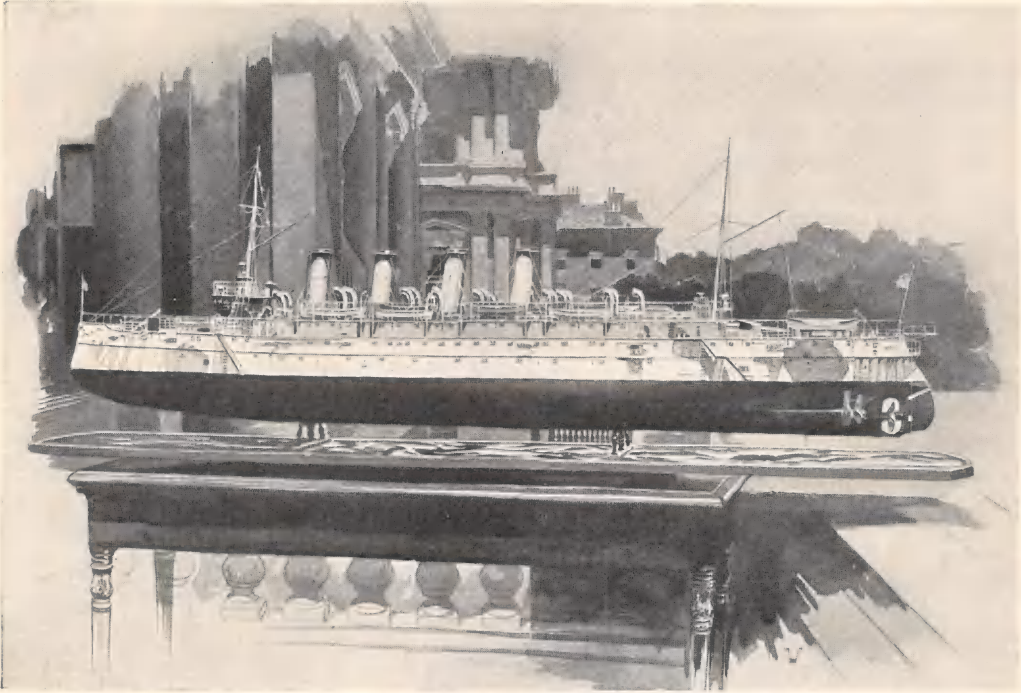
Never in United States naval history have there been assembled real war-vessels having an equal tonnage or one tenth of the gun-power represented by these unique models. They are the finest specimens to be made by modern ship-builders' science; and the ones named are, as a matter of course, the cream of the Miniature Navy, just as their originals are the foremost of America's fighters. Each is built to a scale of a quarter of an inch for every foot of

the real vessel. This exact relation is kept throughout all of the models, even to the rigging and loose lines. Their origin and history are most interesting, and admirably prove the genius and persistence of Admiral Hichborn, to whose sterling qualities and patriotic devotion they owe their existence. He is officially called the Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, and he has obligingly furnished the facts upon which this article is based. He was born in Massachusetts, in 1839, and in his veins lingers the blood of Paul Revere, from whom he is descended. At twenty-one he entered the navy, and was sent to the Mare Island Navy-Yard, in California. During all the long years since he has been actively engaged in the building of naval vessels.

In 1885 he was sent abroad to make a study of European dockyards, and it was on that trip that he was impressed with the idea that much could be learned from models of war-ships showing in small detail all the features of the originals. Several of the European powers were about that time entering upon the same kind of work, but Admiral Hichborn returned to his native land with the profound conviction that America could excel all her rivals. With great difficulty he induced Secretary Whitney to permit him to undertake it. The model of the "Charleston" was built first, and its flimsy structure is in marked and unfavorable contrast with the shipshape and stanch craft that now are turned out from the model-shop to swell the ranks of the "Junior Navy."

Admiral Hichborn delightedly chuckles as he tells of the influence that was brought to bear on Congress to prevent "this useless waste of money" when he first made effort to obtain the necessary authority and money. There was too, at that time, an entire absence of either material or labor capable of fashioning

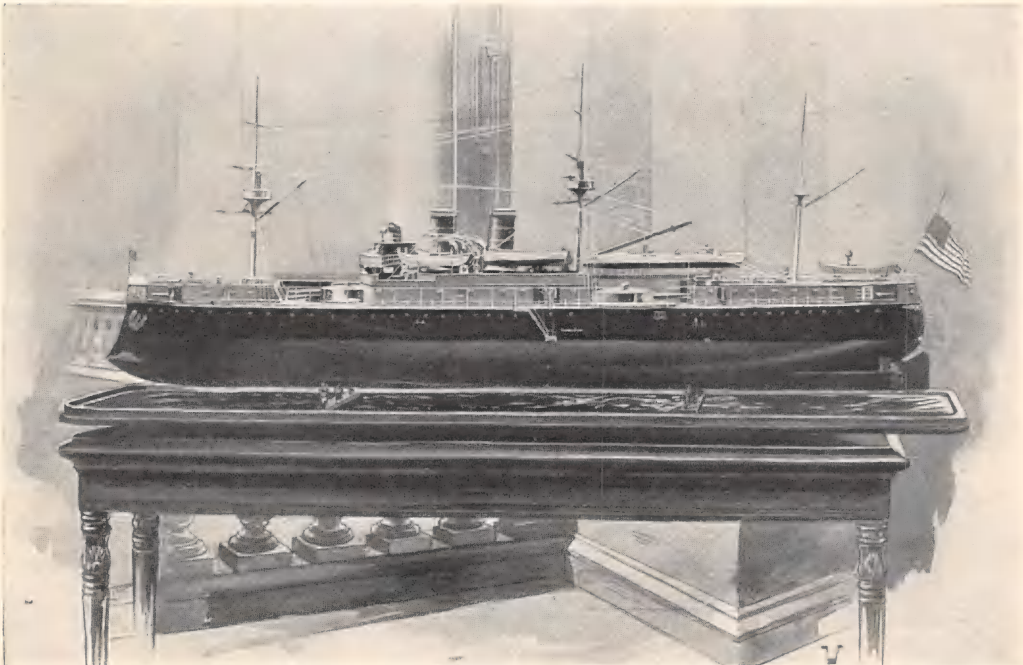




THE "COLUMBIA."

the marvelous little sea toys. He relates an incident showing, also, the reluctance of workmen to undertake what was then con-

sidered frivolous labor. One of the navy's metal-workers, who had been operating a large lathe, was, after all his objections had been



THE NEW "MAINE."

swept aside, provided with a set of jewelers' tools and put to making certain parts of a model. One morning he rushed into the office, crying:

"Mr. Hichborn, I want my discharge!"

"Why, what's the trouble, Marcery?" asked Mr. Hichborn.

The man excitedly replied:

"I've been working here for a week, and this morning some one opened the window, and my whole week's work *has been blown away*, and I can't find it."

He was induced to go back to his bench, and soon became one of the most expert model-makers in the government's employ.

The building of the Junior Navy is done at the Washington Navy-Yard, the greater part

he employs the only men in this country who have the necessary training and experience for producing these wonderful little masterpieces of minute work.

The cost of each one of the miniature fighters runs from one thousand to five thousand dollars, and the process of construction is most interesting. The order for the model is accompanied by the drawings of the big vessel, which are redrawn to the required small scale. Edward Marcery, who is in charge of the woodwork, then cuts on half-inch plank, with a circular saw, the rough outlines of the vessel at its various elevations. These "lifts" are placed in a hydraulic press and glued together. Next the wood is gradually cut away until the pencil outline, which is drawn on the top of each

plank, is visible. The block is shaped and measured with the greatest care, until the perfect hull lines stand forth. The hull is then hollowed out to reduce the weight of the finished vessel. While this woodwork is progressing, Joseph Evans has had a force of from six to eight metal-workers deftly molding and making chains, anchors, masts, propellers, and, in fact, the entire upper works of the little ship.

One can imagine with small effort how the sight of such perfect little articles appeals to children. A great deal of the work is so small and delicate that fine jewelers' tools

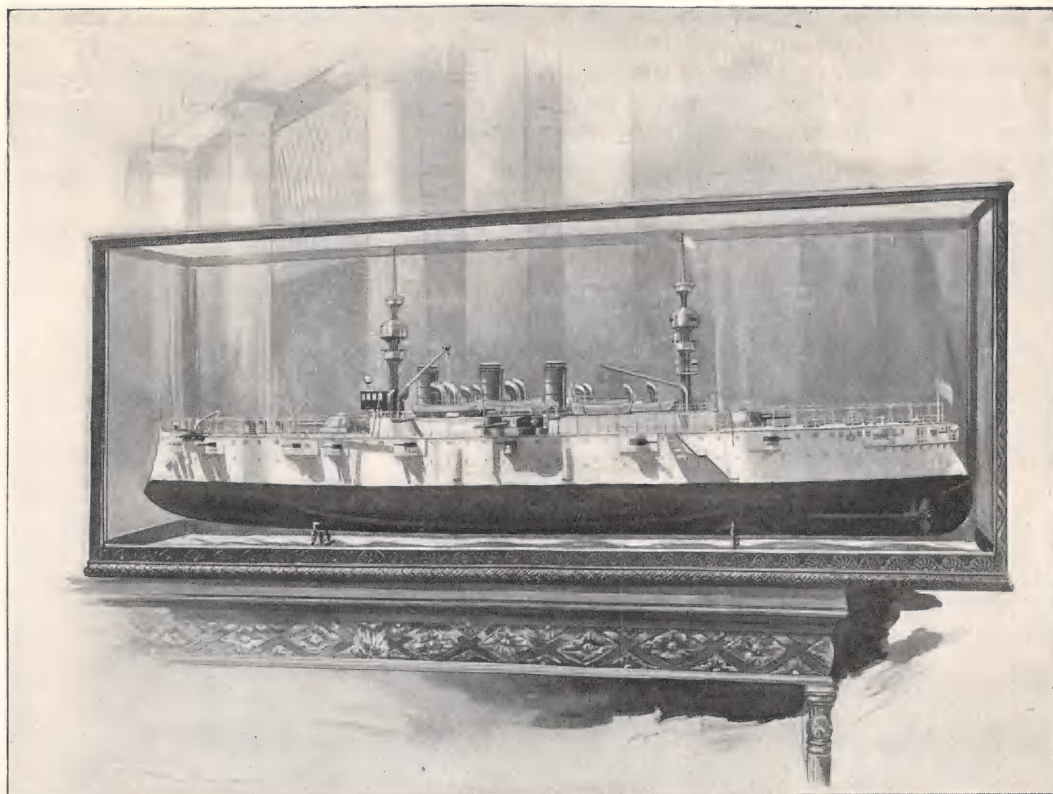


THE "ILLINOIS" IN THE HANDS OF HER BUILDER.

of the great ship-house, where in years gone by the formidable monitors were put together, being given over to this work. Fifteen men are constantly employed, as every piece entering into a model has to be worked up from the raw material. The admiral proudly asserts that

have to be used in handling the parts. The putting together is done by the painter, John Windsor, as the admiral has found no one else who can do this so satisfactorily. Charles Chamberlin builds the glass cases that are necessary to protect the completed models, and





THE "NEW YORK."

has complete charge of the handling and mounting of the perfected models.

The model of the "Illinois," recently overhauled at the Washington yard, represents the most modern type of battle-ship, and weighs just thirty-nine pounds. Her length is more than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet, her breadth  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet; she just floats in  $\frac{1}{2}$  foot of water, displaces a little over  $\frac{1}{10}$  of a ton, and her gross tonnage is  $\frac{79}{100}$  tons,  $\frac{46}{100}$  being the net tonnage.

On her decks, in her top, piercing her turrets, or poking their noses through the thimble-like port-holes, are the cute little guns, that show so simply but eloquently the caliber of the weapons in front of "the men behind the guns." There is represented the "main battery," consisting of 4 thirteen-inch breech-loading rifles and 14 six-inch rapid-fire guns. The "secondary battery" consists of 16 six-pounder rapid-fire guns, 6 one-pounder rapid-fire guns, 4 Colt's rapid-fire guns, 2 three-inch rapid-fire field-guns, and 4 long "Whitehead" torpedoes. This

model has been used to illustrate the docking of a ship, and it was necessary to place 140 pounds of lead in her hold to sink her to the water-line.

It takes from four to six months to complete each small ship, and the cost of making the model is included in the estimates for making each class of real vessels. The appropriation bill always provides for "the construction of the ship, with necessary models, drawings, etc."

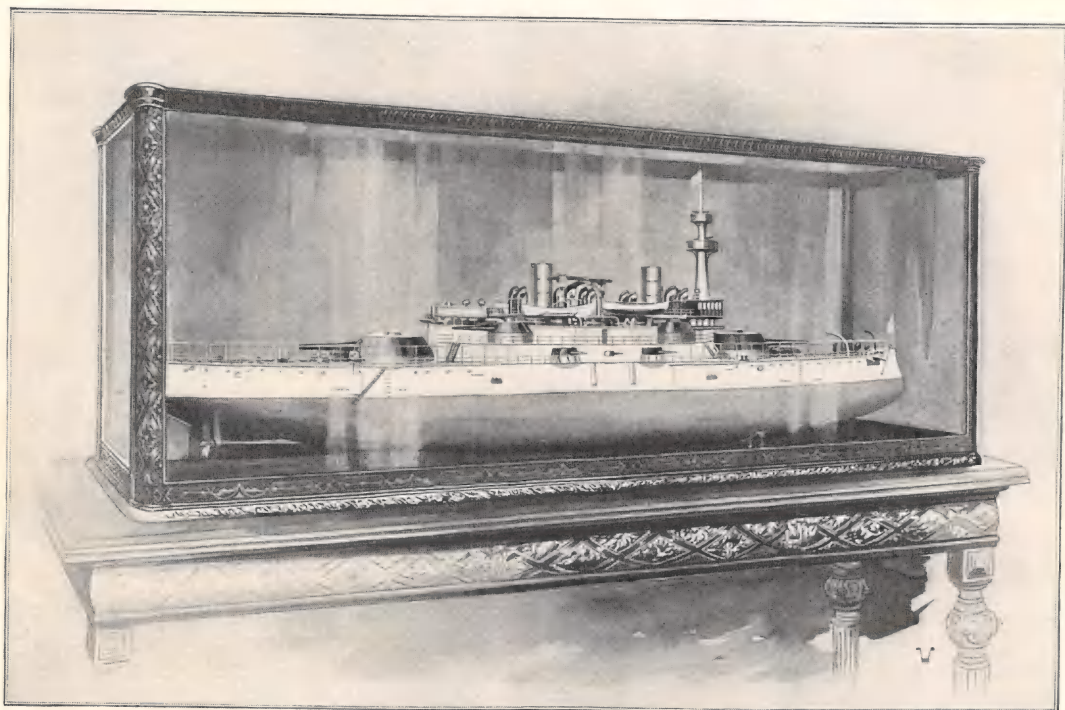
The models are of great value in the practical work of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, as looking at one of them will often save a long and expensive journey to some distant yard, which would be necessary to see the vessel itself.

The fleet at present consists of the first-rate battle-ships Iowa and Massachusetts (of which the Oregon and "Indiana" are duplicates) and Illinois, the Maine and Texas, and the Columbia, a protected cruiser; the second-rate vessels Baltimore, "Newark," Charleston and

"Atlanta," "Monterey" and Miantonomoh; the third-rate, "Katahdin," harbor-defense ram; "Yorktown," gunboat; "Helena" and "Nashville," light-draught gunboats; and the "Annapolis" and "Wheeling." The "Vesuvius," dynamite-gun vessel, is classed as a fourth-rater, as also are the gunboats "Petrel" and "Bancroft." The old steam-frigate "Kear-

same fighting class with the little American squadron. Admiral Hichborn's sound Yankee judgment as to that which is shipshape and proper prevented him from allowing such "landlubberly" treatment of his mimic fighters, and he finds much pleasure in making comparisons with foreign fleets.

The recent Navy Personnel Bill conferred



THE "OREGON."

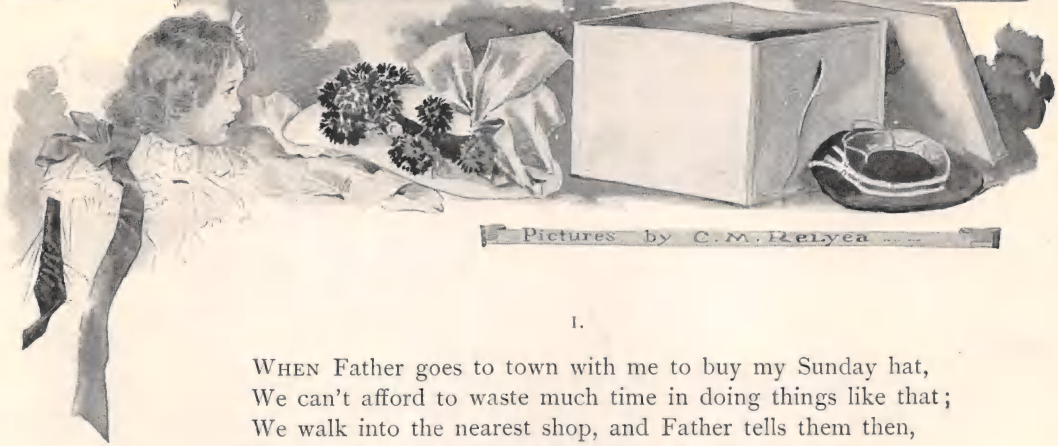
sarge" completes the Junior Fleet, to which has been recently added the Olympia. The new "Kentucky" is now under construction at the yard. The "Brooklyn's" keel will next be laid down.

Aside from our own Miniature Navy, probably the best is that belonging to France; but as the vessels of the latter have gold-plated anchors and chains, they are very evidently not in the

upon the Chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repair the title of Admiral, and Admiral Hichborn is placed on an equal footing with the chief constructors of other nations. It is not to be wondered at that his heart is with his little boats, for they are ever under his command; while the monsters, like grown-up children, leave him, only to return when some adverse happening drives them home for repairs.



## When Polly Buys a Hat. BY Elsie Hill.



Pictures by C. M. Relyea

### I.

WHEN Father goes to town with me to buy my Sunday hat,  
We can't afford to waste much time in doing things like that;  
We walk into the nearest shop, and Father tells them then,  
"Just bring a hat you think will fit a little girl of ten!"

### II.

It may be plain, it may be fine with lace  
and flowers too;  
If it just "feels right" on my head we  
think that it will do!  
It may be red or brown or blue, with rib-  
bons light or dark;  
We put it on—and take the car that goes  
to Central Park.

### III.

When Mother buys my hat for me, we  
choose the shape with care;  
We ask if it 's the *best* they have, and if  
they 're sure 't will *wear*;  
And when the trimming 's rather fine, why,  
Mother shakes her head  
And says, "Please take the feathers off—  
we 'd like a bow, instead!"

### IV.

But oh, when Sister buys my hats you really  
do not know  
The hurry and the worry that we have to  
undergo!  
How many times I 've heard her say,—and  
shivered where I sat,—  
"I think I 'll go to town to-day, and *buy*  
*that child a hat!*"





v.

They bring great hats with curving brims,  
but I 'm too tall for those;  
And hats that have no brims at all, which  
do not suit my nose;

I walk about, and turn around, and struggle  
not to frown,  
And *wish* I had long curly hair like Ange-  
lina Brown.





## VI.

Till when at last the daylight goes, and  
 I 'm *so* tired then  
 I hope I 'll never, *never* need another hat  
 again,  
 And when I 've quite made up my mind  
 that shopping is the worst  
 Of all my tasks—then Sister buys the hat  
 that we saw first!

## VII.

And so we take it home with us as quickly  
 as we may,  
 And Sister lifts it from the box and wonders  
 what they 'll say;  
 And I, I peep into the glass, and (promise  
 not to tell!)  
 I smile, because I really think it suits me  
 very well;

## VIII.

Then slip into the library as quiet as  
 can be,  
 And this is what my Brother says when  
 first he looks at me:  
 "Upon—my—word! I *never* saw a queerer  
 sight than that!  
 Don't tell me this *outrageous* thing is Polly's  
 Sunday hat!"





# The Feast in the Forest

BY CAROLINE BROWN.

NOONTIME stillness brooded over the forest, which was disturbed only by the flutter of birds' wings and the bark of a tiny squirrel. The sun hung noon-high over a dell of greenest velvet sward, in the center of which stood a solitary oak. A mighty forest girdled this sylvan spot with walls of densest greenery. Suddenly the hush was broken by a sound so silvery and gleeful that the squirrel paused to listen before he scampered away with swift swish of tail, and the bird poised on wing an instant to hear this rival of the skylark before it took flight to the deeper glades beyond.

A solitary figure, clad in green from top to toe, stood under the oak, at his lips a silver hunting-horn, from which had proceeded the mellow strains. Instantly, to the witchery of its notes, sprang from their hiding-places a goodly company of strong men to the number of sevenscore. They, like their summoner, were clad in long mantles of Lincoln green, covering jerkins and breeches of leather. On their heads were green caps. Each man carried a longbow, and, slung over his shoulder, a quiver full of arrows barbed with silver and winged with the split feathers of the gray goose. A few carried swords, and others long staves of white-thorn.

Quickly they bent the knee; then one, rising, said: "What is thy will, good Robin Hood?"

"My brave Will Scarlett, my wish is sure to be thine, since it is no less than to invite a guest to dine."

The others, rising, closed round their leader under the trust-tree, and cried: "Ours too, good master!" Then they broke into a jolly laugh, in which Robin joined.

At this moment two belated followers came from the depths of the wood, bearing between them a dun deer of goodly size, which they laid at Robin's feet, kneeling and doffing their bonnets.

"Verily, my good fellows, thou hast done right well, and furnished us meat for the feast!" said Robin, smiling so that his white teeth gleamed between his bearded lips.

"Thou, good Little John, and thou too, good George a Green, shalt go with me to bring in the guests!" And again all laughed, for they well knew Robin's meaning.



Then Robin turned to his men and gave orders to prepare the meal. Some he appointed to roast the deer; others to follow the wild bees home and rob them of their golden honey; others to draw the ale; some to buy from the nearest farmer's wife brown and white bread, and tarts: for Robin Hood never robbed the poor of anything. Turning to a brawny, red-faced man with shaven head, whose green mantle scarce covered his fat figure clad in a gray serge gown tied about the middle with a hempen cord, he said: "To thee, Friar Tuck, I leave command of these my merry men, and a most congenial task—cooling the red wine in yonder beck," pointing to the forest, from whence came faintly the purling of a tiny stream.

Slinging his silver horn over his shoulder, Robin drew around him his mantle of green, and signaling to the two whom he had chosen to be his companions, they took to a forest path, and were soon lost among the drooping greenery. They walked a mile or so till they came to a narrow road at the outer edge of the forest. At the command of Robin, each man took up his station behind the gray bole of a mighty tree, to await the coming of whatever guests fortune might send them to grace their feast.

Not long they waited, when a faint tinkling of bells, followed later by the soft beat of hoofs in the dust of the road, announced their approach. The turn of the road which brought them into view showed a small train of sumpter-horses, followed by a company of six monks mounted excellently well. They were dressed in the gray habit of the neighboring monastery—long coarse gowns

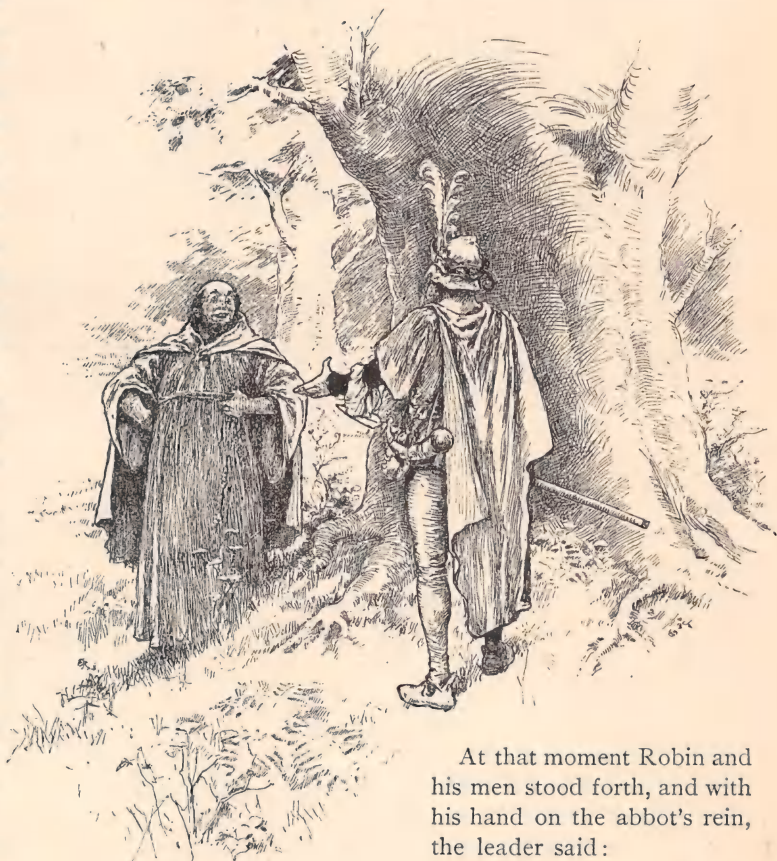
belted at the waist with hempen ropes, and cowls drawn over the head. With them was the Lord Abbot, who wore the same dress as his companions, only his horse's trappings showing a difference of rank. He was singing a gay lilt, one line of which reached Robin:

"The convent was clothed in gray—"

"Ay, my Lord Abbot, and with purses well lined with gold," said Robin to himself.

Just then all the good friars burst into a rollicking chorus:

"Tirra-la-lee, tirra-la-lee,  
Nothing but good red wine for me!"



"TO THEE, FRIAR TUCK, I LEAVE COMMAND OF MY MERRY MEN," SAID ROBIN HOOD.

At that moment Robin and his men stood forth, and with his hand on the abbot's rein, the leader said:

"It awaits you, my Lord Abbot, under the trystell-tree, not far from here."

"How now, sirrah! Who art thou that would stop the Lord Abbot himself in the broad light o' day?"



"I, my lord, am Robin Hood; these, my merry men. We are free rangers of Sherwood Forest."

"That thou usest a free bow I am well convinced, for I've scarce seen a deer with full-

no other way of making a living. Thou hast churches, with lands and gold. Give us of thy plenty for sweet charity's sake!"

Said the abbot: "I have brought but little gold—no more than fifty pounds. For the



"ROBIN HOOD, WITH THE BRIDLE OF THE ABBOT'S WHITE ANDALUSIAN JENNET OVER HIS ARM, LED THE WAY."

grown horns in all this greenwood," said the abbot, waving his hand abroad.

Then, gathering up the reins which Robin still grasped, he said:

"Stand aside, my good sir,—the path is but narrow,—and let me and my company proceed on our journey!"

"By your leave," answered Robin, "you and your company must abide with us awhile. We live under the greenwood tree in this wide forest, and eat of the King's deer. We have

last fortnight I have been staying with the King at Nottingham, and have spent much gold on the court. I give thee what I have, and had I a hundred pounds, would give it thee willingly."

Robin took the gold, and, dividing it in two parts, gave one to his two followers, and handed the other back to the abbot, saying:

"Sir Abbot, keep this for your own spending."

The abbot thanked him, and said: "Sir,



the King greeteth thee and sendeth thee his seal. He inviteth thee to come to court at Nottingham and partake of his hospitality."

Robin took the seal from the abbot's hand, and recognized it as being truly the King's. He fell on his knees and said: "I love no man in all the world so well as I love my King. Thou art welcome for thy tidings, and for these and for the love I bear my King thou shalt dine with me under the greenwood tree."

The abbot, glancing up at the sun, which was not more than an hour past noon, replied: "As the hour is not late, and thou art so kind, we will dine with thee gladly; for the winds of your forest do whet my appetite for the King's venison. Lead on, good Robin, and we will follow."

Robin, with the bridle of the abbot's white Andalusian jennet over his arm, led the way; and behind followed singly the other friars, while George a Green and Little John brought up the rear of this strange procession.

They turned into a narrow woodland path that wound in and out among the trees, which formed a green canopy overhead through which not a sun-ray penetrated. When they had almost reached the dell where the *trystell-tree* was, Robin drew from under his cloak his silver horn, and on it blew three sharp blasts. Again to its magic call appeared before him a company of sevenscore men. All bowed the knee, and, with bows ready and arrows set, awaited his commands. The abbot and his men were silent with surprise.

"Here is a wondrous sight," whispered the abbot to the friar nearest him. "These men are more obedient to do his commands and readier to do his bidding than are mine!"

Robin, loosing his hold on the abbot's rein, said: "My men, we have noble guests to-day. My Lord Abbot and his followers dine with us. Is the feast prepared?"

In answer, Will Scarlett rose from his knees and said: "It is ready, good Robin. Venison as fine and fat as e'er feasted a king, is smoking on the coals; the good ale foams; and Friar Tuck, at the winding of the horn, has hastened to the brook to fetch the wine."

"My Lord Abbot and gentlemen, in yonder stream—the same that served to cool the red

wine which in a few moments will tickle your throats—you may like to wash off the dust of the highway," said Robin.

The abbot dismounted, and, closely followed by the others, was led by Will Scarlett to the brook, where, after laving their hands and faces, they let the winds of heaven dry them.

Robin took the abbot by the hand and led him forward under the *trystell-tree* where the feast was spread. "Make good cheer, my Lord Abbot, and when thou hast feasted we will show you how we live in the forest."

Soon all were seated, except those that served, about a cloth of nature's finest weaving,—the velvet sward, green and thick,—while the long arms of the *trystell-tree* spread in kindly protection above them, its leaves whispering all the while a rippling tune, accompanied by the deeper tones of the beck near at hand.

The wooden trenchers were heaped with smoking venison and great slices of white and brown bread. Honey with the flavor of flowers, clotted cream as golden as daisies' hearts, and goodly pies of warden pears made the lips of the hungry friars glisten with moisture. Dry throats were wet with the amber ale, and healths were drunk in the red wine as cool as the brown depths of the brook. The feasting was long and mighty, but at last the friars moved back with a sigh of satisfaction.

Then Robin called out to two of his men:

"Set up the wands, and we will show my Lord Abbot we can shoot as well as feast!"

Thereupon two wands cut from a willow-tree were set up at forty paces, and garlanded with wild roses which grew in the forest glades.

"Whoever faileth to hit the garland," said Robin, "forfeiteth two arrows, and must yield them up to his master, however fine! He shall also receive a buffet on his head; and no man shall be spared!"

At a nod from Robin, two men threw off their green mantles, and selected the best arrows from their quivers, carefully fitting them to the bowstring, made of the sinews of the deer.

At the drop of an oak twig, "Pang!"—off flew the arrows, cutting roses from the garland.

"This is wondrous marksmanship!" cried the abbot, and the friars nodded agreement in silent answer, too amazed to speak.

Then Robin took his stand, and, fitting his best arrow to the string, drew a mighty bow and cleft the garland; then he shot again, cleaving the second garland with the second arrow; but the third shot failed!

o' Swift Heels had fetched. "Sir Abbot, I give thee my arrows. I pray thee, give me my pay."

The abbot folded up the long sleeve of his robe, but, hesitating, said:



"ROBIN STAGGERED AND WELL-NIGH FELL TO THE GROUND."

Up stepped Gilbert of the White Hand, and said:

"Master, thou hast failed; stand forth and take thy pay!"

"If so," said Robin, "it cannot be mended"; and he gave up two of his arrows, which Jack

"It becomes not one of my order to smite a man good and true."

"Smite on boldly!" cried Robin.

Whereupon the abbot gave Robin such a blow on the head with his folded sleeve that he staggered and well-nigh fell to the ground.



"Thou art a sturdy friar!" cried Robin. "There is strength in thine arm! I doubt not thou canst shoot."

As he spoke Robin gazed steadily in the abbot's face, as did Sir Richard of the Lea and Will Scarlett, who were at Robin's right hand. As he gazed his cheek grew pale, then red, and all three sank on their knees before the abbot.

"My lord, and my King!" he said in low and faltering tones. "Now I know thee well; and of thy goodness and grace beg of thee mercy for me and my men under the trystell-tree!"

Seeing their bold master on his knees, all his followers instantly fell to theirs, each laying down in front of him his bow as a sign of submission, not fully comprehending the singular scene, but waiting submissively its end.

"I grant thee thy petition," said the King,—for it was he dressed in the borrowed garb of the abbot,—"provided thou and thy men come to dwell with me at court."

"It shall be so," said Robin. "I will bring with me sevenscore and three of my brave yeomen." But he looked longingly around the greenwood, through which the level rays of the setting sun were glinting. At the sound of a buck's shrill whistle from the forest, his hand swiftly and involuntarily sought his quiver. It was withdrawn with a sigh; he sank back humbly at the feet of the King.

"To-morrow, good Robin, thou and thy merry men will join me on my journey back to London."

"Be it so, my gracious lord and King!" Robin dolefully replied.

"Join me on the forest road where we did encounter this morn," commanded the King.

The next morning, at sunrise, Robin, surrounded by his men, dressed all in green, with glistening swords, and polished staves of white-thorn, longbows unstrung, with crowded quivers, stood ready on the forest road, awaiting the King. The smell of dew-laden roses was on the air, and far in the dim recesses of the distant glades the dun deer scampered. The birds sang a parting song so sweet and joyous that Robin felt it to be almost cruel in its lack of sympathy. For he was to leave it all—the sunshine, the birds, the dun deer, and,

above all, the beloved wood where for two-score years he had lived free and untrammelled, the forest yielding of its stores to his larder, and the traveler gold to his purse.

Suddenly was heard the hurtle of arms, and again the faint beat of horses' feet in the dusty road. Then a loud flourish of trumpets gave warning that the King drew near. In another moment the cavalcade appeared, all mounted. First came the trumpeters, with trumpet at lip, playing a gay fanfare, closely followed by a company of spearmen, bearing in the left hand steel-tipped spears, the butt resting on the left toe. Next, the King's standard-bearer. Then the King himself, surrounded by the nobles of his court, in full armor, with vizors thrown back. The King sat easily on his snow-white charger, which impatiently pawed the earth when brought to halt. His face beamed with satisfaction as he saw Robin and his merry men awaiting him, dropped to the knee by the roadside.

The King's horse was almost covered with a purple saddle-cloth, richly embroidered with gold, which swept to the ground. The bridle was studded with gold. The martingale was wide, and of russet leather embroidered with gold, and from it depended a deep golden fringe. The King himself wore a partial suit of armor, with high boots of soft russet leather, pointed sharply at the toes; at his side his jeweled sword; and over all hung gracefully, in full folds, a rich purple mantle of cloth. On his head he wore a helmet of burnished steel with vizor raised; from its peak proudly waved four snow-white plumes. Around his neck, falling over his mantle, was a heavy gold chain, badge of his kingly office. His knights were similarly appareled, though none wore the purple mantle, the plumes, and the gold chain that denoted the King.

Immediately behind the King and the knights came a company of archers in suits of leather, each with his full quiver slung over his shoulder, and longbow in hand, bent ready for use. The sumpter-horses and grooms brought up the rear.

At sight of this martial retinue poor Robin's heart sank, and he bitterly realized he was nothing more than a prisoner of the King.



He and his men were placed between the ceremony of court-life after perfect freedom, knights and the bowmen. The signal was filled Robin with such a longing for his



"ROBIN BITTERLY REALIZED HE WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A PRISONER OF THE KING."

given. Again the blare of trumpets, and the stately march was taken up.

A fitful wind shuddered through the tree-tops a sigh of parting. Robin reëchoed it as he cast a longing look down the cool dark glades of his beloved forest. It was soon left behind, obscured by a cloud of dust from his back-turned gaze, and he saw it not again for many days.

At first the novelty of life at court diverted Robin and his men; but one by one they slipped away, until at the end of the year only Robin and a half-dozen of his followers remained. The noise and confusion after the forest silence, the glare and glitter after the woodland lights and shades, the restraint and

beloved Sherwood that he fell ill. He pined for the peace and quiet of woodland solitudes, to chase the dun deer through the crackling underbrush, to wander through secret wood-paths with only his stanch followers.

When he could endure it no longer he sought the King and said:

"My lord and King, I am sick unto death. Permit me to go to the monastery just without Sherwood Forest, there to pray for the return of my health."

The King thought a moment,—for he did not quite trust him,—then said: "Good Robin, thou canst go. But see to it thou return in seven days. No longer stay, at my dire displeasure!"

Robin set out with dolorous countenance; but the nearer he came to the forest, the more



cheerful he became, till from his lips broke unconsciously a song:

"Sing heigh-ho for the greenwood tree!  
A life in the forest 's the life for me!"

When he entered the road by which he had gone to court, he placed to his lips his horn, and blew a sharp blast, when, lo! there was a crackling through every bush, and before him stood those followers that had deserted the court. They joyously renewed their fealty to Robin, declaring that never again would they be lured to the court.

For twenty years they lived in the greenwood, when, one day, Robin fell ill, and, needing aid, went to the nunnery of Kirklees, where his cousin was prioress; and she treacherously let him bleed to death to please his enemy, Sir Roger of Doncaster.

They hid him away in a lofty tower; but his faithful Will Scarlett, suspecting treachery, found where he lay, climbed up by a vine, and gained an entrance to his room only in time to take his dying messages.

"Give me my bent bow," said Robin, faintly, "and I will let fly a broad arrow; and let my grave be digged where that arrow be taken up."

The bow was handed him, the arrow fitted, and he raised himself feebly and through the open window let fly the fleet arrow. He watched it cleave the blue sky, and then sink, spent, below his sight. With a sigh he fell back.

"Put a green sod under my head, and another at my feet," said Robin; and his last breath floated away as gently as a summer zephyr.

At the edge of the forest the broad arrow was taken up, and there Robin was buried, where morning shade and evening sun-rays fell softly on his grave.

The men in green wept as only the strong and brave can weep, without shame for their tears, at the death of Robin. They left his favorite haunts, and sought the most retired parts of the forest, to mourn away from the sight of cruel men and the sounds of a gay and pitiless world. Many remained there to the end of their days; a few went back to the towns. But never again was there feasting under the trystell-tree, nor were the rose-wreathed wands set up to be cleft by the swift arrows. No more the wild frolic and the exciting chase of which gay Robin was the moving spirit; for his like was never seen again.



IN MEMORIAM

## A BIRD TALK.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

### I.

ONE of the good signs of the times is the interest our young people are taking in the birds, and the numerous clubs and societies that are being formed throughout the country for bird protection and cultivation. In my youth but little was heard about the birds. They were looked upon as of little account. Many of them were treated as the farmer's natural enemies. Crows and all kinds of hawks and owls were destroyed whenever chance offered. I knew a farmer who every summer caught and killed all the red-tailed hawks he could. He stood up poles in his meadows, upon the tops of which he would set steel traps. The hawks, looking for meadow-mice, would alight upon them and be caught. The farmer was thus slaying his best friends, as these large hawks live almost entirely upon mice and vermin. The redtail, or hen-hawk, is very wary of a man with a gun, but he has not yet learned of the danger that lurks in a steel trap on the top of a pole.

If a strict account could be kept with our crows and hawks for a year, it would be found at the end of that time that most of them had a balance to their credit. That is, they do us more good than injury. A few of them, like the fish-crow and the sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's-hawk and the duck-hawk, are destructive to the birds and wild fowls; but the others live mainly upon insects and vermin.

One August, when I was a boy, I remember a great flight of sparrow-hawks—called sparrow-hawk, I suppose, because it never catches sparrows. They were seen by the dozen, hovering above and flitting about the meadows. On carefully observing them, I found they were catching grasshoppers—the large, fat ones found in the meadows in late summer. They would poise on the wing twenty or thirty feet above

the ground, after the manner of the larger hawks watching for mice, then suddenly drop down and seize their prey, which they devoured from a limb of a tree or a stake in the fence. They lingered about for several days and then drifted away.

Nearly every season a pair of broad-winged hawks—about a size smaller than the hen-hawk—build their nest in the woods not far from my cabin. You may know this hawk by its shrill, piercing cry, the smoothest, most ear-piercing note I know of in nature. It utters this cry when you come near its nest, and continues to utter it as long as you linger about. One season they built in a large pine-tree near which I frequently passed in my walk. Always, as I came near, I would hear this wild, shrill plaint, made, I think, by the mother bird. Often she would sit upon a branch in full view and utter her ear-dividing protest. There were never any signs about the nest that birds or poultry formed any part of the food of the young. It is said that this hawk subsists upon insects and frogs. When the young—two of them—were about two thirds grown they perched upon the edge of the nest, and upon one of the branches that held it in place.

One day I took a couple of bird lovers there to hear the cry of the mother hawk. We lingered about for nearly an hour, and not a sound was heard or a parent hawk seen. Then I tried to stir up the young, but without effect. They looked at us sharply, but made no move and uttered no cry. A smaller tree grew alongside the pine that held the nest. Up this I climbed till within probably twenty-five feet of the suspicious young; then I reached out my foot and planted it upon a limb of the larger tree. Instantly, as if the tree were a living part of themselves, the young hawks took the alarm and launched into the





SPARROW-HAWK EATING A GRASSHOPPER.

air. But the wings of one of them could not long sustain him, and he came to the ground within twenty yards of the foot of the tree. As we approached him his position of defense was striking—wings half spread, beak open, one talon raised, and a look of defiance in his eye. But we soon comforted him, and presently left him perched upon a branch in a much more composed state of mind. The parent hawks did not appear upon the scene during our stay.

## II.

I DO not share the alarm expressed in some quarters over the seeming decrease in the numbers of our birds. People are always more or less gloomy in regard to the present time and present things. As we grow older the number of beautiful things in the world seems to be fewer. "The Indian summer is not what it used to be; the winters are not so bracing;

the spring is more uncertain; and honest men are fewer." But there is not much change, after all. The change is mainly in us. I see no decrease in the great body of our common field, orchard, and wood birds. I do not see the cliff-swallows I used to see in my youth; they go farther north, to northern New England and Canada. At Rangeley Lake, in Maine, I saw the eaves of barns as crowded with their mud nests as I used to see the eaves of my father's barns amid the Catskills. In the cliffs along the Yukon in Alaska they are said to swarm in great numbers. Nearly all our game-birds are decreasing in numbers, because sportsmen are more and more numerous and skilful, and their guns more and more deadly. The bobolinks are fewer than they were a decade or two ago, because they are slaughtered more and more in the marshes and rice-fields of the South. The bluebirds and hermit-thrushes were threatened with extinction by a cold wave



A NEST OF YOUNG ROBINS FED BY A CHIPPING-SPARROW.

and a severe storm in the Southern States, a few years ago. These birds appear to have been slain by the hundred thousand. But they are slowly recovering lost ground, and in ten or more years will no doubt be as numerous as ever. I see along the Hudson River fewer eagles than I used to see fifteen years ago. The collectors and the riflemen are no doubt responsible for this decrease. But the robins, thrushes, finches, warblers, blackbirds, orioles, fly-catchers, vireos, and woodpeckers are quite as abundant as they were a quarter of a century ago, if not more so.

The English sparrows, no doubt, tend to run out our native birds in towns and smaller cities, but in the country their effect is not noticeable. They are town birds anyway, and naturally take their place with a thousand other town abominations. A friend of mine who lives in the heart of a city of twenty thousand people amused me by recounting his observation upon a downy woodpecker that had made up its

mind to pass the winter in town. In November it began to dig out a chamber for its winter quarters in the dead branch of a maple that stood on the curb in front of his window. The English sparrows sat about upon the branches, regarding the proceeding with evident interest, but showing no intention to interfere. "Let him work," they seemed to say; "something interesting may come of it." For two weeks or more Downy was busy carving out his retreat. At last it was finished; but when he returned at night he found it occupied, and the occupant refused to leave. This seemed to puzzle the woodpecker a good deal. Every night he was barred out of his own house. Then he took it into his head to come home earlier in the day. This scheme worked at first, but soon the sparrows clubbed together, attacked his castle, and literally dragged him out by sheer force. Then he gave up the fight, and no doubt returned to the country a sadder and a wiser bird. A new retreat had to be



drilled out, which must have caused him no little trouble. It would be interesting to know where, in the meantime, he passed the night. Probably in some old retreat of his or his friends'.

How to get rid of the English sparrows, or to keep them in check, is a question that is troubling many of our communities. A single effort here and there will have little effect; there must be agreed action over a wide area. The blow must be struck in attacking their nest-places.

In every town with a police force, let it be one of the duties of the police to spy out their nesting-places and report them to headquarters, as they would any nuisance or lawbreaking. Then let men be detailed to break them up. As long as the nest is untouched, killing the birds is of little avail. A friend of mine, a well-known ornithologist, told me that one summer he and his wife took for the season a house in a small town not far from Boston. There were two sparrows' nests in the cavities of two fruit-trees in the garden. At once he opened war

upon the parent birds; and he continued the shooting. Whenever a bird showed itself about either nest it was shot. The birds became very wild and shrewd, till he was compelled to fire from a crack in the door. But he kept up the warfare till he had killed sixty-two birds about those nests, and yet from each cavity a brood of young birds came forth. I suppose there were eggs or young in the nest when my friend appeared upon the scene, and that he did not in any one day kill both the parent birds. Had he done so, it is still a question whether the young would have been allowed to perish. Their cries probably would have attracted other birds.

The paternal instinct is strong in all creatures. Birds as well as animals will sometimes adopt the young of others. I have been told of a bluebird that took it upon himself to help feed some young vireos in a nest near his own, and of a house-wren that carried food to some young robins.

Last summer I witnessed a similar occur-



A BLUEBIRD THAT CARRIED FOOD TO YOUNG VIREOS.



A COLONY OF CLIFF-SWALLOWS.



rence, and made this note of it in my note-book: "A nest of young robins in the maple in front of the house being fed by a chipping-sparrow. The little sparrow is very attentive; seems very fond of her adopted babies. The old robins resent her services, and hustle her out of the tree whenever they find her near the nest." It was this hurried departure of chippy from the tree that first attracted my attention. "She watches her chances, and comes with food in their absence. The young birds are about ready to fly, and when the chippy feeds them her head fairly disappears in their capacious mouths. She jerks it back as if she was afraid of being swallowed. Then she lingers near them on the edge of the nest, and seems to admire them. When she sees the old robins coming, she spreads her wings in an attitude of defense and then flies away. I wonder if she has had the experience of rearing a cow-bunting?"

A day later. "The robins are out of the nest, and the little sparrow continues to feed them. She approaches them rather timidly and hesitatingly, as if she feared they might swallow her, then thrusts her titbit quickly into the distended mouth and jerks back."

### III.

I AM glad to see that this growing interest in bird-life has reached our schools and is being promoted there. I often get letters from teachers touching these matters. A teacher in the State of Delaware writes me that he and his pupils are trying to know all the birds within a mile of their school-house. One bird has puzzled them much. The teacher frequently saw them feeding in the road in the evening as he walked home from school. Then, when the blizzard came, they approached the school-house for crumbs, sometimes in loose flocks of a dozen or more.

This is the teacher's description of the bird:

The upper half of its bill is dark, and about one third of the tip of the lower. The rest is light. The feathers are a greenish yellow below the bill, and the throat feathers are black with white tips. The belly is white, but the feathers are black underneath. In size it is a little smaller than the robin. It has a chirp, when flying, something like the cedar-bird. The back toe is certainly very long for so small a bird.

Had not this description been accompanied by a wing, leg, and tail of the bird in question, I should have been at a loss to name it. One of the birds was found dead in the snow beneath the telegraph wires, and this afforded the samples. It proved to be the shore-lark,—called also horned lark,—one of the migrating birds that passes the winter near the snow-line in the Southern States, and the summer in the hilly parts of New York, New England, and Canada.

The above description makes the bird much too large, as its size is nearer that of the bobolink and bluebird. All the larks have the hind toe very prominent. This species, like the true skylark, is entirely a bird of the earth, and never alights upon trees. In song it soars and hovers high in air like the skylark, but its song is a very crude, feeble affair in comparison with that of the latter. Its winter plumage is far less marked than that of its summer dress. One day I took note of one singing above my native hills, and it repeated its feeble, lisping song one hundred and three times before it closed its wings and dropped to the earth precisely as does the European skylark.

Another teacher writes me asking if the blue jay eats acorns. She is sure she has seen them flying away from oak-trees with acorns in their beaks, and yet some authority to whom she had appealed was doubtful about their eating them. I replied that I did not believe jays ate acorns, but that she had seen them with acorns in their beaks I had no doubt, and chestnuts, too. The thieving habit of the jay, which is a trait of his family, the *Corvidæ*, leads him to carry away chestnuts and acorns and hide them in the grass and under leaves, and thus makes him an instrument in the planting of forests, though he little suspects it. This is the reason why, when a pine or hemlock forest is cut away, oaks and chestnuts are so apt to spring up. These nuts can be planted in new places only by the aid of birds and squirrels.

A clergyman writes me from a New England town of something he found in his winter walks that puzzled him very much. It was an old cocoon of the *Cecropia* moth, in which he found two kernels of corn. What creature could have put them there, and for what purpose? Of course it was the blue jay; he had hidden the



THE ORCHARD ORIOLES' NEST.

corn in the same blind way that he hides the acorns. I have seen the jays in winter carry away corn and put it into an old worm's nest in a wild-cherry tree, and drop it into knot-holes in the tree-trunk. It is doubtful if the jay can digest corn swallowed whole. It is too hard a grist for its mill. It will peck out the chit or softer seed part—as will the chickadee—and devour that.

Another teacher wrote me that two pretty birds, strangers to her, had built their nest in a pear-tree near the kitchen door of her house.

They were small and slender, the male of a ruddy brown, his head, tail, and wings black, and the female yellowish green, with darker wings. The male brought worms and fed his mate while she was sitting, and seemed the happiest bird alive, save when the kittens

romped about the door; and then, even in the midst of his cries of alarm like a blackbird's, he would burst out with glad notes of rejoicing, a song to me like the sparrow's. Soon there were young in the nest, and the air was filled with the constant fluttering of wings and the rapturous song of the father. But alas! one morning found the nest rifled of its treasures, and only the silent, miserable male flitting in and out about the home in the most heartbroken fashion.

A red squirrel or a cat or an owl had done the mischief. The nest was woven of hemp and grasses and was suspended from the fork of a limb. The teacher guessed rightly that the bird was a near relative of the Baltimore oriole; it was the orchard oriole, a much rarer bird and a much finer songster. The song is not like the sparrow's, but much louder and stronger and more ecstatic. The male



does not get his full uniform of black and bay till the fourth summer.

## IV.

LOVE the wood-rose, but leave it on its stalk, hints the poet. So, I say, find the bird's nest, but touch not the eggs. It seems to profane the nest even to touch its contents with the utmost care.

This is how, one June day, I found the nest of the little yellow-winged sparrow—the sparrow that one often hears in our fields and meadows, that has a song which suggests

a grasshopper. I was sitting on the fence beside a hill meadow, watching the shore-larks, and hoping that one of them would disclose the locality of its nest. A few yards from me was a little bush, from the top of which a yellow-winged sparrow was sending out its feeble, chirping song. Presently a little brown bird came out of the meadow and alighted in the grass but a few yards from the singer. Instantly he flew to the spot, and I knew it was his mate. They seemed to have some little conversation together there in the grass, when, in a moment or two, they separated, the male flitting to his perch on the little bush and



THE YELLOW-WINGED SPARROW.

continuing his song, while the female dropped quickly into the grass ten or more yards away. "The nest is there," I said, "and I must find it." So I walked straight to the spot where the bird had disappeared and scrutinized the ground closely. Not seeing the object of my search, I dropped my handkerchief upon the grass, and began walking cautiously about it in circles, covering more and more ground, and scanning every foot of the meadow-bottom closely. Suddenly, when four or five yards from my handkerchief, a little dark-brown bird fluttered out from almost under my feet, and the pretty secret was mine.

The nest, made of dry grass and a few hairs, was sunk into the ground,—into the great, brownish-gray, undistinguished meadow surface,—and held four speckled eggs. The mother bird fluttered through the grass, and tried, by pretending to be hurt, to lure me away from the spot. I had noticed that the male had ceased singing as soon as I began my search, and had shown much uneasiness. He now joined his mate, and two more agitated birds

I had never seen. The actions of this bird are quick and nervous at all times; now they verged upon frenzy. But I quickly withdrew and concealed myself behind the fence. After a brief consultation the birds withdrew also, and it was nearly a half-hour before the parent birds returned.

Then the mother bird, after much shamming and flitting nervously about, dropped into the grass several yards from the nest. I fancied her approaching it in a cautious, roundabout, indirect way.

In the afternoon I came again; also the next day; but at no time did I find the male in song on his old perch. He seemed to take the blame of my approach upon himself; he had betrayed the place of the nest; and now I found him upon the fence or upon an apple-tree far off, where his presence or his song would not reveal the precious secret.

The male bird of every species is very careful about being seen very near the nest. You will generally find him in song along the rim of a large circle of which the nest is the center.

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## THE BIRTHDAYS OF BETTINA AND BETTY.

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When Bettina has a birthday,—

Little Lady Millionaire,—  
 Gifts come pouring in upon her,  
 And the party in her honor,  
 When Bettina has a birthday,  
 Is a very grand affair.

When a birthday comes to Betty,—

Little Lassie Penniless,—  
 Mother makes her a new dolly,  
 Father takes her on the trolley —  
 When a birthday comes to Betty,  
 In her little cotton dress.

When Bettina has a birthday,

You should see the children stare  
 At the costly things from Paris,  
 Bought to please the little heiress —  
 When Bettina has a birthday,  
 In the mansion on the square.

When a birthday comes to Betty,

She has nothing, more or less,  
 But what loving hands have wrought her  
 With a kiss for "little daughter" —  
 When a birthday comes to Betty,  
 In her cottage lowliness.

When Bettina has a birthday,

She is gay beyond compare;  
 Laughs to see the lavish portion  
 Showered on her by smiling Fortune;  
 When Bettina has a birthday —  
 Little Lady Millionaire.

When a birthday comes to Betty,

She has, too, her happiness;  
 Though, indeed, few gifts to treasure,  
 Love she has in heaping measure;  
 When a birthday comes to Betty —  
 Little Lassie Penniless.

*Rose Mills Powers.*





APPLE-TIME.



"EBENEZER, Ebenezer, yo' come here dis minute! It 's school-time."

Ebenezer—some one had nicknamed him "Ebony," which was very appropriate—came slowly around the corner of the house. He was a little chap, as black as the fabled Egyptian darkness, with big shiny eyes that looked as if fun was the only thing its owner cared for.

"I don' want ter go ter school, mammy; I sho'ly don't. 'T ain't no fun bein' de only one dar."

"No fun? Co'se not. Dat ain't w'at yo' go for. It 's for an eddication, dat 's what. I guess I done read in de paper how much it cost dis city a year for yo' schoolin'—*one thousand one hundred an' eighty-six dollars an' eight cents!* an' I jus' guess yo' ain't gwine to throw away money like dat by stayin' to home! Yo' come right in yere an' git yo' face washed!"

Ebenezer went slowly into the house; then, after a vigorous scrubbing, he came out, and as slowly went down the street toward the school-house.

It was true. He was the only child in the school. The law compelled every child, colored or white, to go to school; and as this particular city refused to permit its colored pupils to attend the public schools, it had to provide a place for them, and Ebenezer was the first and, at that time, the only scholar. There was a principal, a teacher, and a janitor, besides the

heating, so it cost the city exactly the sum so proudly named by Ebenezer's mother: one thousand one hundred and eighty-six dollars and eight cents, all for the education of one poor little black fellow, who did n't care to be educated at all!

Thanksgiving Day was drawing near. It was the custom in the schools for each child to bring something, the day before Thanksgiving, to be distributed among the poor families of the town, so that every one might have a good dinner. Chickens, turkeys, apples, potatoes, cranberries—in fact, anything good to eat was acceptable. Now, Ebenezer played with white children after school hours, so he had heard of this custom.

"What kin I take, mammy?" was his oft-repeated question.

"I do' know. I don't see as yo' kin take nothin', honey; we 's pore folks ourselves," was the answer. But Ebenezer thought much about it. He felt that the dignity of one school rested entirely on his shoulders, and that he must make a Thanksgiving donation of some sort; but what? If he only had a bag of potatoes or apples to take!

"I jus' ought to take somefin'," he would say to himself, "for I 'se de only one to take somefin'."

It was just two days before Thanksgiving. Ebenezer was getting dressed as quickly as he could, for it was a very cold morning. He could hear the fire snapping and crackling in the stove in the kitchen below, and was anxious to get down where it was warmer. He could hear his parents talking about Thanksgiving,—there was a stovepipe hole in the floor,—and he stopped his hurrying to listen.



"I t'ink, pappy, we jus' better kill 'Mr. Thankful' dis year. We ain't got no way er gittin' a tu'key for 'Thanksgivin', an' 'pears like he jus' old enough an' fat enough."

Ebenezer's heart almost stood still. Mr. Thankful was his one pet—a turkey that he had raised himself. His father, who worked on a small farm just out of town, had brought it home one night.

Ebenezer had named the turkey "Mr. Thankful," perhaps because a turkey always suggested Thanksgiving to his mind. Mr. Thankful being a pet, it had never occurred to him that he

Ebenezer sat down on a block of wood and thought *hard*. What could he do to save his pet from the coming fate? Suddenly the thought of his school flashed upon him. The very thing! He would present Mr. Thankful. Then he certainly would not be killed that day.

Ebenezer's eyes brightened; then a shade came over them again. It would only be putting off the evil hour. Some one else would kill and eat Mr. Thankful. Well, at any rate, he would n't have to see it. Then another idea occurred to him: perhaps if it were known that the turkey was a pet, his life might be spared.



"HE LOOKED AS IF FUN WAS THE ONLY THING HE CARED FOR."

could ever be killed and eaten. It was a dreadful shock, therefore, to hear his mother's words. Many and many a time Ebenezer and Mr. Thankful had gone shares with the little there was to eat. Ebenezer was certain that he never could bear to see his pet cooked, much less help to eat him! He did n't say anything, however, when he went downstairs, but ate his breakfast, and then went out to feed Mr. Thankful. What a big, beautiful fellow he was, with a tail like a huge black fan!

"I'll *tag* him; dat's what I'll do!" thought Ebenezer.

The next morning was the day before Thanksgiving. He was up early, a rare occurrence. The tag had been prepared during recess the day before, and his teacher had helped him spell the words. It read:

THIS IS A PET. NOT TO BE EATEN.

He tied the tag around Mr. Thankful's neck with a bit of cord. When ready for school,

which was so early that his mother was greatly surprised, he slipped out to the woodshed, put Mr. Thankful as far under his coat as he could, and darted away down the street before any one could call after him. He felt happy, notwithstanding the fact that he was so soon to part with his pet. It was something to have a donation to take, after all his fears. He walked proudly into the school with Mr. Thankful, the only pupil and the only donation.

When Ebenezer got home from school, that afternoon, he was greeted with the news that "Mr. Thankful done gone away." Mammy had hunted all over for him. Ebenezer sat down in silence. He felt very downcast. His elated pride at having a donation had suddenly left him. Perhaps he had done wrong. Maybe they would n't pay any attention to the tag and its message, after all, and Mr. Thankful would go the way of all turkeys.

"Well," said mammy, "I reckon Mr. Thankful mistrusted we was gwine kill 'im, an' I dunno as I 's sorry he done got away. He was too much like folks to *eat*, Mr. Thankful was."

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and bright, with the temperature somewhere down near zero.

Ebenezer rose early. There were at least three days in the year when he got up without grumbling — Thanksgiving, Christmas, and the Fourth of July.

Turkey being out of the question, mammy had bought a piece of pork to roast, and so Ebenezer began to feel as if he should enjoy his Thanksgiving dinner, after all.

Breakfast had hardly been eaten when there came a loud rap at the door. Ebenezer ran to open it. On the door-step stood two large market-baskets. One sounded and acted very strangely. It seemed almost alive. Ebenezer was afraid of it; but he seized the other one, shouting to pappy to come and help.

When the cover of the "live" basket was lifted, there was Mr. Thankful himself, with his tag still on. In the other was a big turkey from the market, all ready to stuff and cook, with this tag on his neck:

THIS IS NOT A PET. TO BE EATEN.

You can see that the very same words were used; but what a change in the meaning, made by transposing one word!

Of course Ebenezer had to explain what he had done, and pappy and mammy did n't just know whether he ought to be scolded or admired. They seemed to think they *ought* to think he was very naughty, when really they admired his generosity in offering so splendid a donation, and his cleverness in devising the plan to save his pet.

Then another knock came, and his teacher walked in with another basket, filled with all the other good things that belong to a Thanksgiving dinner. She said that the children of the other schools wanted the only pupil of the colored school to have a feast on the day of feasting, and that their own principal, janitor, and she, the teacher, thought that, by good rights, the pet turkey should be sent on Thanksgiving Day to the one who cared most for it.







## WHY THE SCHOOLMASTER FORGOT TO BRUSH HIS HAIR.

BY M. L. VAN VORST.



THE reason why Johnny laughed right out loud in quiet session was because — well, it was funny enough. I'll tell you how it came about. The boys sat on one side of the school-house, and the girls on the other. School began at half-past eight. Too early?

Ah, this was an old-time school! At twenty-five minutes after eight, on the tick of the clock, everybody was in his place, and the ten-minute quiet session began just as though Thomas Wimbleton, the schoolmaster, had not been late. You would n't have thought it was a rule, this slipping into seats and noiseless opening and shutting of desks, but something the children did of their own free will. Dear me! I'm not going to brag about Thomas Wimbleton's school; it will speak for itself. There was a secret that he knew — a way of governing when those that are governed don't know it and those that are governing seem to forget the fact. "Thomas Wimbleton practises a kind of magic," the mothers

said. Not a bad kind! On this morning Johnny Lane was the last to slip into his seat. In a second the others had their books out, and four-and-twenty scholars bent close over four-and-twenty books. The big clock ticked away loudly, and at half-past eight the schoolmaster came out from his little room on to the platform. So quietly he came that no one but Johnny heard him. Johnny did, and looked up, and broke into a clear, loud laugh, then hid his face and his rippling giggles in his spelling-book. In a twinkling the three-and-twenty other scholars looked up, too, and Johnny's laugh was repeated in two dozen different forms. At first an expression of astonishment crossed the face of Master Wimbleton. Then, without a word, he took his accustomed seat at his desk. Gradually the storm of laughter died away, but spasmodic snickers and little bursts of merriment broke forth now and then from this corner and that, like the reports of unexpected torpedoes that one steps upon here and there around Fourth-of-July times. So the quiet session on this special morning stood alone in the history of Thomas Wimbleton's model school. The master wrote away hard. Johnny did not look up again, but his red face and twitching mouth belied the ease he tried to assume.

"Come here, John," called the schoolmaster.

The big clock marked nine. "Now, can you tell me what you were laughing at?" he asked, as the boy, with his back to the school, stood by the master's chair.

"Yes, sir," replied Johnny, his eyes on the floor; "but I don't like to."

"I should be glad to hear, however, if you can tell me," said the schoolmaster.

"Well," stammered the boy, "it 's your hair, sir — oh, it 's so funny!" And here Johnny exploded again, and the whole sympathetic three-and-twenty with him.

The schoolmaster's hair was bright red, bright, bright red; but this was nothing; it always had been red, and, for some unaccountable reason, every one of the scholars thought it perfectly beautiful.

For an instant Master Wimbledon's face fell. "My hair?" he said, in tones of great surprise. Not only was the schoolmaster's hair red, but it was also very thick and bushy, and rather hard to keep in order; it seemed to have a cow-lick in every part, which was unfortunate, but years of careful brushing and fixing had resulted in training it into the way it should go. As a rule it was carefully parted in the middle, faithfully smoothed and brushed down on each side, and it shone like burnished brass in the light. Like this the school had always seen it, and this day it was a surprise.

"My hair!" repeated the schoolmaster, and he put his hand up to his head.

"Oh, just look, please, Master Wimbledon," pleaded Johnny.

To the right of the blackboard hung a little mirror in a gilt frame. Master Wimbledon turned toward it; then he laughed too, not quite as boisterously as his scholars, but very heartily; and encouraged by this, the Wimbledon school for a moment was one clear ring of mirth.

"I don't blame you, children," said the schoolmaster, nodding at them; "it is too funny for anything!"

One side of the bright-red hair was smooth and shining as usual, and the other was as carefully let alone, and a rumpled, bushy mass stood out like the rays of the sun all around one side of his head. The gentle schoolmaster had a weird, peculiar look, and he was as keen to see it as the children who were looking at him.

"I will go and put it in order," he said, and slipped out of the little door into his study.

When the school reached its close it was late afternoon, and across the country road lay the long shadows of the leafless trees. Away over Jones's meadows the sun went down, a big red ball; its last rays fell crimson through the school-room windows on Master Wimbledon's shining hair, and on the upturned faces of the children as, with their books under their arms, they waited for the signal to go. Master Wimbledon, in his long, plain black coat, stood with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Good night, children," he said, and smiled at them all.

"Good night, schoolmaster," they called back like one voice; and they lingered over the words, then turned, and trooped and clattered out of the door.

Not all. Johnny seemed to have forgotten something, for he came slowly back and fumbled in his desk, and fumbled so long and so uselessly that Master Wimbledon came down from the little platform to help him. The queer part was that there was nothing at all in Johnny's desk, and his books were under his arm. Master Wimbledon put his hand on the lifted desk and the other on the boy's shoulder.

"Don't look any more," he said, with a twinkle in his eye; "it is n't there, and you need n't bother about finding it, anyway!"

"Why — why, sir," Johnny blushed up to his eyes, "what do you mean?"

"You are looking for my pardon, and in this case it is n't to be found, for you were not to blame."

The schoolmaster sat down on the bench and motioned the boy to sit beside him.

"I spoiled the quiet session," said Johnny, unsteadily, "and laughed at you, Master Wimbledon, and I feel like being kicked!"

"Nonsense!" the schoolmaster smiled. "A man's not half a man if he can't stand being laughed at once in a while. Besides, you know we never go back to old scores, here!"

For a moment the two sat quiet. The schoolmaster's hands were dropped between his knees. He looked very tired, and Johnny saw that under his eyes were two dark rings.

"I 'm afraid I shall have to leave my school,



John," he said slowly. The boy turned full around, in his amazement, and faced his friend, and his eyes grew big with consternation.

"Oh—!" was all he said, but it meant a great deal.

"Yes," the schoolmaster nodded slowly; "I am afraid I shall have to leave my school."

Absorbed by his thoughts, he forgot for the moment his companion; then he drew himself together, reached in his waistcoat pocket, brought out a folded paper, and gave it to Johnny.

"Read this carefully, John," he said. "Don't lose it; give it back to me, for I want to keep it."

At this moment a sharp little rap was heard at the door, and both Johnny and the schoolmaster sprang to their feet.

"Please, Master Wimbledon," panted the little girl who pushed the door open before any one had time to answer her knock, "oh, please sir, Miss Wimbledon says the cider-barrel's sprung a leak, and she can't stop it."

"Dear, dear, I will come at once," exclaimed the schoolmaster, taking his hat from the peg where it hung.

"And she's sitting on the cellar floor with her hand against the leak," continued the round-eyed child, "and will you please hurry."

He was already out of the door. "Thank you, Milly, for coming. Lock up the school-house, John," he called out to the boy.

"Yes, sir; good-by, sir," called Johnny and Milly, in answer to the shining black figure that went so swiftly down the road.

"You'll walk to the turn with me, won't you, Johnny Lane?" asked the little girl. She laid her red-mittened hand on his arm.

Full of the schoolmaster's words of a few moments before, Johnny scarcely heard her. He saw to the window-fastenings and shut and locked the door. Master Wimbledon to leave White Meadows! Why, why, had he not asked the reason? Why, he *could n't* go! Everybody liked him, no, loved him—all the boys and girls, and the village people, and the mothers and fathers. What could it mean? The boy buttoned his coat up and put on his cap, and tucked his books under his arm tight. Never! it could n't be! And he felt a thrill of comfort as he affirmed this to himself, over and over, as he walked briskly down the homeward road.

"What makes you so glum, Johnny Lane?" asked a little voice at his elbow; and he was conscious that Milly was trotting along by his side, trying to keep up with his inconsiderate boy strides. "You'll go as far as the turn, won't you?" she said persuasively; "'cause it's getting dark, and mother will be frightened."

"I'll go all the way home with you, Milly," said the boy, gallantly.

"Oh, will you? That's a nice boy," she said gratefully, and drew closer to his side. "An' you can't think how funny it was to see Miss Wimbledon sitting on the cellar floor, her specs on her forehead, holding both hands over the leak!" chattered the little girl, as she ran along. "She called to me to get her brother fast as I could, 'cause it was the new cider. So I ran. And it was almost as funny as the schoolmaster's hair."

A pang shot across Johnny's heart.

"That was n't really funny at all," he said stoutly.

"Why, Johnny Lane!" exclaimed the little girl; "and you laughed first, and then we did, too. Now, you know you laughed hardest of all."

"Well," said Johnny, "what if I did?"

Now, the schoolmaster had intended to give back to Johnny Lane a corrected composition. If these important documents ever got beyond the opening phrase, and were with pain and struggle, and almost tears, complete at last, they were usually lost forthwith; but on this occasion the composition on the "Training of a Tame Squirrel" actually was handed in and corrected; and the master said as he gave it (or thought he did) to Johnny, "Read it carefully, and bring it back to me."

When Johnny reached home, he drew his chair up to the big bright fire, and unfolded the paper smoothly upon his knee, puckered up a puzzled face, and was very much awed at the businesslike writing. Thus it ran:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF WHITE MEADOWS  
DISTRICT SCHOOL.

*To Thomas Wimbledon, Schoolmaster.*

SIR: After having duly considered your favor of the 2d inst., we beg to say that we cannot comply with your request for a raise of salary. Indeed, owing to the hard times and the needful repairs on the school-house this next term, we were about to communicate with you

to the effect that we shall be obliged to ask you to accept a lower rate of income, or, in view of your refusal, to seek another master for the White Meadows School.

We are obediently yours,

HENRY JONES,

Squire of Broadfield, and President  
of the Board of Directors.

"Sit near the candle, my son," said Johnny's maiden aunt, from her rocking-chair. "You'll harm your eyes. You've been at that one page this full fifteen minutes. The schoolmaster makes you work too hard, John."

Johnny folded up the paper mechanically, and put it in his pocket. The big gray cat raised herself from her warm spot on the rug and came slowly forward, stopping to stretch herself well out and to yawn. She rubbed herself against Johnny's legs. Johnny slipped from his chair, and curled up on the rug beside her, and played with her soft fur.

"Not," said the old-maid aunt, "but what he's a good man, is Thomas Wimbledon. Dear, dear! with three helpless women on his hands, and only a school-teacher's pay at that! How they ever live I don't know, I'm sure. Then, too, they do say that not a poor soul in White Meadows but has had from his hand in the winter-time."

Johnny's aunt rocked to and fro. Her hands, in their long black mitts, lay folded in her lap, and her little gray shawl was pinned neatly across her chest.

"When I was young," said the maiden aunt, looking into the fire, "the schoolmasters gave dancing-lessons as well. Now, I chance to remember a young Mr. Goldby—"

Johnny knew that a story was forthcoming, so he settled himself and stroked the gray cat to a sleepy quiet: but his thoughts wandered from Mr. Goldby to the little home where the schoolmaster lived with his two sisters and his invalid mother; of the Sunday night's tea he had once had there, when there had been nothing but biscuits and jam, and how he had gone to bed hungry with big holes inside of him, as he expressed it, rather than confess to his maiden aunt how frugally he had supped at Thomas Wimbledon's table. He patted the letter in his pocket, and shook his brown head with conviction. "Now I know why he forgot to brush his hair," he said aloud in his clear voice.

"What!" exclaimed the maiden aunt, with a violent start. "Whose hair? My dear John, Mr. Goldby was the neatest of gentlemen!"

Then Johnny listened to the rest of the story.

Everybody over ten years old meet me behind the woodshed after school.

JOHNNY LANE.

In big letters that ran downhill with a slant that would have made a delightful toboggan-slide were these directions written upon the big blackboard. They met the sight of every scholar that crisp November day, and when the last eye had had a chance to spell it out, quick as a flash Johnny darted up to the blackboard and rubbed it all out. If the master was the adored of Wimbledon school, Johnny was its oracle. At the bottom, at the top, and in the heart of every plan, plot, and frolic was Johnny Lane, and it is safe to say he was pretty well in the hearts of his fellows and down deep in Master Thomas Wimbledon's, although this no one would have guessed from any partiality on the master's part.

Johnny was a round, jolly little chap, and each of the twelve years that had passed over his head made him rounder and sturdier, till he was tough as a nut, so the saying goes. On this afternoon his cheeks were as red as a winter apple, or as his mittens that dangled loosely from the string around his neck. He stood like a stump-speaker on a log of wood which made him at least four inches taller than his fellows. Johnny had been so quiet and so solemn all day that it had affected his companions, and, as Peter Marel said, they all knew "something big was up." Johnny was not sufficiently versed in the rules of oratorical speaking to work up to a climax. With his heart on his lips, he revealed the core of his discourse at once; boylike and childlike, he went straight to the point.

"Look here," he said earnestly. "Master Wimbledon's going to leave White Meadows!"

Silence for a second, then an outburst of "Oh, no, he is n't!" "Why, Johnny Lane, I don't believe it." "What for?" etc.

"Who told you so, Johnny Lane?" asked Milly, who was as near the speaker as the etiquette of stump-speaking permitted.

"He did," said Johnny, withering her with





"'WELL,' STAMMERED THE BOY, 'IT 'S YOUR HAIR, SIR—OH, IT 'S SO FUNNY!'"

this unexpected answer. "At least, he said, 'I am afraid I shall have to leave my school.' Then he gave me back a paper to read; he thought it was my composition on the training of a tame squirrel, but it was n't; he made a

mistake. I gave it to him to-day, and I made a copy of it, and learned it by heart for all of you, 'cause I've got a plan." And here Johnny recited in his best school-speaker voice the Board of Directors' letter to Mr. Wimbledon.

He paused for breath and to await the effect of the letter upon his hearers.

"Well, I never!" said Milly.

"Mean old thing!" said her best friend, a pretty little girl with snappy black eyes.

The boys were less sparing, and the honorable Board was summarily disposed of by this frank assembly.

"Mr. Wimbledon sha'n't go; there, now! I guess we remember Master Plumbier, who wanted to ferrule even the girls," said Milly, looking around at her mates and meeting their flashes and nods of approval.

"Yes, yes," they cried sympathetically, and "I guess we do. Master Wimbledon *sha'n't* go."

"He 's poor," said Johnny, craftily, "an' he can't live on what he 's got, and he won't have as much after this as he is getting now; an' my aunt says they 've offered him a school near Boston, at twice what he gets at White Meadows."

There was a sad silence for a moment.

"Now," said Johnny, decidedly, "every one that wants Master Wimbledon to stay has got to go with me to-morrow—it 's a whole holiday—to Broadfields and interview the Board"—Johnny was very proud of this phrase—"interview the Board," he repeated, "and ask them to raise the master's salary."

"Why, it 's five miles to Broadfields, Johnny Lane," piped up a little girl from the back.

"The girls can't go," said Peter Marel.

"Yes, we can, too. I 'm going, anyway."

When Milly tossed her head like that it was wise to let her have her way. Peter knew it, and Johnny did also.

"Any one can go who wants to," said Johnny, grandly waving his hand. "We 'll start at ten from here." Here came the tug of war to Johnny Lane, for he was as clear as glass and true as a bell; but his love for the schoolmaster, and—well, I 'm not going to excuse or accuse him. He drew his breath quickly. "I sha'n't say anything to my aunt," he said, "and any of you who are going to tell about it will have to stay at home, or we 'll be gone after, and Mr. Wimbledon will have to go to Boston."

"We are n't going to tell, Johnny Lane. We all want to go," spoke up several children, indignantly.

"Do you think the Board will see us?" asked Milly, with awe.

"It 'll have to," said Johnny. "There 's such a lot of us, and we come so far."

Henry Jones, Esq., Mayor, sat in the ugly little, dingy little, gloomy little "private office" in the mayor's department of the Town Hall of Broadfields. His brow was puckered into dozens of folds, and over the piles of papers and rows of stupid-looking books his anxious eyes were raised now and then to the solemn-faced clock that ticked on just the same for mayors and nobodies. All this made one fear that before the close of the day his work would not be done. But it was not business with which the portly mayor was so engrossed. He was preparing his after-dinner speech for the big banquet of the Board of Education in Boston, and, with his reference books piled before him, and his inky fingers ruffling his hair, he was painfully grinding out this masterpiece of eloquence.

"Knowledge is above the Price of Rubies." He had chosen this for his theme, and pushing his chair back a little, raising his head and extending his hand grandly, he declaimed in a loud voice:

"It is the fact that we can *know* that puts us above the brute. It is the fact that knowledge has brought civilization that has put us above the barbarians. For this, gentlemen, we cannot pay too dear—to be able to learn, to drink from the waters, the pure, gleaming fountains, waters of knowledge, of learning. What a privilege! What a blessing! Can we pay too highly for this? Can we estimate its worth in gems?—in gold? No, my friends! Education is above gold, above money, above—"

Here the mayor, who had been growing redder and more carried away by his feelings, turned suddenly to address the audience on his left, and found a larger assembly than he had thought to see. A sturdy, red-cheeked boy, cap in hand, a smaller, red-cheeked girl in a worsted hood, a taller boy with cap in hand, and nodding hoods and bare brown and yellow heads in the hallway background.

"What the dickens—" said the mayor, stopping his address short.



"We beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting," said the sturdy boy, stepping briskly forward.

"Interrupting!" snorted the mayor. "Go downstairs at once, sir. What do you mean by coming to my private room—the whole gang of you?"

As fast as Johnny had stepped within the room, so fast followed the children on his heels; and during the mayor's angry speech the ugly little, stuffy little, dingy little private office had become full of children, all of them a bit frightened and timid save Johnny, who was keyed up to the highest pitch, and if he was frightened he did not know it. Milly said afterward that his voice shook "dreadfully," but Johnny denied this. At any rate, his purpose did n't shake, and, in spite of the rude reception and the portly mayor, he stood his ground.

"Are you the mayor, please, sir?" he asked politely. "Mayor Jones of Broadfields?"

"Yes, I am, sir," replied the gentleman. Putting his hand on the bell by his side, he rang it violently.

"There is n't anybody downstairs there," explained Johnny, cheerfully. "We looked for somebody to ask, but there was n't a soul, so we came right along up here, and we heard you speaking, so we just opened the door softly, and we thought we'd wait till you were through."

Something in the manly little chap's manner, or in his clear eyes or his high-piped, earnest tone, for the moment claimed the personal attention of the mayor. He looked at him hard. Then he wheeled around in his office chair so that he faced Johnny fully.

"Who are you, pray, all of you," he said, "and what do you want?"

This was right to the point, and the young leader took courage.

"We're the White Meadows District School, that is, some of it,—all of it over ten," with careful accuracy, "and we've come to ask the Board to please raise Master Wimbledon's salary."

"Ah!" said the mayor, nodding, "so he has sent a delegation of his scholars to plead for him, has he?"

"No, sir!" exclaimed Johnny, indignantly; and although they had been warned not to speak,

and promised faithfully, a chorus of "Oh, no's" and indignant murmurs ran through the delegation. "We're not a delegation at all," exclaimed Johnny, "and Mr. Wimbledon does n't know anything about our coming. He'll be dreadfully angry, and we don't know what to say to him, or to our mothers and fathers, about it, either." Here he stopped for breath.

"Then," said the mayor, "how did you happen to know about his salary, or anything about the matter?"

"Why," said Johnny, confidently drawing a little nearer to the desk, "one night I was hanging around the school-house,—I wanted to ask the schoolmaster's pardon for something" (here the delegation were hugely interested, and little heads bent forward curiously, for Johnny was betraying himself more than he knew),—"and he would n't let me beg his pardon. He never does let us, if he can help it. 'Just show you're sorry,' he says; he does n't care much for 'pologies. 'Never mind old scores,' he said, and then he pulled out a paper. He thought it was my composition on the training of a tame squirrel. 'Read it carefully,' he said, 'and give it back to me; I want to keep it.' You see, sir, he meant the tame squirrel all the time; but why he wanted to keep it I don't know; it's a poor composition, I thought, all about that squirrel Peter and I found."

"Never mind the squirrel," said the mayor, shortly, looking at the clock; "get to the point."

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, rather taken aback. "Where was I?"

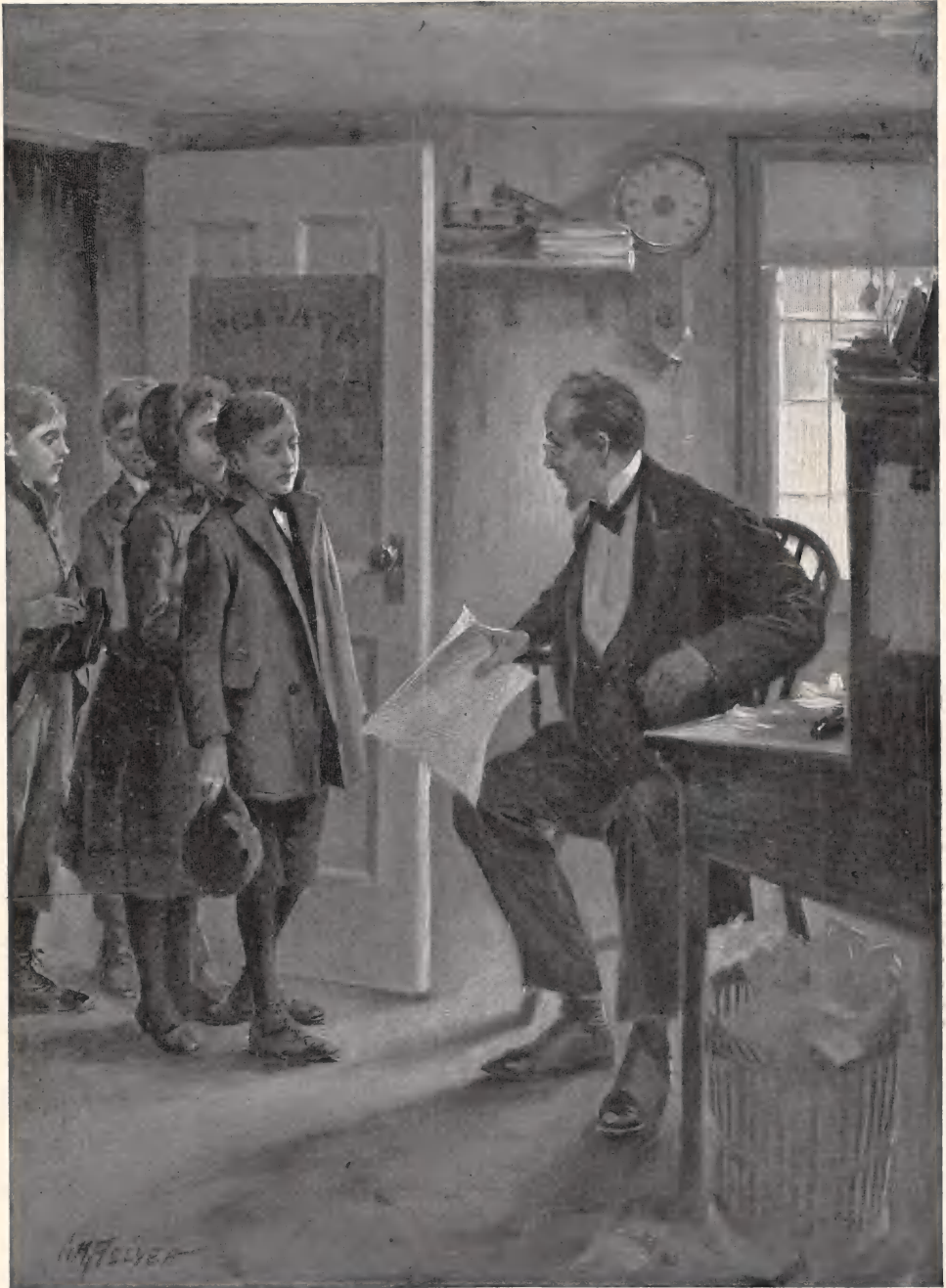
"Read it carefully, and give it back," whispered Milly, loudly.

"Oh, yes. So I read it, and did n't know why the master wanted me to give it back; and it was this—I copied it"; and Johnny took off the red mittens, felt in his pocket, and drew forth a faithful copy of the Board's letter to the schoolmaster, which he laid before the mayor.

The gentleman glanced at the round, child's hand.

"Go on," he said, rather less shortly.

"That's all," said Johnny. "I gave it back next morning, and Master Wimbledon did n't even ask me about it; he just gave me the tame squirrel. He trusted my honor," said Johnny; "that's one of his ways." The boy's



"WHO ARE YOU, PRAY, ALL OF YOU?" THE MAYOR SAID."



face fell and he dropped his head. It had been a terrible struggle to him to betray his friend's confidence. But this is one of the things we are not going to criticize, and Johnny did not speak of it. He raised his head and looked at the mayor.

"Well?" said the mayor, not very helpfully, and looking back at Johnny.

"So," said Johnny, "we called a meeting at the woodshed, and decided to come over and see the Board, and tell him how poor Mr. Wimbledon is, and about his sick mother and his two sisters—one is lame, and the other is n't—quite bright, they say," nodded Johnny, wisely.

"Well," said the mayor, tapping the desk with a ruler, "one schoolmaster is as good as another, and there is a young man just waiting to be sent to White Meadows."

"Oh!" said Johnny, his eyes big and earnest, "one schoolmaster *is* n't just as good as another. Why, the one we had before Mr. Wimbledon used to ferrule the girls!"

"Yes, sir," said Milly, shaking her blue hood at the mayor; "and we played hooky whenever we could, too."

"Indeed! And does n't Mr. Wimbledon ferrule the girls?" asked the mayor.

The chorus of indignation was deafening. In its pause Johnny was heard: "There is n't a ferrule in the school."

"No?" said the mayor. "How does he punish you, pray?"

"He never does," said Johnny.

"Never punishes you!" exclaimed the mayor, in great astonishment. "You are all so good, I suppose, that you don't need it," he added quizzically.

"We needed all sorts of things when he came," said Johnny. "But he always knows what to do."

"Well, in that case," said the mayor, "what does he do when you are bad?"

"He just leans on the desk and talks to us," said Milly, breaking in, "and tells us all kinds of beautiful things, and then asks us if we don't want to be like them; and we say we do; but, of course, we can't be like them—quite."

"Then," spake up Peter Marel, "he takes us out with him in the summer, in the woods and in the fields; and in the winter he skates

with us, and makes snow men; and if he sees a fellow having a hard time with a sum, why, he just comes right down from the desk and sits by him, and pulls him out all right."

"And you think, for example," said the mayor, leaning back in the revolving-chair, crossing his legs, and playing with his watch-chain, "that this other master would n't do all those things as well?"

A vision of the tall, thin Master Wimbledon standing at his desk bidding them good night came up before Johnny's mind. "I don't think there's anybody like him in the world," he said, a little unsteadily.

"Ah, well," said the mayor, rather hastily, "perhaps not, perhaps not." Now the mayor of Broadfields turned in his chair from the children; he opened a drawer and took out Master Wimbledon's letter to the Board to re-read it. Then he took out a sheet of blank paper, some sealing-wax, and an envelope. He wrote a few moments, and while the scratching of his pen was heard the children whispered together, and stood first on one leg and then on the other, and looked about the dingy little, ugly little office.

"Now," said the mayor, looking up at last, and addressing the children, "are you all of one mind about this Mr. Thomas Wimbledon?"

"Yes, sir!" rang the chorus, clear as a bell.

"Very well, then." And the mayor read them aloud the following letter:

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF WHITE MEADOWS  
DISTRICT SCHOOL.

*Thomas Wimbledon, Esq.*

MY DEAR SIR: After further consideration of the subject, we have decided to accede to your request for a raise of salary. A quarter's check for the term's income is placed to-day to your account; and we trust that you will continue to teach in the White Meadows District School.

"Do you wish your errand to Broadfields mentioned?" asked the mayor, raising his eyes to Johnny.

"No, please," said Johnny, quickly.

"Very well, then," said the mayor, signing the letter, putting it in its envelope, addressing and sealing it; "I shall send this by mail or messenger to Mr. Wimbledon to-morrow."

"We thank you, sir," said Johnny.

"Thank you so much!" "Thank you, sir." chimed "the part of the White Meadows School over ten."

"Never mind that," said the mayor. "Master Wimbledon should thank you. And now, how are you going to get back to White Meadows?"

"Walk," said Johnny, stoutly.

The mayor looked at the clock. It was four, and the November day was drawing to its early close.

"No," he said; "I think not."

Half an hour later, after the mayor had piled fifteen merry, laughing children into the big wagon, with rugs and blankets tucked around them, and seen them driving away with cheers and loud good-bys and thanks and waving hands, he went up to the dingy little, ugly little private office to finish his speech. He saw the scattered papers on his desk, and as he turned them over he sighed.

But he was n't thinking about the big banquet or "Knowledge is above the Price of Rubies." He was thinking of some one who used to go to the Broadfields District School, whose cheeks were red like Johnny Lane's, and whose voice was clear as his. "Seventeen today," he said, half aloud. "This is his birthday — November 17. He would have been seventeen years old." Away back in the dingy

little, ugly little office, in a thin gold frame, hung the photograph of a round-faced school-boy. It was in the darkest part of the room, but the eyes of the mayor found it in spite of the shadows.

In the big wagon homeward bound all was merriment and mirth. A circular letter from the mayor of Broadfields was in Johnny's pocket. It told all the fathers and mothers of "the part of White Meadows School over ten years old" the story of the afternoon, and begged forgiveness, and that the errand might be kept a secret from the schoolmaster.

"Mayor Jones was a horrid, cross old thing at first, was n't he?" said Milly. "But he got nicer."

"He's a trump, a perfect trump," said Peter, enthusiastically.

"Now," thought Johnny, "if the schoolmaster had n't forgotten to brush his hair, and I had n't laughed, why, then —"

But dear me, I am not going to follow out Johnny's train of reasoning. Indeed, I cannot, for the sun is sinking over the snowy hill that lies between Broadfields and White Meadows, and into the red glow the big wagon is slowly moving away, and soon, over the brow of the hill, the children's laughter and calls will have passed out of hearing and the children will have passed out of sight.





## THE MONKEYS OF AMBER.

BY CLARA ERSKINE CLEMENT.



THE CITY OF JEYPORE.

THE city of Jeypore is a wonderful place, with its citadel two miles long and a mile wide, its palace half a mile long and eight stories high, surrounded by a labyrinth of gardens, galleries, pavilions, and terraces. So many of its edifices are of a rosy pink color that it seems to be lighted by an ever-enduring sunset; and this, beneath a rare blue sky, in the brilliant Indian atmosphere, makes a marvellous effect. Then, too, it is a gay city; its streets and bazaars are full of life, and the frequent public displays add to its attractions.

Our house in Jeypore had a cool, shady garden at the back, on which our veranda opened, and we sometimes rebelled when tea and toast were brought to us at four o'clock in the morning, and we knew that we must be up and away for our sight-seeing in order to be home again before the heat of the day. But on the morning of which I speak we were to have an unusual experience, and were promptly ready at half-past four.

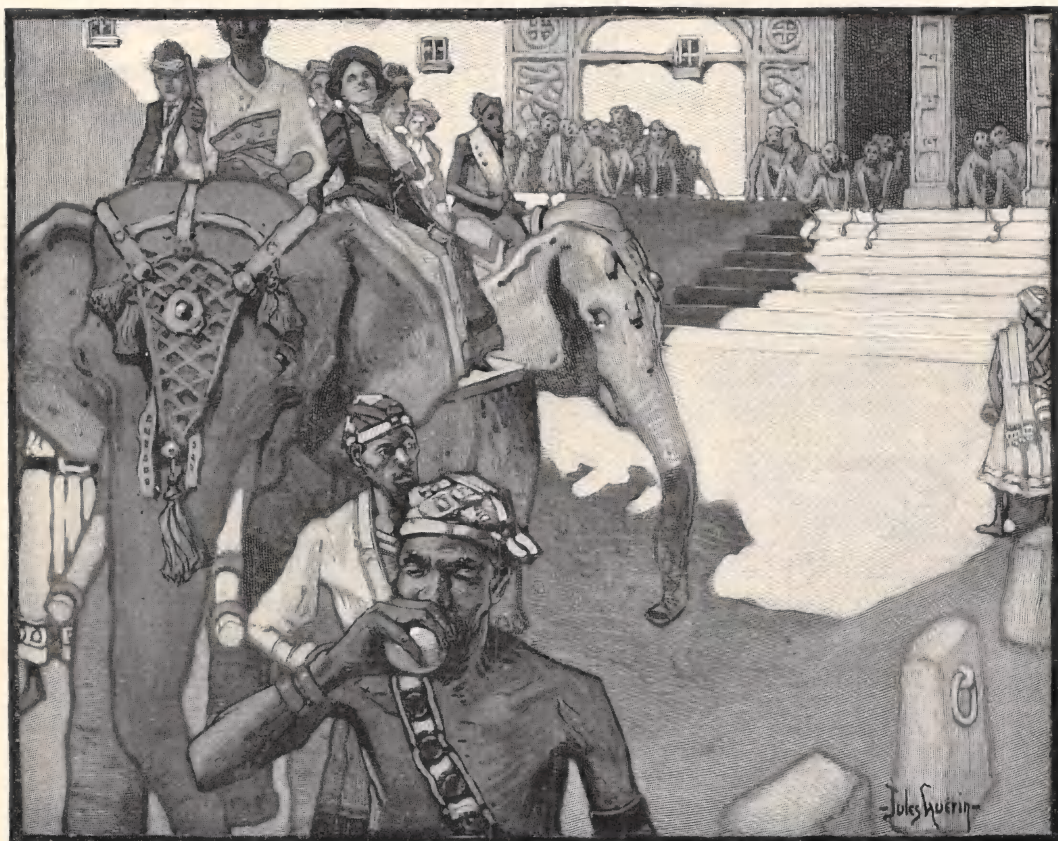
We drove through the city, already alive with people, out into the country, which was de-

lightful in the cool morning air. The charm of the semi-tropical vegetation, the lovely flowers and luxuriant vines, the towering palms and odorous evergreens, was new every morning and fresh every evening.

The costumes at Jeypore are brilliant and varied in color. Hindu women wear skirts, and Mohammedan women wear trousers, with gaily colored muslins twisted about their heads

stables of the Maharaja of Jeypore to take us up to the old capital, the city of Amber, deserted by the inhabitants when Jeypore was founded in 1728.

These elephants were not dressed in gold-embroidered velvets, bearing sumptuous howdahs, as we frequently saw them in processions on the grand occasions at which the high-caste Indians assisted. These monstrous beasts were



IN THE CITY OF AMBER.

and bodies down to the waist. Below the elbow they wear bracelets of silver, glass, or lead, and on the upper arm a broader and heavier band called an armlet. They have anklets of metal, and toe-rings that jingle as they shuffle along in bare feet. But their ear-rings are their most effective ornaments, and are in rows around the ears, numbering from four to ten in each one.

We were soon beyond the town, driving on a wide country road, and saw in the distance the huge elephants which had been sent from the

not very clean, and had broad wooden platforms across their backs, with narrow strips of board hung by strings on each side, falling about eighteen inches below the platform. Over all this a rug was thrown, and on it three or four people were to sit in a row on each side, resting their feet on the hanging strips.

This primitive arrangement was not attractive; but when several carriages arrived, and the party was complete, the mahouts (elephant-drivers) made the elephants kneel, and mount-





A STREET IN JEYPORE.

ing short ladders, we seated ourselves as well as we could, and awaited, with curiosity and trepidation, the crucial moment when the elephant should tip us from one side to the other again and again, and, after seeming to stand on both ends of himself at the same instant of time, should right himself on his four feet and remain motionless, with his usual air of repose and dignity, holding eight people on his back.

It was a tilting and ticklish operation, but it was accomplished, and nobody fell off. As we had no support to hold by, we unceremoniously clutched one another, and indulged in an explosive chorus of those harmless exclamations which lessen the nervous strain of such an experience. We were soon clumsily joggling up toward Amber, quite absorbed in the view before us.

The hill on which the old city stands is surrounded by other high hills, crowned with towers and ramparts and covered with trees. The great castle-fortress stands out boldly, but

far above this, beyond miles of jungle in which tigers and boars abound, the ruins of a still more ancient fortress look down upon the deserted city; and up, up, as far as the eye can reach, is the shrine of the Lord of the Demons, so old that its origin is unknown. The wonder and novelty of the scene was fascinating; but the discomfort of our position was such that we welcomed the sensation of topsyturviness we had when the elephant knelt down and we were free to explore Amber on foot.

I shall not here describe this deserted city, which is a wilderness of beautiful palaces, courts, pavilions, terraces, and gardens. The entire walls of some apartments are incrustated with flowers and arabesques of crystals that sparkle like diamonds. Agate, turquoise, sandalwood, and ivory are freely used in the rich decorations, as well as lapis lazuli and many beautiful marbles, and the exquisite Oriental alabaster.

It is the old zenana, or women's apartments,



that now concerns us. This extensive block of buildings, surrounded by a court, is the only place in this abandoned city which is inhabited. Outside this zenana, few living creatures dwell here. This is a well-populated and lively quarter, since a tribe of langour or hoonoomaun monkeys have taken possession, and dwell here in comfort and freedom. The Hindus religiously refrain from hurting or killing any animal, and the monkeys, having no fear, are monarchs of all they choose to take.

The hoonoomaun, or langour, is the sacred monkey, and the largest found in India. Its height is from two and a half to four feet; its body is singularly slender and supple; its face is black and smooth, except for long white whiskers; the hair on the body is gray on the back, and white under the stomach; its tail is long and bare, with a single tuft of hair on the end. The Hindus have a legend which explains its very black face. It says that, ages ago, Hoonoomaun, the king of the monkeys, went to assist Rama in the conquest of Ceylon. The demon-king of the island had carried off Lita, the wife of Rama, and he was determined to rescue her. As they came near to the island, Hoonoomaun easily leaped over the Straits, so skilful a jumper was he, and, finding Lita, he was comforting her with the news that her husband was approaching, when Ravana, the demon-king, appeared and made Hoonoomaun prisoner. After setting fire to the monkey's long tail, he gave him his freedom, that he might return to Rama. Hoonoomaun succeeded in blowing out the fire at the end of his tail, but in so doing he blackened his face and singed his hair in a most unbecoming fashion. The loss of his beauty so saddened the poor beast that Rama made all the monkeys of his kind *kala-moukh*, or black-faced, which they remain to this day.

The hoonoomaun monkey has an intelligent expression, and the tribe is obedient to a ruler, and seems to live by a fixed rule. At Amber a number of them acted as sentinels; standing on the parapet, they gave cries of warning on the approach of man or beast. The mothers, who hold their babies in their arms and care for them devotedly, rush off to hide with their little ones when they hear the danger-signals, while the male monkeys fly to the walls with hoarse

cries, show their teeth, and appear to be determined defenders of their homes and families. At times the whole tribe engage in games, or trials of strength, and show such agility and power as would make them dangerous enemies. It was most interesting to watch these monkeys, and after they became somewhat accustomed to our presence, they were apparently much entertained by us.

In our garden I observed that the fruit was inclosed in little pottery cases, tied together. They were made in two parts, hollow, and of a proper size to cover such fruits as lemons, apples, and peaches, which were thus protected from the monkeys. Fancy so much trouble as this being taken in an American garden or orchard!

Besides the thousands of monkeys, this once magnificent capital is inhabited only by a few priests, who cling to the altars of their fathers, and wander through the deserted streets, overgrown with vines and cacti, or repose in the groves which have grown up in the very courts of the palaces. At morning and evening the kettledrums salute the rising and the setting sun, and the echoes repeat the sounds all through the valleys, where they mingle with the call to prayer of the bronze gongs in the lower sanctuaries.

Amber is altogether a singular place—a sort of “Arabian Nights” or “Alice in Wonderland” city. When one is away from the monkeys, it seems as if the silence of the beautiful palaces must come from the spell of an enchanter, and one involuntarily listens for the movement of a new life. It was a fascinating scene, and we lingered long after being warned that we must go, or remain until the cool of the evening. We would gladly have remained, but we were hungry, and six miles away from anything that we could eat or drink. Thus the ladies could do nothing but remount the elephants, while the gentlemen walked down the hill.

As we neared the level ground, we heard such a noise of shouting as I heard on no other occasion in all India; and soon we came in sight of a large troop of monkeys, which were being chased from the gardens and fields of the neighborhood toward a somewhat distant forest. All this trouble on the part of the people seemed very childlike and useless; for, however



far the monkeys were driven, they could return to the gardens almost before their pursuers could reach them. Being perfectly secure against receiving any severe treatment, they have no fear, and simply follow their own sweet wills, and go where they find the food that pleases them most.

The spectacle of this monkey-driving, however, was most unusual. Hundreds of large, sleek, well-fed langours were trotting off at good speed, and chattering in their language as volubly as the human beings were shouting in theirs. They were surrounded and pursued by a troop of lithe, slender men, whose graceful freedom of motion was not concealed by the

very simple drapery they wore. Here and there a white or red sash streamed out as they ran, and their heads were wrapped in a variety of white turbans and artistically twisted cloths, held in place by gaily colored bands. A small army of boys ran behind, in great glee, talking gaily and shouting with laughter.

The whole scene was unique and most amusing, and had an air of being prepared for our benefit, as we watched it from the height of our elephants. We saw the last of this strange race disappear around the base of a hill with regret, for we felt — what in my case has so far proved true — that we should never be fortunate enough to look on such a sight again.

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## HER CHOICE.

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BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

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A LITTLE maid went to a book-store one day  
To buy something jolly to read;  
And the queerest old clerk, in the busiest way,  
Came forward and sang her the funniest lay,  
At the very top of his speed:

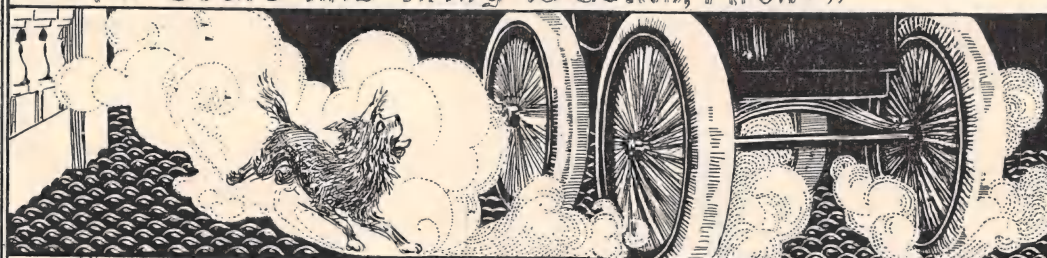
“There ’s Chaucer and Spenser and Milton and Pope,  
With Dante and Homer and William Shakspeare;  
Kipling and Barrie and Anthony Hope;  
Tennyson, Browning, and Sidney Lanier.  
There ’s Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Poe,  
With Petrarch and Plato and Bacon and Gray;  
There ’s Richardson, Fielding, and Daniel Defoe,  
Cowley and Chatterton, Collins and Gay.  
We ’ve Goethe and Schiller; we ’ve Heine, Carlisle,  
Kingsley and Bancroft and Howells and Grant;  
Beaumont and Fletcher and Madame de Staël,  
Ian Maclaren and Walter Besant.  
There ’s —”

“Oh, Mr. Clerk,” the little maid said,  
“You have really been very kind;  
But I can’t get all of those names in my head;  
But I think I will take from that shelf, instead —  
ST. NICHOLAS, if you don’t mind.”

# PROGRESS AND THE PUPPY



The puppy dog stood on his four little feet  
 And the automobile came down the street;  
 "With my bow wow wow and my low row row  
 I'll scare this thing to death, I know."



So they raced and chased, he wouldn't give up,  
 The big tired wheel and the little tired pup  
 "With a bow wow wow and a low row row  
 I'll keep this up till I drop, I vow."



He raced and chased with his usual zeal;  
 But you can not scare an automobile.  
 So a bow wow wow and a low row row,  
 Is all that is left of the puppy now.







## BONFIRE SONG.

BY ANNIE WILLIS MCCULLOUGH.

IN autumn, when the year is old,  
And when the leaves, all brown and gold,  
By careless winds whirled round and round,  
Lie thick upon the frosty ground;

When all the world is crisp and cool,  
We hurry homeward after school,  
And pile the leaves up high and higher  
To build a jolly, roaring fire.

What fun to see it burn and glow!  
To heap on leaves, and puff, and blow;  
To let it smolder down, and then  
All quickly start it up again!

To hear it crackle with the heat;  
To sniff the smoke that smells so sweet;  
Or sit, with elbows on our knees,  
And watch the flames dance in the breeze.

Though some prefer to search the wood  
For ripe brown nuts that taste so good;  
Though flying kite and playing ball,  
And setting traps are pleasures, all,

This is the best of autumn's fun,  
And lasts until November's done;  
I like to think her cold, dull days  
Are brightened by our bonfire's blaze.

## "GENERAL TOM THUMB."

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

In Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live,  
A man of mickle might;  
The best of all the Table Round,  
And eke a doughty knight;  
His stature but an inch in height,  
Or quarter of a span;  
Then think you not this little knight  
Was proved a valiant man?

FROM King Arthur's court to Barnum's American Museum is a long step; and yet some of the lines of this ballad of the olden time apply almost as well to the famous Connecticut dwarf, "General Tom Thumb."

There have been smaller dwarfs, but none brighter or more intelligent than our tiny Yankee, who was never more than three feet tall. He was born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1832, or thereabouts, of "poor but honest parents." His real name was Charles S. Stratton; and although his relatives always called him Charley, he was known to the world at large as the one and only "General Tom Thumb."

Under the management of Mr. P. T. Barnum, our small hero traveled all over and all around the earth, making two colossal fortunes, one for himself and one for his manager.

Tom Thumb—*our* Tom Thumb—began his public career at an early age. When Mr. Barnum first saw the midget he was not two feet high, and weighed less than sixteen pounds. Mr. Barnum wrote of him: "He was the smallest child I ever saw who could walk alone; he was a perfectly formed, bright-eyed little fellow, with light hair and ruddy cheeks, and he enjoyed the best of health." He was very shy, but after some coaxing he was induced to talk, and his answers were so clever that the great showman determined to secure the prodigy for his museum in New York. On Thanksgiving day, 1842, he was ready to make his first public appearance. His performances were

so successful that his salary jumped to seven, then to twenty-five, and finally to fifty dollars a week; and on January 18, 1844, he set sail for Europe to try his fascinations on kings and queens and princes.

Fifty years ago a voyage across the Atlantic was a much more important event than it is now; and you may rest assured that Mr. Barnum made great capital of this nineteen days' journey. The party consisted of the manager, the General, his parents, his tutor, and a French naturalist; and a brass band escorted them to Sandy Hook. This fact was duly heralded in the London newspapers, to which was added the statement that "on leaving New York, the dwarf was escorted to the packet by no less than ten thousand persons!"

Soon after arriving in London, Mr. Barnum and his charge called at the office of the "Illustrated London News." The first portrait of Tom Thumb taken in England appears in that journal, dated February 24, 1844. There are two cuts. In the first he is seen standing on a chair by a table which serves to emphasize his diminutive size. The second picture is very good, and is called "The American Dwarf at the Princess Theater." He is represented as being on the stage before the footlights, parodying the walk and manner of Napoleon.

Tom Thumb's performances at the Princess Theater made such a "hit" that Mr. Barnum next engaged Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, whither thronged many visitors of rank and fashion.

The American minister, the Hon. Edward Everett, was very kind to his countrymen, and it was at his house that Mr. Barnum met a certain Mr. Murray, master of the Queen's household.

On the day following, one of the Queen's Life Guards appeared before Mr. Barnum with



a note containing an invitation from the Queen to General Tom Thumb and his guardian, Mr. Barnum, to appear at Buckingham Palace on a specified evening.

In retiring from the royal presence, Mr. Barnum attempted to follow the example set by the lord in waiting by backing out. The gallery was of great length, and the gentlemen with long strides made rapid progress; but Tom Thumb's short legs left him far behind—or before. Seeing that he was losing ground, he turned and ran a few steps, then resumed the process of "backing." Again losing ground, he repeated the performance, to the great amusement of the royal spectators.

Of course this visit to the Queen was duly advertised by Mr. Barnum, and increased the wish to see the dwarf. The Queen soon sent another summons, and the General, with his guardian, made a second visit to the palace, being received in the Yellow Drawing-Room.

A third visit was soon paid to Buckingham Palace, and this time the Queen's uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, was present, and was greatly amused, asking many questions; and Queen Victoria, desiring the General to sing, inquired what song he preferred.

"'Yankee Doodle,'" was the prompt reply.

All present laughed heartily, and her Majesty said: "That is a very pretty song, General; sing it, if you please"; and he did.

The British public was now fairly excited. From March 20 to July 20 the levees of the little General at Egyptian Hall were continually crowded.

Three hundred children belonging to the military school of the Duke of York, at Chelsea, paid a visit to Egyptian Hall. Tom, of course, went through his customary program, but before they left he proposed they should all join in singing the national hymn, "God Save the Queen," which they did with great enthusiasm. The children of the Royal Hospital School at Greenwich were also permitted to appear in a body before the General.

One afternoon, attired in a court dress, consisting of a handsomely embroidered velvet coat, short breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, pumps, wig, cocked hat, and dress sword, he went to Marlborough House,

the residence of Queen Adelaide, widow of William IV.

"Why, General," said the Queen Dowager, "I think you look very smart to-day."

"I guess I do," he answered contentedly.

Before he left, the Queen took him up on her lap, saying: "I see you have no watch; will you permit me to give you one?"

"I should like it very much," was the answer; and a few weeks after, he was again invited to Marlborough House, where many children of the nobility were present, and Queen Adelaide gave him a beautiful but tiny watch and chain.

He received many other presents from various people, and these were all placed under a glass case and exhibited at the receptions. The Duke of Wellington frequently looked in upon the little man; and on one occasion, when the small General, with folded arms and knitted brow, was strutting up and down, imitating Napoleon, the big general, Wellington, laughingly inquired: "Of what are you thinking, my little man?"

"I am thinking, sir, of the battle of Waterloo," was the prompt reply, the little features never losing their serious expression.

On August 31 of this same year there appeared in the "Illustrated London News" the picture of a carriage, or "dress chariot," built to suit the General, at a cost of nearly two thousand dollars.

The body of the coach was twenty inches high and eleven inches wide, and it was completely furnished, in the latest style. The body was blue, picked out with white, and the wheels were blue and red—the American colors. A pair of Shetland ponies drew this coach, and two boys were the coachman and footman.

Mr. Barnum now began his preparations for exhibiting his star in France, but before starting he made a flying visit to Scotland. At Edinburgh some beautiful Scotch costumes were soon completed for the General, who soon learned several Scotch dances and songs. He readily learned, also, to mimic the Highland dialect, and his Scotchman became one of his best impersonations. The party traveled sometimes by railway, but more frequently by post; and along with the rest of

the "properties" went the little sofa, the carriage, and the Shetland ponies. In February, 1845, the entire retinue crossed the Channel and arrived at the French capital, where, as "Tom Pouce," our small friend created as great a sensation as he had done in London.

Louis Philippe was King of the French, and before Tom had made any public appearances in Paris, Mr. Barnum received from the King a special command to appear at the Tuileries.

Decked out in full court finery, they arrived at the palace at the hour appointed, and were received most cordially by the King, the Queen, and a dozen or more princesses and duchesses. The editor of the French "Journal des Débats" was also present, and in describing the visit he speaks of the "inconceivable idolatry of the English," who had caused to be made expressly for the dwarf more jewels, trinkets, and snuff-boxes than his small hands could carry. The Queen of England had outdone all others by giving him a jeweled card-case. He showed it to the King, and drawing therefrom a dozen Lilliputian visiting-cards, he presented them to the royal family, beginning with

noticed his charming manner in acknowledging the applause for his performances, and in quitting the salon he backed out easily, and presented only his face to the royalties—quite a contrast to his first exit from a royal presence.

The King gave him a large pin of emeralds and diamonds, and as it had been made for a person of ordinary size, it might almost have served as a sword for Tom. He attempted to fasten it in his scarf, and in so doing he was

obliged to displace a brooch given him by the celebrated dancer, Fanny Elssler. Fanny and Tom were great friends, and with good reason.

*Charles S Stratton*  
Known as  
*General Tom Thumb*

*Mr Charles S Stratton*  
*Madras*  
*Dec 3<sup>rd</sup> 1870* *India*

*Minnie Waver*

*Annemose Pitt*

the King, the Queen, and the Duchesse d'Orléans, and ending with the Duc de Chartres. All

It seems that Tom, who hated a crowd, and was very shy when not before the footlights, was walking in the street, when some one recognized him and called him by name. A multitude soon collected and followed him till he lost all patience. While wondering how he could escape from his tormentors, he caught a glimpse of Fanny Elssler, who, dressed in the height of fashion, carried an enormous muff. Tom ran after her as fast as he could, and soon caught up with her. She, with ready wit, took in both the situation and the dwarf by lift-

ing him from the pavement and cramming the greater part of him into her muff. It was all



done so quickly that but few of his pursuers knew how he had disappeared.

But to return to the Tuileries. One dance before the king was greatly applauded. It was not a polka nor a waltz nor a mazurka; it was invented by Tom Pouce himself, and no one but he could dance it.

The editor of the journal was greatly amused, but he declared that what he liked best of all was Tom Pouce when he was simply the gentleman. "He takes out his watch, looks to see what time it is, offers you some lozenges, a pinch of snuff, or a cigar, all appropriate to his size. He is always amusing, but never more inimitable than when he imitates nothing at all—when he simply seats himself on a gilded sofa, crosses his legs, and looks at you with a keen, half-serious air. His originality costs him no effort; he has only to show himself; there is no one like him."

Tom Thumb finished his evening by a brilliant exhibition in his Scotch costume. His cap, or bonnet, surmounted by a feather, was a present from the English Queen. He handled his claymore with skill and grace. The gay plaid of the Highlanders floated from his shoulders, and the kilt showed his vigorous little legs and tiny feet.

The King was very courteous, and conversed familiarly with Mr. Barnum, whose head was never turned from business by any condescensions of royalty. The Longchamp races were soon to come off, and Mr. Barnum well knew that on such an occasion all the fashionable turnouts in Paris would be displayed in the Champs-Élysées and the Bois de Boulogne, and

with his usual quick insight he asked the King if the General's carriage might be permitted to appear in the avenue reserved for the court and the diplomatic corps. The King smiled, and

seemed amused; but he spoke to one of the officers present, and turning to Mr. Barnum, replied courteously:

"Call on the prefect of police to-morrow afternoon, and you will find a permit ready."

The Longchamp day arrived, and you may be sure that Tom Thumb and his carriage were in line. This time he had four ponies, and these, together with the fine, powdered coachman, footman, and bright liveries, attracted more attention than all the

gilded chariots and trappings of royalty. This was truly a great day for the little General.

The courtiers and nobles smiled and were amused. The people shouted at the top of their lungs, "Vive Tom Pouce!" And when the time arrived for Tom Pouce to hold his first levee, the Salle des Concerts, in the Rue Vivienne, could not accommodate the crowds.

The first day's receipts were five thousand five hundred francs, and seats were secured two months ahead. It seemed as if the Parisians had taken leave of their senses. There were pictures of Tom Pouce in all the illustrated papers, and the newspaper "Figaro" had a cut representing a huge mastiff running away with the dwarf's ponies and carriage in his mouth. Statuettes of the General were in half the shop windows, and his form was represented in sugar, in chocolate, and in gingerbread. A statue of Tom Pouce, as large—or rather as small—as life, adorned the front of the "Café Tom Pouce," on one of the boulevards, and his



GENERAL TOM THUMB. (FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.)





PART OF A POSTER USED TO ADVERTISE THE DWARF.

features were seen on porcelain, on plaster, and on paper. Songs about him were written and sung; eminent artists asked permission to paint his portrait; all the great actors and actresses came to his levees, and praised and admired him; and presents from all quarters were showered upon him. The box-office receipts were so great that each night Mr. Barnum was compelled to hire a cab to carry home the silver received during the day. The dwarf, with his father and Mr. Barnum, occupied handsome apartments in the Boulevard des Italiens, and I think that Mr. Stratton, who was a carpenter, must have felt very much as Aladdin did when he became possessed of the wonderful lamp.

The visits to the Tuileries were repeated, and the General received a special invitation to the performances at St. Cloud in honor of the King's birthday; and we are assured that Louis Philippe even went so far as to request the dwarf to personate in full costume Napoleon Bonaparte. This was, however, not mentioned in the newspapers.

For four months the General continued his levees in the Salles des Concerts, and after his evening performances he appeared at the Vaudeville Theater in a play called "Le Petit Poucet," written expressly for him, and in which he was able to speak his lines in French, having made rapid advancement in that language.

This piece had a run of seventy nights, and then Mr. Barnum started off with his charge on a tour through France.



In the fall the General returned to Paris, and, like a person of the greatest importance, he went to St. Cloud to take leave of the King

London; and at Surrey, after his performance on a small stage, he was put in a balloon, which, secured by ropes, was passed around



GENERAL TOM THUMB AND HIS WIFE.



COMMODORE NUTT AND HIS WIFE.

and Queen, who received him cordially and gave him many presents. He then departed for London, and began his receptions again at Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

His success on the Continent added to his popularity. He had greatly improved in his acting, and he had made additions to his impersonations, which were truly remarkable. One moment he was Napoleon Bonaparte, with a cocked hat, epaulets, and an air of deep reflection; the next he was a Scotch Highlander, in kilt and plaid. A Roman gladiator, Hercules with uplifted club, Ajax defying the lightning, Frederick the Great, and Yankee Doodle followed one another in rapid succession.

Tom Thumb himself, about this time, came near flying away. He did not take to himself wings, but he did take himself to a balloon which was kept at the Zoölogical Gardens, Surrey. Between the afternoon and evening receptions at Egyptian Hall he frequently appeared at some place in the suburbs of

the grounds just above the people's heads. In this position he could be seen by all. About forty men were employed to manage the ropes and to prevent the balloon from rising; but one day a sudden gust of wind tore the ropes from their hands. More by good luck than by good management, the balloon was caught as it started on its upward flight.

Three years passed from the time of Tom Thumb's leaving New York to his return. He had visited every place of importance in England, Scotland, France, and Belgium. For over two years he and Mr. Barnum had been equal partners; and when, in February, 1847, the General landed on his native shores, he had become a richer, if not a larger, dwarf.

On arriving at New York, Tom immediately commenced a four weeks' engagement at the museum, and drew more visitors than had ever been seen there before.

The party now started out to make a tour of the United States. They traveled north,



GENERAL TOM THUMB. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

south, east, and west, and everywhere the golden shower continued to fall.

In 1848 Tom might have been seen in New York, playing in the comic opera, "Bombastes Furioso," at the old Broadway Theater; and fifty years have passed since he danced a horn-pipe at the Park Theater for Mrs. John Drew, well-known to the theater-goers of to-day.

In the year 1856 Mr. Barnum, owing to unfortunate investments, lost his entire fortune. His friends rallied round him, and he received the following characteristic letter from his little friend:

JONES'S HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA, May 12, 1856.

MY DEAR MR. BARNUM: I understand your friends, and that means "all creation," intend to get up some benefits for your family. Now, my dear sir, just be good enough to remember that I belong to that mighty crowd, and I must have a finger (or at least a "thumb") in that pie. I am bound to appear on all such occasions in some shape, from "Jack the Giant-Killer," upstairs, to the doorkeeper down, whichever may serve you best; and there are some feats that I can perform as well as any other man of my inches. I have just started out on my Western tour, and have my carriage, ponies, and assistants all here, but I am ready to go to New York, bag and baggage, and remain at Mrs. Barnum's service as long as I, in my small way, can be useful.



. . . Hoping that you will be able to fix up a lot of magnets that will attract all New York, and volunteering to sit on any part of the loadstone, I am, as ever, your little but sympathizing friend,

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Hoping to renew his former successes, in 1857 the energetic showman again sailed for England. Tom Thumb accompanied him, and soon Mr. Barnum began to retrieve his fallen fortunes.

The General continued his exhibitions in different European cities, while Mr. Barnum made trips here, there, and everywhere, until, in 1861, we find them all back in America.

In December of this year Mr. Barnum received at the museum a visit from a wonderfully small dwarf named George Washington Morrison Nutt.

Mr. Barnum immediately conferred upon him the title of "Commodore," and procured for him ponies, miniature coachman and footman, and a little carriage that when closed resembled an English walnut. General Tom Thumb was at that time traveling in the South and West. He had grown quite stout, and, singularly enough, Commodore Nutt bore a striking resemblance to the General as he looked a few years before. Many thought that General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt were one and the same.

On the principle, I suppose, that two dwarfs are better than one, and to refute the unbelievers, Tom Thumb's Western engagement was brought to a close, and the two mites were exhibited together at the museum. Advertisements headed "The Two Dromios," and "Two Smallest Men and Greatest Curiosities Living," drew many visitors; and soon after Mr. Barnum heard of another dwarf, a very pretty little woman calling herself Lavinia Warren. Her home was at Middleboro, Massachusetts, and Mr. Barnum soon made an engagement with her which was to last for several years. Lavinia had a sister, smaller than herself, named Minnie, and she too was soon persuaded to join the group of midgets; and Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt, Lavinia and Minnie Warren formed as marvelous a quartet as one could

wish to see, and their exhibitions were attended by as many people as the museum could accommodate.

On February 10, 1863, Miss Lavinia Warren and General Tom Thumb were made man and wife at Grace Church in New York. Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren acted as best man and bridesmaid. And these two were also married somewhat later.

General Tom Thumb and wife held a large reception at the Metropolitan Hotel. The bride and groom, on their wedding-tour, went to Washington and visited President Lincoln, and then settled down to private life, the General having made enough money to warrant his retiring from business.

Tom Thumb had been too long accustomed to the excitement of a public life to care for retirement. In a few months he made business arrangements with Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren, and the four soon found themselves again in the show business.

On June 21, 1869, the "General Tom Thumb Company," as it was called, started from New York on a three years' tour around the world.

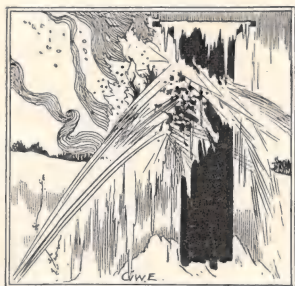
This journey of the four midgets was really most remarkable. They traveled 55,487 miles, gave 1471 entertainments in 587 different cities and towns, in many latitudes and climes, and never lost a day nor missed a single performance through accident or illness; and they coined money all the way.

From this time on we hear of Tom Thumb sometimes quietly resting in his home in Bridgeport, sometimes giving entertainments in various cities. He and his wife were frequently seen in New York, and were present in 1881, when Mr. Barnum opened his "Greatest Show on Earth," at Madison Square Garden.

Tom Thumb died in Middleboro, Massachusetts, on July 15, 1883. He was laid to rest in the beautiful Mountain Grove Cemetery of his native town. A slender shaft of marble, surmounted by a life-size statue of himself, marks his resting-place, while near by is the massive monument of granite over the grave of his old friend and manager, Mr. Barnum.

## THE PARTY.

BY ROSALIND RICHARDS.



It was raining. Mama and the baby were asleep, and nurse was ironing in the kitchen.

"I think that I will go again to the party," said Flossy.

She dragged a foot-stool up to the bureau and stood on tiptoe to reach the drawer, and, after a good deal of balancing, pulled out her pink sash.

"I think that my hands is clean," she said, looking at the fat fingers. "Nurse washes them a great deal of the time."

She could not tie the pink sash herself, and nurse would be sure to curl her hair and scrub her hands some more if she came; so Flossy wound it round and round over her blue pinafore, and pinned it with a safety-pin. Fortunately, her bonnet and cloak were hanging on a low peg, and she pulled them on, and trotted downstairs, one leg at a time, and slipped out at the side-door.

It certainly was raining *very* hard. Miss Crewe thought so as she looked out of the high French windows of the great house across the dreary street. It was a good thing that she had had the children's party yesterday, when it was pleasant. It had been a change to see the little faces, and of course she had been glad to have some gaiety for Amy while she was with her; but now that the little niece was gone—"I am thankful that there are no children about the house to wear on one's nerves and temper," said Miss Crewe; and she was so thankful that she frowned and sighed as she looked wearily out of the window.

There was a knock. "Tell James I shall not want the carriage this afternoon, Parker," said Miss Crewe, and then she turned hastily.

There was a sound as if Parker were trying not to giggle. "Miss—Miss Florence Carey, miss," she said, and went out with her trim shoulders shaking.

Flossy advanced with a beaming face.

"How do you do?" she said. "I have come to the party again. I like this party!"

"Party?" said Miss Crewe. "Why—child—the party was yesterday!"

"Oh, yes; I was to it," Flossy explained. "I liked it a great deal, and I have come to it some more. Will you unfasten this? I am afraid that perhaps it is wet, and it sticks."

Miss Crewe took off the dripping bonnet and cloak. "Why, child, you must be drenched!" she said; and she took Flossy on her knee, and held the small wet toes to the fire. The expression on her face had changed a good deal.

"So you think there is a party still, and you have come!" she said.

It was a *very* nice party. First, there was a box full of queer-shaped pieces of wood that fitted together into a tiny table and chair and bedstead. Flossy and Miss Crewe played with this a long time. Then there were some beautiful ivory chessmen, and the big music-box; and Miss Crewe let Flossy open the cover and feel the prickles on the brass barrel softly with her forefinger; and then she took her on her knee and told her a beautiful story.

By and by it began to grow dark. Miss Crewe rang the bell. "Bring tea, Parker," she said, "and tell Ellen to let us have some chocolate; and, Parker, you may bring it in the toy tea-set, and give Miss Florence Master Ralph's little chair."

Flossy sat in the small chair, and Miss Crewe sat opposite her in one that was nearly as low. The hot chocolate was delicious, and Flossy drank gravely out of the tiny porcelain cup, holding her little finger stiffly out. It was so much nicer than the bread and milk in her



silver porringer at home! There was a little toy chocolate-pot, too, besides the cream-pitcher and sugar-bowl, and the cups and saucers.

and nurse hurried in breathlessly. Flossy was kissed and scolded and cried over, and apologies and explanations were made to Miss Crewe.



"I LIKE THE KIND OF PARTY THAT IS ONLY TWO PEOPLE, LIKE YOU AND ME," SAID FLOSSY."

Flossy leaned back in her chair, and ate her sandwiches slowly.

"I love you," she said. "I like bread and butter with things between it; I like the kind of party that is only two people, like you and me."

"I am glad to hear it," said Miss Crewe, and passed Flossy the seed-cakes.

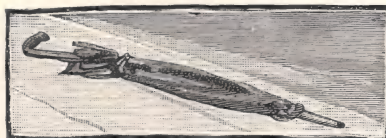
They had just finished tea when there was a tremendous ring at the door-bell, and mama

Then Flossy's cloak and rubbers were put on, and her bonnet was tied neatly and snugly under her chin.

She put her chubby face up to Miss Crewe to be kissed.

"I love you," she said. "I will come again a great deal; I think this was a terribly nice party."

"Do you?" said Miss Crewe, returning the hug with interest. "So do I!"





### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE is an organization of the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

The League motto is "Live to learn and learn to live."

The League banner is the Stars and Stripes.

The League badge is a beautiful button bearing the League name and emblem.

The St. Nicholas League, it is hoped, will be a very useful association of earnest and enlightened young folks. Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS will be entitled to League membership, whether a subscriber or not; also to membership badge and to all privileges and benefits of the order.

### NO DUES.

There are no dues or charges of any kind in connection with the St. Nicholas League. Members are simply expected to be readers of the League department, and to take an interest in its aims and progress. It is to be a union of cheerful, fun-loving, industrious young people, bound together by worthy aims and accomplishments, and stimulated by a wide range of competitions that offer to every member a chance of recognition and success.

### AIMS.

The St. Nicholas League stands for intellectual advancement and for higher ideals of life. "To learn more and more of the best that has been thought and done in the world"—to get closer to the heart of nature and acquire a deeper sympathy with her various forms—these are its chief aims, and the League is in favor of any worthy pursuit or pastime that is a means to this end.

Book-study alone is not followed by the best results. Direct friendship with the woods and fields and healthful play are necessary to the proper development of both mind and body.

The St. Nicholas League also stands for intelligent patriotism, and for protection of the oppressed, whether human beings, dumb animals, or birds. These things are the natural result of culture and higher ideals. He who enjoys life and liberty, knowing what they mean, cannot willingly see others deprived of them.

### THE LEAGUE BADGES.

To any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, or to any one *desiring to become a reader* of the magazine, the club membership badge will be mailed free upon receipt of written request, *accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope*. This badge bears the League name and emblem in colors, and is beautiful in design and workmanship.

### THE GOLD AND SILVER BUTTONS.

Six solid gold buttons and six silver buttons will be awarded each month as first and second prizes for the following achievements in the varied competitions offered by the League:



The best two drawings in pen and ink — subject to be announced each month.

The best two poems, not over twenty-four lines each — subject to be announced each month.

The best two school compositions (stories or articles), not over four hundred words each in length, sent with the consent of teacher. Subject to be announced each month.

The best two amateur photographs — not smaller than  $3 \times 4$  nor larger than  $5 \times 7$  — subject to be announced each month.

The best two puzzles (any sort) and

The best and neatest answers to all ST. NICHOLAS puzzles of each issue.

Thus talent, patience, and ingenuity all have an opportunity, and the prize buttons are beautiful tokens of merit and distinction.

#### ADDITIONAL REWARDS.

Any drawing, story, poem, puzzle, or photograph that shall be judged by the editor of ST. NICHOLAS to be of sufficient excellence will, in addition to the special badge awarded, be paid for at regular rates and published in the body of the magazine. This is the highest encouragement that can be accorded to the young writer or artist, and any one attaining this distinction must forego further competition for League badges.

#### CHAPTERS.

Chapters or subordinate clubs may be formed by boys and girls in any neighborhood, and a president and secretary be elected. Such chapters should be reported at once by the secretary, with names of members and officers. Each will be noticed in the League department and assigned a number.

The members of such chapters should meet at regular times. They may be of great benefit to one another, and become the means of mutual advancement by discussing at the meetings the stories, poems, drawings, puzzles, etc., of the previous month's magazine. They may also have exercises and games, and by meeting at the members' houses spend many delightful evenings.

#### LEAGUE RULES AND SUGGESTIONS.

A League badge and instruction leaflet shall be sent to any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, *whether a regular subscriber or not*, or to any one desiring to become a reader of the magazine, upon receipt of application, accompanied by self-addressed and stamped envelope, *free of charge*.

Readers of any age may become members of the St. Nicholas League, but no one over eighteen years of age may enter the competitions.

All contributions of whatever sort must be *strictly original*, and must be *endorsed as such by the author's parent, teacher, or guardian*. Contributions not so endorsed cannot be considered.

Contributions must be written or drawn on *one side of the paper only*.

Drawings must be made with *india ink or very black writing-ink*, and only upon *white paper*.

Poems must not exceed *twenty-four lines* in length. Letters must not contain over *two hundred*, and articles and stories not more than *four hundred words*.

Write and draw what you see and know. Do it well and simply. If you fail the first time, try again.

Other contributions besides the prize-winners' will be used each month, both in the regular League department and in the Letter-Box. There will also be a Roll of Honor, which will be a list of contributors whose work, though well worthy of honorable mention, has been, for one reason and another, found not quite worthy of a prize or available for publication in the League department.

No one member will be awarded more than one prize badge in six months. A prize-winner,

however, may contribute regularly, and a contribution of unusual excellence is likely at any time to be accepted for use in the body of the magazine.

Read the foregoing announcement carefully, secure your badge, and then decide what you wish to do first as a member of the League. Whatever you undertake, do it as carefully and as well as you possibly can. Careful work and perseverance mean success. Haste and indifference mean failure.

## NOVEMBER PRIZE COMPETITION.

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

NOTE.—The November prize competition will close November 10. Contributions received after that time cannot compete. The prizes awarded in this competition will be announced and prize contributions published in January *ST. NICHOLAS*, which will be issued the day after Christmas.

Subject for prize poem (not more than twenty-four lines), "The Christmas Tree."

Subject for prize school composition (story or essay of not more than four hundred words), "The Old Year and the New."

Subject for pen drawing (black ink on white paper), "The Christmas Fireplace."

Subject for photograph (not smaller than  $3 \times 4$ , not larger than  $5 \times 7$ , and may be landscape, figures, still-life — interior or exterior), "In Autumn Time."

The prize puzzle may be of any sort, provided it contains word or words relating to Christmas or New Year's Day.

The prize puzzle-answers will be the best and neatest set of answers to all the puzzles in this (November) issue.

No one may send more than one contribution in any one month, and no unused contributions can be returned by us unless accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

Remember, all contributions must bear the word "Original," and be indorsed as such by the author's parent, teacher, or guardian.

Read all the rules carefully, and see that your work is prepared properly before sending it. Then put your name and address upon it, fold it neatly (never roll it, unless it is a drawing), and address it to

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
No. 33 East Seventeenth Street,  
New York City.





## CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

**A GREAT SPECTACLE.** It is said that there is a plan to illuminate Niagara by electricity during the Buffalo exposition. There have been electric fountains before, but this, of course, will eclipse all previous displays, as a volcano eruption overshadows an exhibition of fireworks. The current for the lights is to be taken from the power supplied by the falls, and thus Niagara will really light itself.

The magnificence of the promised spectacle can be imagined. At one moment the rushing waters will be turned into silver, then into gold, gleaming and shimmering with a richness greater than the fables of Peru. The next change, the operator slips a ruby glass into the lantern, and behold! a cataract of clear fire plunges over the cliff—foamy red here, and glittering like a gem there, ever shifting, turning, and revealing new beauties. So on, through greens and blues and lilacs, until the resources of the spectrum have been exhausted. A series of lights in the Cave of the Winds will heighten the effect by shining through the falls. Surely this marvelous sight will be worth traveling miles to see.

Yet, after all, it seems theatrical, and surely, when the novelty has worn off, will lack much of the grandeur of the great cataract pouring its thundering floods beneath the quiet moonlight.

**THE COLOR FOR A SOLDIER.** A very important matter in military figuring is the proper color for the soldiers' uniforms, more particularly now, since the invention of smokeless powder, as the presence of a firing party is not betrayed by clouds of smoke, and the clothing ought to be of such a tint as not readily to catch the enemy's eye. It has often been stated that the brilliant scarlet of the English army is the worst possible color, but recent experiments have shown it to be one of the best.

The trial took place in Germany. Two men dressed in light gray, two in scarlet, two in dark gray, two in blue, and two in green, marched across an open piece of country, while a party of

officers watched results. The men disappeared from view in the order named—first the light gray, then the scarlet, and so on. Our color, the blue, on which we have prided ourselves as being so sensible, was next to the worst on the list. Then targets covered with the different colors were fired at by a party of crack marksmen, for a number of rounds sufficient to offset any chance-work. This test brought the much-abused scarlet still further to the front, for the other colors were hit three times to the scarlet's once. It may be questioned whether these results would hold good in a very dry, clear atmosphere, where colors are not "grayed" by the distance; but the Germans are thorough people, and it is likely that the facts are as stated.

**THE MICROBE AS A FRIEND.** So much has been written and said of the baneful and wicked tendencies of the microbe that many people fairly shudder at his name, probably classing him with Nero, Caligula, Benedict Arnold, and other infamous characters in history.

But this wholesale condemnation is almost as bad as the conduct of some of the microbes. One man proclaimed in triumph that he had found a place in the Swiss mountains where there were no microbes, and advised everybody to come there to live; whereupon the editor of a scientific paper warned persons about to take the advice to carry a stock of microbes with them, as most of the germs are useful, and some indispensable, to man.

All yeasts are microbe colonies; the digestive processes of animals are to some extent carried on by germs; and one family, known by the fear-inspiring title of staphylococci, are organisms whose presence is favorable to the healing of wounds. Many other useful services are performed by these tiny creatures. It would be as sensible to avoid all people because there are thieves and murderers in the world as to attempt to avoid microbes because some of them produce disease.



# BOOKS AND READING

W.H.M.

## SHAKSPERE'S BOYHOOD.

ALL the accounts of Shakspeare, whether as boy or man, agree in one particular—their uncertainty; the events in his life are described always as probabilities, never as positive happenings. For instance, in W. J. Rolfe's account of Shakspeare—the boy—he says: "How long William remained in the (Stratford) grammar school, we do not know, but *probably* not more than six years, or until he was thirteen." Again, in speaking of the famous Kenilworth revels, which took place when Shakspeare was *about* twelve, within some fourteen miles of his birth-place, he tells us: "John Shakspeare, as a well-to-do citizen of Stratford, would be likely to see something of that stately show, and *it is not improbable* that he took his son William with him."

Another author says: "When he was four or five years old, *it is probable* that he saw his first play." Even the famous house in Henley Street is mentioned as the place where William Shakspeare was *probably* born.

All this goes far to show that Shakspeare, as a boy, gave no sign whatever of his later genius; to all appearances, he was nothing more than a happy, hearty country lad, fond of out-of-door sports, no better nor worse than a score of his playmates and schoolfellows. But in his childhood, unnoticed by all, unknown even to himself, he must have been storing away impressions; for he lived in an era when men and women were nothing but grown-up children, believing implicitly in sprites and fairies. Even the wise Queen Elizabeth consulted the stars, and the common people believed in witches. As a child he must have heard many strange tales from travelers who clustered around the fire in the inn kitchen; and simply because he made no effort to remember them, they left lasting impressions upon his mind, and in later years haunted the plays and poems that he wrote.

In the sixteenth century children were very strictly brought up. The "Books of Nurture," published at that time, gave minute directions for the behavior of boys at home, at school, at church, and elsewhere, and doubtless these were familiar to young Shakspeare.

At the time of his boyhood was introduced the use of the handkerchief, the towel, and the fork, though the fork did not become popular until the seventeenth century.

It is doubtful if the boys of to-day know more of sports and amusements than Shakspeare enjoyed. Besides swimming, fishing, hunting, hawking, and deer-stalking, there were hide-and-seek, blindman's-buff, loggets (the throwing of small logs or sticks of wood at a stake, the player coming nearest to it being the winner), stool-ball (a lighter kind of cricket, but more ancient), football, nine-holes, "ten-pinnes," leap-frog, trundling-hoop, battledore and shuttlecock, and see-saw. Mr. Rolfe says: "Mulcaster, the head-master of Merchant Taylors' School, in London, in a book printed 1581, enumerates as suitable exercises for boys: 'Indoors: dancing, wrestling, fencing, the top and scourge [whip-top]. Out-doors: walking, running, leaping, swimming, riding, hunting, shooting, and playing at the ball—hand-ball, tennis, football, arm-ball.' William doubtless had experience in most of these, swimming in the Avon among them."

And we hear of all this fun and merry living throughout his plays; the happy, hearty boy never forgot those early delights. Of course it does not follow that every happy, hearty boy must necessarily be a Shakspeare, or that Shakspeare, shut up in some gloomy monastery, might not have shed his great light over the world; but it stands to reason that healthy sport strengthens mind and body, and that true genius is bound to show its power. It is the healthy, hearty children, and not the infant prodigies, who make the most stir in the world.





## THE LETTER-BOX.

### TOMMY'S THANKSGIVING.

By K. P. LATHROP.

I 'm thankful I 've papa and mama,  
And turkey and cranberry-sauce,  
And mince-pie, and brothers and sisters.  
I 'm thankful I never am cross!

I 'm thankful our school has decided  
To close for the rest of the week;  
I 'm thankful I 'm stronger than Jimmy,  
And never feel backward to speak.

ATLANTIC HALL, NANTASKET, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old. My home is in Winchester, but we are now at the sea-shore.

I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS very much indeed. The continued stories that I liked best are "The Story of Betty," "Trinity Bells," and "Quicksilver Sue." The short ones that I liked best were "A Harmless Earthquake," "An Impromptu," "What Willie Did," and "The Crew of the Sandpiper."

A little over a year ago we were in Nice, in the southern part of France. The battle-ship "San Francisco" was in port there. The officers gave a reception, and we were invited to it. There was dancing, and we all had a fine time. I have been to Europe three times, and to Mexico once. We all had a fine view of Sampson's fleet when it was in Boston.

I remain your interested reader,

MARION POND.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy ten years old, and I live in Buffalo.

I have a friend in the Philippines, and I thought you would be interested to know about him. He is a corporal in Company G, 13th United States Infantry, one battalion of which left Fort Porter, Buffalo, for the Philippines. One of his numerous letters, which, I think, will interest many of your readers, runs as follows:

"June 13.

"My regiment arrived here 2 A. M. May 29. About 3 P. M. the next day we disembarked and went into camp near the shore in the heart of Manila. We put up our shelter-tents for a couple of days or until we can get our large tents off the boats. June 1 we began drilling twice a day, early in the morning and late in the afternoon. June 2 we put up our wall-tents. June 9 we were issued two days' rations,—consisting of 1½ pounds of canned corned beef, ½ cupful of ground coffee, same amount of sugar, 20 hardtacks,—also 150 rounds of ammunition, and were told to take only our rubber poncho and canteen full of boiled water. 5:30 P. M. we formed and left camp for the front. We marched till 9 P. M.

that night, and then went to sleep in an old rice-field. June 10 we were up at 2:30 A. M. I ate a couple of hardtacks after getting up, and at 5 A. M. we started out again. As soon as the sun rose the heat became terrific. 7 A. M. our canteens were empty. A short time afterward we were deployed as skirmishers. We were engaged with the enemy, and had one man killed and three wounded. At nine-thirty we came to an old mud-puddle, and all the men filled their canteens with muddy water and had a drink of it. Twelve-thirty I fell exhausted, and laid there for twenty minutes, when, having rested, out I started for the front.

"When I joined my company again I found that out of one hundred men that started, every one except fourteen fell exhausted."

There is some more, but it is so long I won't endeavor to tell it all.

I tried for the Book Prize, and got "special honorable mention."

Yours respectfully,

J. D. PARK.

### TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

LESLIE an' Bubby an' Stanley, they  
Come over in our yard to play.  
An' Leslie took some mud 't was there,  
An' frowed it wite against my hair!  
Nen, when I cried, my ma come out,  
An' asked me what 's it all about.  
So nen I telled her. "Well," says she,  
"You must forgive your company."  
But when my pa come home, *he* said,  
Why did n't I punch Leslie's head?

A. MABEL RAITZ.

ALL ST. NICHOLAS readers, old and young, will be interested in reading about

### A LITTLE GIRL'S VISIT TO DEWEY.

THERE is a little girl, called Betty, who has just been paying a visit to Admiral Dewey. I must tell you how it happened. When the "Olympia," which you know is the great admiral's ship, sailed into the Bay of Naples, early on Saturday morning, August 5, this little girl was at the Hotel Royal, in one of the large corner rooms, over which floated the flag of the United States, our own red, white, and blue. Betty's papa went immediately to the ship to call on the great hero. So that same afternoon Admiral Dewey, with Lieutenant Brumby and other officers, all dressed in their smartest uniforms, came to return the visit. Little Betty was allowed to come in to see them. She wore a white frock, and made the admiral the very prettiest curtsy she knew how to make. When the admiral went away, he asked Betty to come with her mama, Sunday afternoon, and drink a cup of tea with him on board his war-ship. This seemed



to such a little girl—Betty is only seven—a very nice thing to do; and she thought a great deal about it, until, at five o'clock the next day, she, in company with her papa and mama, entered the little steam-launch which took them out to the great ship riding at anchor on this most beautiful Bay of Naples. The breeze was fresh and pleasant, the ship was so fine and so shinningly clean, the marines, drawn up in line, were so straight and looked so grand! "A beautiful place to be!" said Betty. "Yes," said papa, "in time of peace." The admiral received them most cordially, and served them a delicious cup of tea in his own cabin. All men, no pretty ladies, Betty observed. Not even a maid to serve the tea. But then, the men wore such nice blue coats! After tea Betty was taken to see a wee canary-bird that was on board at the time of the great battle at Manila, when Admiral Dewey sank all the big Spanish gunboats in the sea; and this little bird heard all the great noises that the torpedoes and guns made, and did not mind them much, after all. Then, there was "Bob," the admiral's own dog; and, strangest of all in Betty's eyes, there was a pig—a clean, white pig—in a pen, which was also very, very clean.

After seeing all these strange sights, Betty was carried down the gangway in one of the sailor's arms, and went back to Naples, having the admiral's promise that she should see him again at Sorrento. BETTY'S AUNT.

#### REDDING, CT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Since we have closed the war, I thought your young readers would like to know something about this old part of the "Nutmeg State."

Not forty yards from the Rectory stands an old house that has a very interesting history connected with it. During the Revolutionary war an Irish gentleman, Squire Heron, occupied what has since been known as the "Heron house," and in front of this house is a long grassy bank. While the British were marching through the country to burn Danbury, Squire Heron treated the officers and soldiers who were on the bank to cake and wine. One officer asked a boy that was standing there to exercise his horse. So the boy took it to his home and hid the horse in the cellar; but the next morning the horse was gone. In another place where General Putnam stayed in the winter there is a pretty park.

My favorite stories are "Master Skylark," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Chuggins," and "Betty." After I had read the first-mentioned story I had a little kitty given to me that I named "Master Skylark" because he had such a beautiful voice. I have taken you for three years. I remain your faithful ten-year-old reader,

CLARINDA SWAN.

P. S. I know the grand nephew of the boy who stole the horse.

#### FLORENCE, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for many years through an agent of ours in London, and you have been the means of helping me to pass many weary hours, as I have an illness in a hip, and cannot move much.

But I have a great love for animals, and have possessed every possible pet from mice to donkeys (monkeys and parrots excepted).

I also possess a small museum of mammals and birds stuffed by myself. But what I cherish most is my collection of butterflies.

I strongly hope, dear ST. NICHOLAS, you will publish this little letter of mine, as perhaps some of your readers will be so kind as to send me some butterflies of

their countries, and in exchange I will send Italian insects and also Italian stamps.

The butterflies I should most like are North American, as I have none; but I cannot accept English ones. I will give further explanations to who writes to me at this address:

I Via Leone Decimo,  
Firenze, Italy.

Your faithful reader,

ROGER VERITY.

*Muriel Gillis* offers a poem, that we read with pleasure, but cannot print.

*Grace Moser* tells of a cat that lives in the hen-house and makes friends with the chickens.

*Margaret Scott's* letter gives an account of her visit to some of our war-ships while they were in Portsmouth harbor, Maine.

*Ruth Heath* has a pretty black pony, and had two rabbits, but the rabbits ran away.

*Elizabeth Bassett* contributes two poems, and we show one to our readers. She does not say it is original:

I know a little beggar-boy  
That lives in Drury Lane;  
His father came from Rotterdam,  
His mother was a Dane.  
He spoke a little Danish,  
He spoke a little Dutch;  
Though he always laughed in English,  
He did n't laugh much.

*Jennie Pearce* is a new subscriber, who feels she cannot do without ST. NICHOLAS. She sends some very long words, of which this one is the name of a German organization: "Winterthurerhandwerksburschenvorwartsgrupp." Who will translate it for us?

*Juan de Silva*, an American boy, writes from Saigon, Cochinchina. He is not pleased with the natives he has met.

*Bessie Kirkman* sends a chatty little letter, which we regret we cannot print.

*Dora Call* pleasantly excuses us for not printing her last letter, and declares the Goops were very amusing.

*Helen E. Jewett* wishes her letter printed to surprise her mother; but we think her mother will be enough surprised to see the name of her clever eight-year-old in the "Letter-Box."

*Alice Fuller* signs herself "your favorite reader," and tells how, when she was eight years old, she went to "San Frasco" (probably San Francisco), Australia, Italy, Paris, and London.

*Samuel C. Chew* wrote to us a long, long time ago, asking about a letter he had sent previously. We have not seen but this one letter from him, though we have looked carefully for any other.

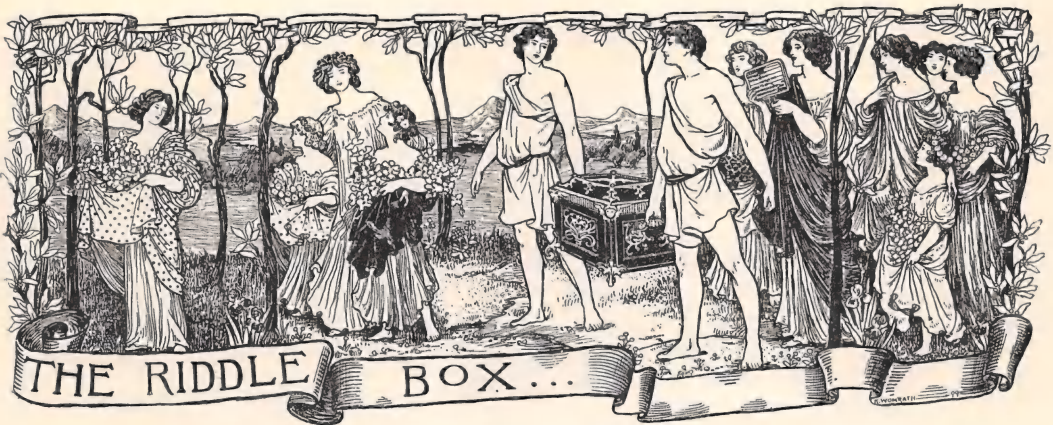
*Marian E. Fort* writes a pleasant little note, for which we thank her.

*Nita Rearden* sends an interesting little composition about the growth of a young frog.

*Abbie L. Best* kindly praises some of the features of recent numbers.

*Norma Schmidt* sends us a letter that is very welcome. She tells which stories she likes in recent numbers. We will show our readers her list. In the January number she liked "Big Jack"; in February, "Amatua's Sailor"; March, "The Case of Mrs. Burrows"; April, "How the Storm went Round"; May, "An Impromptu"; June, "What Willie Did"; July, "The Crew of the Sand-piper." Do you agree with her choices among the stories that are not continued?





## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

**SQUARES CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL DIAMOND.** I. 1. Heart. 2. Enter. 3. Atonc. 4. Renis. 5. Tress. II. 1. Grant. 2. Rider. 3. Adore. 4. Nerve. 5. Trees. III. 1. E. 2. Cab. 3. Carol. 4. Earthen. 5. Bohea. 6. Lea. 7. N. IV. 1. Monad. 2. Opera. 3. Newel. 4. Areal. 5. Dally. V. 1. Boned. 2. Opera. 3. Never. 4. Erect. 5. Darts.

**CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.** Autumnal. 1. Least. 2. Blush. 3. Matin. 4. Rough. 5. Dames. 6. Manna. 7. Heard. 8. Calla.

**AN ANIMAL ACROSTIC.** 1. Toothbill. 2. Aye-aye. 3. Tapeti. 4. Ocelot. 5. Uta. 6. Angwantibo. 7. Yak. Primals, Tatouay; finals, Keitloa.

**DEDUCTIONS.** 1. Aspen, pens. 2. Selvage, leaves. 3. Sawing, swing. 4. Ramble, blear. 5. Treats, start. 6. Smells, sells. 7. Hasten, heats. 8. Sailor, lairs. 9. Stamen, mates. Agamemnon.

**WORD-SQUARES.** I. 1. Chat. 2. Here. 3. Area. 4. Tear. II. 1. Heat. 2. Ease. 3. Asps. 4. Test. III. 1. Kate. 2. Abeč. 3. Tend. 4. Eddy.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER** were received, before August 15th, from Joe Carlada—"M. McG."—Helen C. McCleary—"Dondy Small"—Marjorie and Caspar—Paul Reese—Jack and George A.—"The Hawkeye Brownies"—Emma L. Brock—Mabel Miller Johns—Rudolph B. Weiler—Elizabeth and Ben Tappan—"Alili and Adi"—C. D. Lauer and Co.—Theo and Mamma—Marjorie R. and Uncle Ted—Leila, "Piggy," and Sall.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER** were received, before August 15th, from Ruth A. B., 1—Katchen J. Geist, 3—D. Paul Musselman, 2—Glady's Durant Rice, 4—Miriam Bennett, 1—Helen Powers, 1—Anna Cutter, 3—Emily R. Henderson, 2—R. B. and E. F., 1—William Kernan Dart, 3—Constance Evelyn Seward, 1—Roderick and Carl Scott, 4—"Garondah," 3—Helen Galt, 1—Edith Patrick, 1—V. R. H., 3—Katharine E. Boyden, 2—"Reddy and Heady," 2—Gertrude and Harold Cookman, 2—Lizzie S. James, 4—Dorothy Doyle, 3—George Whitney Calhoun, 1—"I. Diot," 1—Herbert L. Cleverby, 3—Margery A. Bacon, 1—Anna Cutler, 3—"Puer," 4—C. W. Wickersham, 2—"Delta," 4—W. R. Burlingame, 1—K. C. B., 2—Elisabeth Chamberlin, 4—Frederic Giraud Foster, 5—Sarah Pierpont, 2—Gordon McMillan, 1—P. J. E. S. et al., 6—E. Lewis Chapman and Mary C. Way, 3—John Scheuer, 3—Helen Warner Johns, 2—Ruth M. Newman, 1—Anna Richards, 1—"Tug and Jumbo," 5—Dorothy H. Kane, 2—Malcolm D. Malcomson, 3—Florence and Edna, 4—Mabel M. Carey and Georgia E. Curtiss, 6—Eleanor H. Murdock, 4—No name, Buffalo, 2—Rosamond Emily Reilly, 7—No name, Bridgeport, 2—Harriet Fox, 4—Marguerite Sturdy, 8—"Matolafe," 3—Julia and Marion Thomas, 5—Clara A. Anthony, 8—Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 5—"Three Friends," 1—Margaret Aiken, 5—Margherita E. Welling, 4.

### RIDDLE.

Sometimes I am very sly;  
Other times a trade I ply;  
Over the billows swift I fly;  
Now, pray tell me, what am I?

L. E. J.

### AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

THE last two letters of the first word described will be the first two of the second word described; the last two letters of the second word will be the first two of the third, and so on.

1. A pause in music. 2. A heavenly body. 3. A river. 4. A knot. 5. A pulpit. 6. A farm basket. 7. A Hebrew measure. 8. A quadruped. 9. The last in order. 10. Any part of a curved line. 11. A fellow. 12. The summit. 13. A departure. 14. An article. 15.

A Turkish title of dignity given to certain high officials. 16. A common, but useful metal. 17. Except. 18. A stringed instrument. 19. A pause in music.

A. C. BANNING.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-six letters, and form a quotation from Whittier.

My 33-47-53-36-5 is a diseased state of the system marked by a quick pulse. My 37-31-22 is an animal. My 12-6-46-56-9-11-51 is not pertinent. My 39-54-29-19-41 is taunts. My 15-24-27-1-23-44 is a minute part. My 32-50-14-16-20-38-10 is a clique. My 52-42-28-49-3-8 is part of a flower. My 26-17-25 is a pronoun. My 2-40-21-30 is to allude vaguely. My 45-18-7-48-34 is less in number. My 4-43-35-13-55 is to defraud.

T.

**FOOT-GEAR PUZZLE.**

THE initial letters of the words describing the nationality of the first four articles will, when arranged in the order given, form a word describing part of picture 9. The initial letters of the words describing the nationality of the last four articles will, when arranged in the order given, form a word describing part of picture 10.

F. H. W.

**CHARADE.**

LONG ago there lived a queen,  
And my *one* she bore for name;  
In these days of nicknames many  
*One* and *two* are just the same.  
*Three* in ships you often meet—  
Also, on your hands and feet.  
Oh, if ever *one, two, three,*  
Would that she and I might be  
*Three*, and never, never part;  
This hope now *one, two, three* my heart.

M. E. FLOYD.

**DOUBLE DIAGONALS.**

1	.	.	.	.	3
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.	.	*	*	*	.
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.	.	*	*	.	.
.	.	*	*	.	.
.	*	.	.	*	.
2	.	.	.	.	4

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To repulse harshly. 2. Imaginative language. 3. One word of a magical command, used in the "Arabian Nights." 4. South African villages. 5.

To undress. 6. The Jews' quarter in an Italian town or city. 7. Acquires knowledge. 8. The title of one of Bulwer's novels. 9. One who believes in the existence of a God. 10. Mental derangement. 11. Fantastic.

From 1 to 2, a famous French painter; from 3 to 4, a famous Italian painter.

MABEL M. JOHNS.

**WORD-SQUARE.**

1. ONE of the Muses. 2. To lap again. 3. Similar. 4. Captured. 5. Discloses. "CLASS NO. 19."

**CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

WITH grateful hearts and festal cheer  
We hold their honored memories dear.

**CROSS-WORDS.**

- Whenever you are forced to try  
To stop a persevering fly,
- With life in thirty thousand toes,  
From promenading on your nose,
- Don't think that all your words are law  
When you request him to withdraw.
- Although your speech be fair and fine,  
Most thoughtfully he may decline.
- So bring a hammer; it will serve  
To put his flyship on his nerve.
- If you should hit with random aim  
Your precious nose, who is to blame?
- You cannot tell a meddling fly  
Your wherefores and your reasons why.
- He won't go far, so never fear;  
He'll rally on your weather ear.

ANNA M. PRATT.





"THE CHILDREN DANCED AROUND IT."

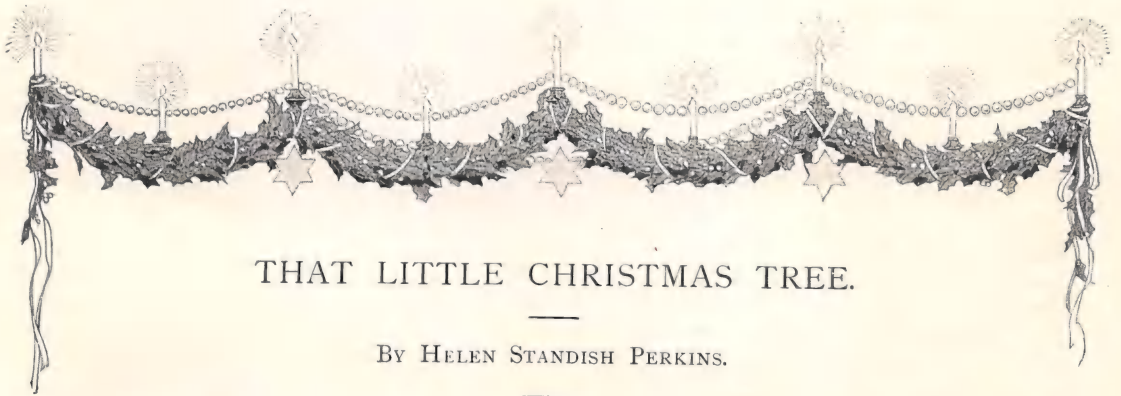
# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

DECEMBER, 1899.

No. 2.

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## THAT LITTLE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY HELEN STANDISH PERKINS.

It was a little Christmas tree, with candles all aglow,  
And golden balls and silver stars, a bright and shining row.  
The children danced around it, and clapped their hands with glee;  
And not a child was happier than the little Christmas tree.



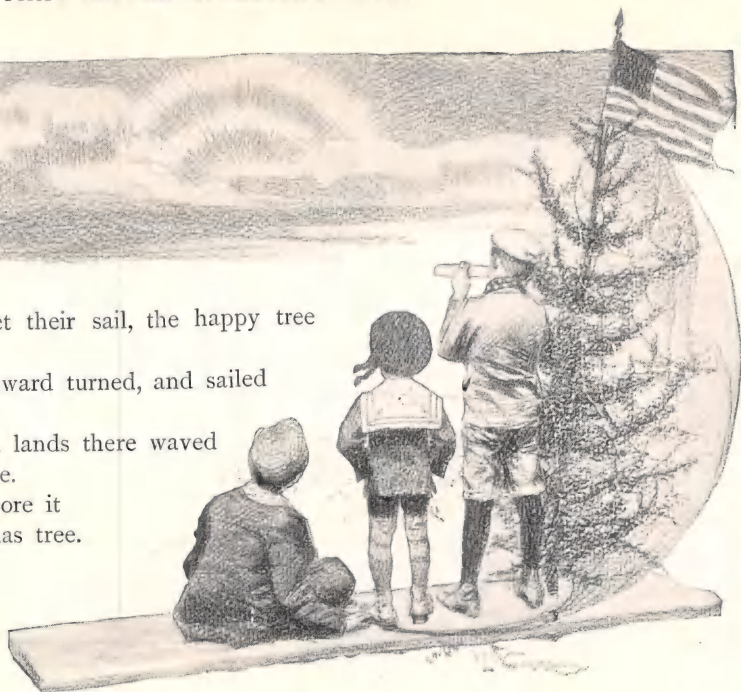
But next week, stripped of all its gifts and cast into the yard,  
It murmured with a little sigh: "Now, surely this is hard!  
To give delight for but that night,  
And then to be forgot,  
Would seem to be for any tree  
A most unhappy lot!"

But Ned and Ted and little Fred  
soon spied it where it lay.  
"Hurrah!" they cried, "A mast! A mast!  
We 'll sail and sail away,  
And far across the Arctic seas  
Our gallant ship shall go  
To find the seals and polar bears  
And jolly Esquimaux."





A plank their ship, a sheet their sail, the happy tree  
 their mast,  
 These bold explorers northward turned, and sailed  
 away so fast  
 That soon o'er unknown lands there waved  
 The banner of the free.  
 The staff that proudly bore it  
 Was the little Christmas tree.



What afterward befell it would take me long to tell:  
 It once became a fairy wood, where elves and dryads dwell;  
 And once a prancing, coal-black steed,  
 With a noble knight astride;  
 And once a dark and gloomy cave  
 Where bears and lions hide.

But when, one day, there wandered by a  
 ragged, shiv'ring boy,  
 He saw the little Christmas tree and  
 dragged it home with joy.

A merry blaze he kindled,  
 With its welcome warmth and shine,  
 And the cold bare room was fragrant  
 With the odor of the pine.





The children crowded round it with  
happy eyes so bright;  
The tree thought of the glittering  
stars and candles all alight.  
The firelight shone upon the floor  
And danced upon the wall.  
"Ah," sighed the little Christmas tree,  
"This is the best of all!"

This tale, dear little children,  
Is true as it can be;  
For I saw all these things happen  
To that little Christmas tree.



"THE CHILDREN CROWDED ROUND IT WITH HAPPY EYES SO BRIGHT."





MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL. FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.

## MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.

BY MARIE VAN VORST.

GREAT poets have written for children; there are several writers whose immortal fame rests on fairy-tales and stories told to little people. But until the Frenchman, Maurice Boutet de Monvel, took his pencil and brush to draw and paint children,—children of all classes and ages, at sport and work and play,—until the Parisian parents clamored for him to make portraits of their little ones, we have never had a “painter in ordinary to children.”

The children claim M. de Monvel; and since the French edition of ST. NICHOLAS, years ago, was among the very first of the periodicals to give him work, it is understood

that we have the right to take a close and personal interest in his career.

The French boy at his games and pleasures, on the way to the *Lycée*, with his black leather portfolio, dashing through the Bois de Boulogne on horseback, playing in the Tuileries or Luxembourg Gardens at the various French games with his companions—the French boy, poor or rich, scholar or apprentice, is in dress and manner a very different being from our own little fellows in America.

He wears his trousers short, very full, and drawn in at the knee by an elastic band. His suit is a sailor-suit. His legs, in the coldest



COUNTRY CHILDREN GOING TO SCHOOL.

winter weather, are often bare. On his head is a cap known as the *béret*; over his shoulders is thrown a *capuchon*, or hooded cape.

His suit is covered by a black apron, gathered in around his waist by a leather belt. Such is the school-boy darting across the park and



boulevard, an especially picturesque figure in a city where all is picturesque.

As to the little girls, they are perfectly bewitching! With their nurses they flit up and down the Avenue du Bois, their pretty dresses, flying ribbons, and big hats making bright spots of color as they troop up the Champs-Élysées, or stop before a "Punch and Judy Show," or to buy a toy from the booths of the venders. These are the rich little maidens. Then there are the Jeannes and Maries and Catharines of the people, in soberer clothes, coarse blue stockings, stout laced boots, their dresses covered by the inevitable black apron. Hatless they go, winter and summer, to school, the neat pigtailed bobbing behind as the child carries home a long loaf of bread, or joins her little friends on a bench in the Luxembourg Gardens, where the groups sew, and chatter as sharply as the sparrows twittering around.

The French children are at once cheerful and sedate, polite and useful—a good combination, it seems to me! Indeed, it is hard to say which are most attractive—the flowers of Paris or the

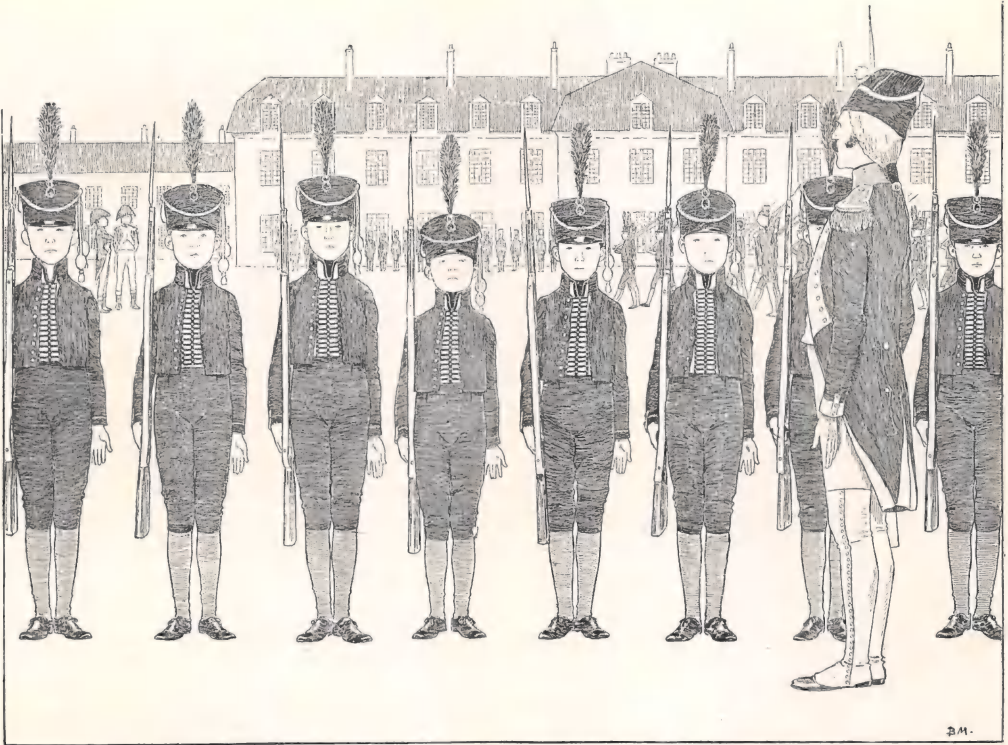
little people; for both make the city streets gay, winter and summer. But in this charming place M. Boutet de Monvel has found the children to be his inspiration, and the most delightful things of all.

Boutet de Monvel was born in Orléans in 1850. His family went to Paris to live when he was three years old, and there he grew up, surrounded by a houseful of younger brothers and sisters. As soon as he could hold a pencil Maurice began to draw, and later covered school-books and slates and every available scrap of paper with his sketches.

As a young man he studied painting in the big studios of Paris under the most celebrated masters. Like most of the people whose names are important in science, art, and letters, Boutet de Monvel knew what it was to be poor, to struggle, and to be often discouraged. But determination to succeed, love for his work, faith in his inspiration, were stronger than circumstance. With his portfolio full of illustrations, he started out to earn his daily bread. At first refusals met him everywhere. "It would not have



GUIGNOL'S BOOTH—THE FRENCH "PUNCH AND JUDY."

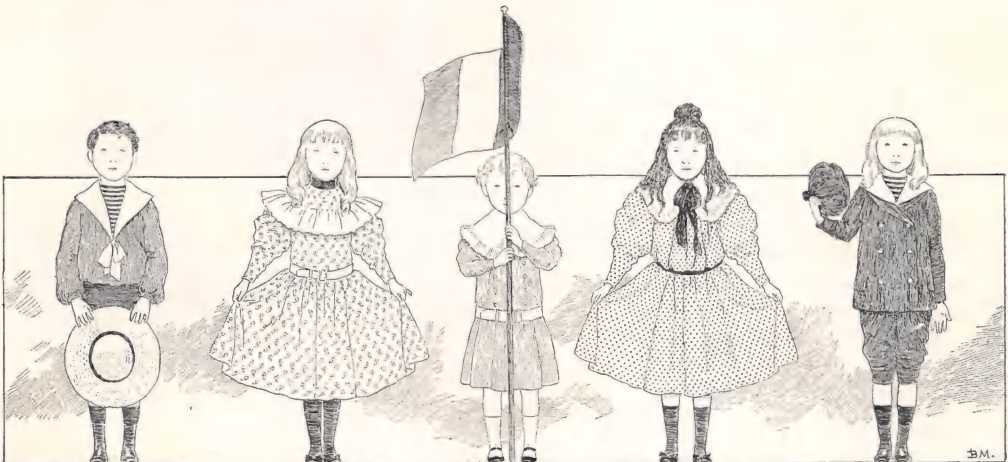


AT THE MILITARY SCHOOL, PRYTANÉE DE LA FLÈCHE, UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

taken *much* more to have completely discouraged me!" he has said.

But success was just before the disheartened artist. One day, when he entered a certain publishing-house to ask for some illustrating work, M. Delagrave gave him a child's history

of France to illustrate, and we can fancy with what delight the publishers greeted the quaint drawings which the unknown artist brought to them. "This was my *début*," says M. de Monvel, "and after that I had all that I could do to fill the orders that came in to me."



A DECORATIVE HEADING FROM A CHILD'S BOOK.





THE BRIDE'S SONG. FROM "CHANSONS DE FRANCE."  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. E. FLON, NOURRIT & CIE.



Between 1883 and 1897 he had illustrated "Nos Enfants," "Chansons et Rondes," "La Civilité Honnête," "Fables de La Fontaine," and his "Jeanned'Arc."

French and English people, big and small, laughed with pleasure and delight as they

turned the gay pages of this novel literature for children. them; they had begged for her midday meal of bread, and she had crumbled it for them. The birds were little beggars. Fanchon knew it. But then they were also singers, and Fanchon had too kind a heart to refuse bread to those who paid for it with a song!" Farther on, Roger curries and feeds his old wooden horse, "who shall carry him far away across the land

turned the gay pages of this novel literature for children.

In these books, surrounded by the bright French life, Paul, Henri, and Roger, Jeanne, Marie, and Catharine work and play, eat and drink, are polite and rude, sad and merry, live their lives in nursery, farm, and field, as the artist's exquisite imagination shows them to us.

"Nos Enfants" is a beautiful book. The words are written by a celebrated French writer of fiction, Anatole France. Here the little Michael draws for us his pictures "of wonderful horses and beautiful animals, which look more like ostriches on four legs than anything else." And Fanchon,—dear little Fanchon!—in blue apron, white cap, and sabots, passes the day with her grandmother, and goes home across the evening meadows, followed by a flock of birds, who sing to her their sweetest songs. "Fanchon recognized



A LITTLE FRENCH GIRL IN HER CAPUCHON.



M. DE MONVEL AT WORK.



of dreams." And in "La Civilité Honnête," what is more amusing than the excitable Paul, who never looks where he is going, and who warmly embraces the expressman in the front hall, mistaking the man for his father! "Monsieur is very kind!" stammers the expressman, dropping all his packages.

In his "Chansons de France" there are the drollest, most original illustrations imaginable—"En Revenant d'Auvergne," for example, the mischievous Savoyard, with his





DRAWN FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY MAURICE BOUTET DE MONVEL.  
CHILDREN AT PLAY.

funny fiddle and his irresistible performing mar-mot, certainly the most enchanting animal that ever danced to music! Then we have the innocent, naïve "Cadet Rouselle," with his tight yellow breeches and his funny belongings. Many of the pictures of children are true portraits of Boutet de Monvel's little sons, or of his own brothers and sisters as he remembers them.

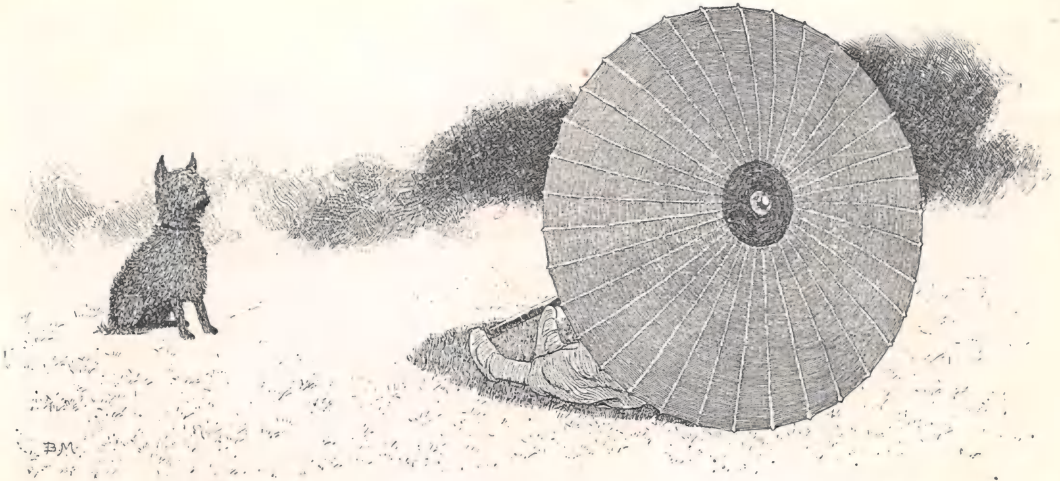
"I was the eldest of a large family," said M. de Monvel. "Our inventions were legion, and the tricks and manners of all children, their games and interests, attracted me. Once, I remember, in our country home, I determined to make a flying-machine experiment. I set the time and place—in the afternoon from the back nursery window. My admiring and faithful band of brothers and sisters gathered around me. I took my father's green-lined umbrella, opened it wide, and prepared to

descend from the window into the garden, when I was forcibly seized from behind by my nurse, and—I forget the rest! . . . Away back in the years, I can see the tiny figures of the two youngest of us all. Poor little things! they were always tagging on, always last, always out of breath trying to catch up. Étienne, the very smallest, I see him in his short trousers and bare legs trotting after us in the park, his cheeks puffed out with running so hard, his short legs carrying him along as best they could. I can hear him murmur to himself, half in disgust: 'I will not play any more; I tell you, I am not playing!'"

Do you wish to see little Étienne de Monvel as he was? Turn to "Nos Enfants"; his picture is there!

"Our dearest game," went on M. de Monvel, "was one of ships and the sea. In front of mother's fireplace was a fender, and my sister and I used to stagger out with it to the garden. It made a splendid ship, with a mast in the middle, and in this vessel Suzanne and I sailed all around the globe. In terrific storms we shook with terror, and clung on for dear life, although our boat was really immovable."

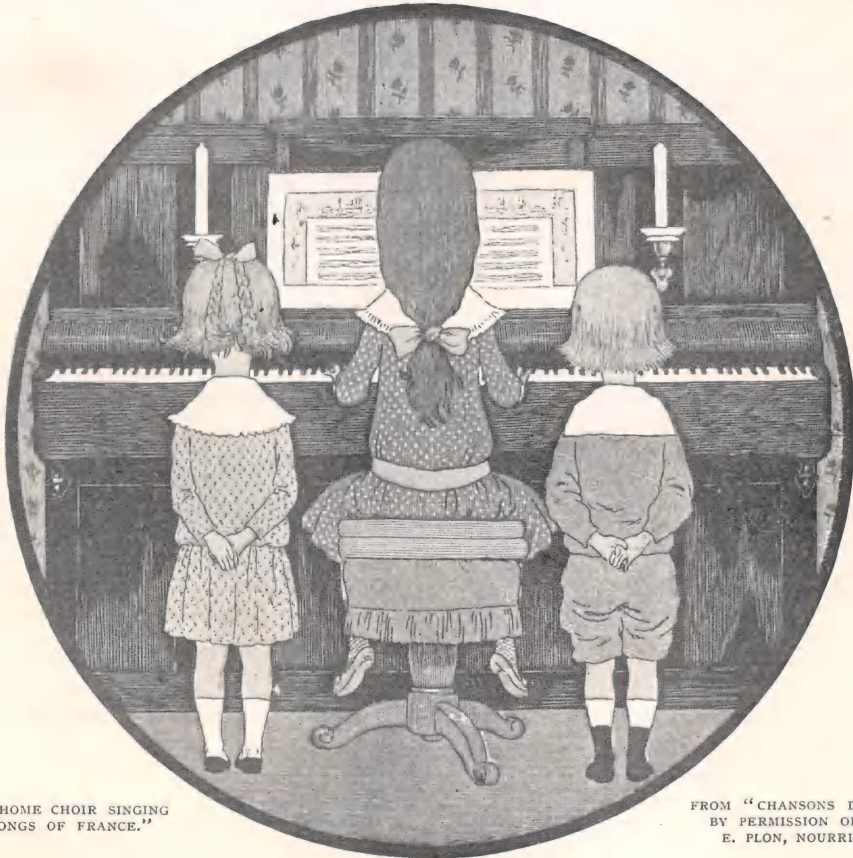
When, tired of their traveling, Maurice and



IN THE SUNSHINE. FROM "NOS ENFANTS." BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HACHETTE & CIE.

Suzanne returned to port, they found themselves in the selfsame garden, by the same rose-bush, under the same unchanged sky that looked down upon them when their voyage began;

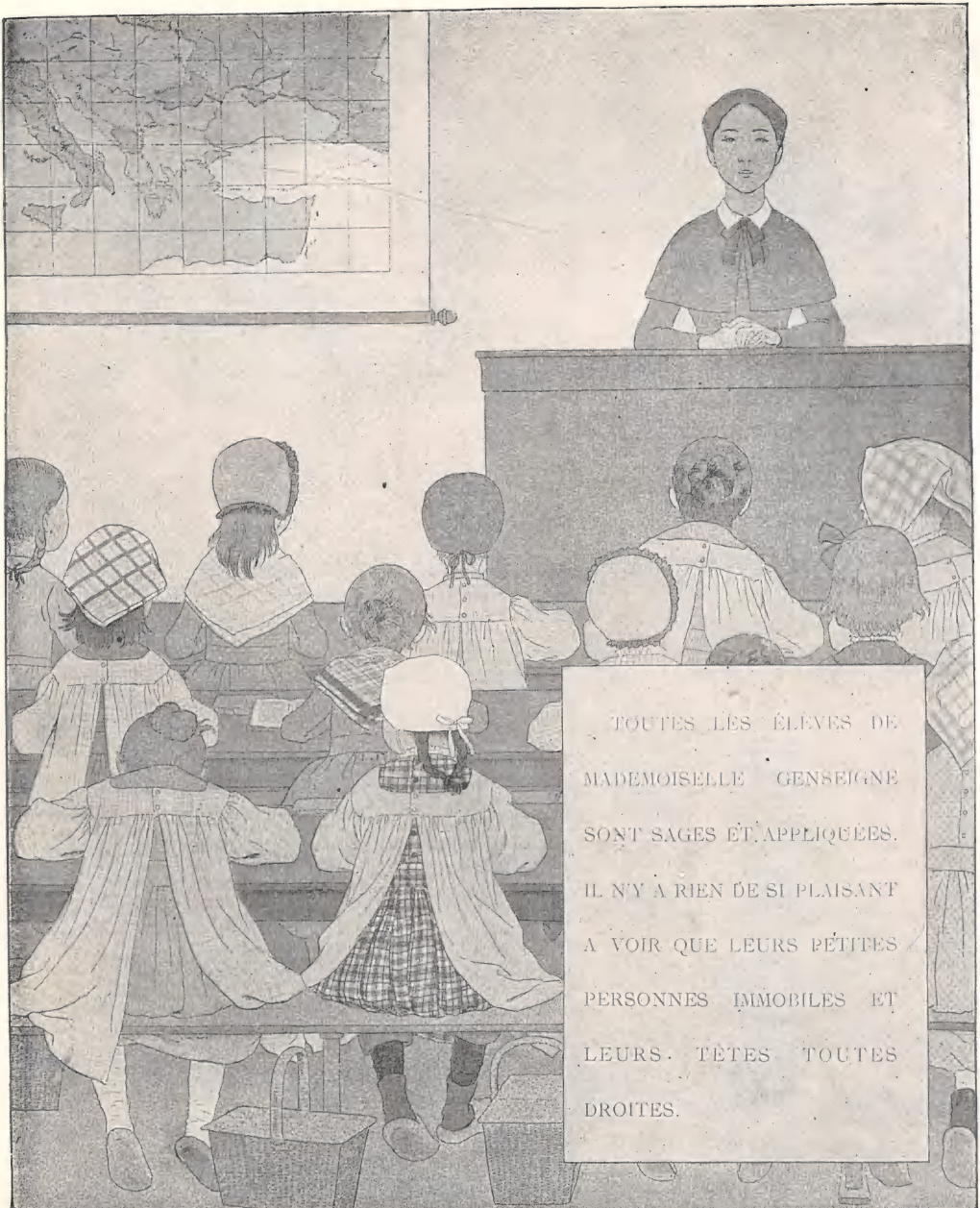
and this, you see, is where they had the advantage over the "grown-ups": for the rose-bush and the garden every one can see; but where the children went, and the countries they



THE HOME CHOIR SINGING  
"SONGS OF FRANCE."

FROM "CHANSONS DE FRANCE."  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS.  
E. PLON, NOURRIT & CIE.





THE SCHOOL. FROM "NOS ENFANTS."\* BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. E. PLON, NOURRIT & CIE.

touched and left during the hours, no one but themselves in the whole world knew.

A little white house surrounded by a white wall, within the white wall's shelter a luxuriant garden where flowers run riot, is Boutet

de Monvel's summer home. "Nemours sur Seine" it is called. To Nemours M. de Monvel goes when he wishes to get away from noisy Paris.

And I wish every one of you could see this

\*The words in the picture mean: "All Mademoiselle Genseigne's scholars are good and studious. No sight is pleasanter to see than their motionless little figures, and their heads held straight."



"LITTLE MICHAEL DRAWS HIS WONDERFUL PICTURES." (SEE PAGE 98.) FROM "NOS ENFANTS."  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. HACHETTE & CIE.

sweet French village when giroflée and rose are at their loveliest, when the peaches grow redder and mellow on the latticed trellis all over the front of the villa, and the ripening pears lay their soft cheeks against the soft gray stucco of the garden wall.

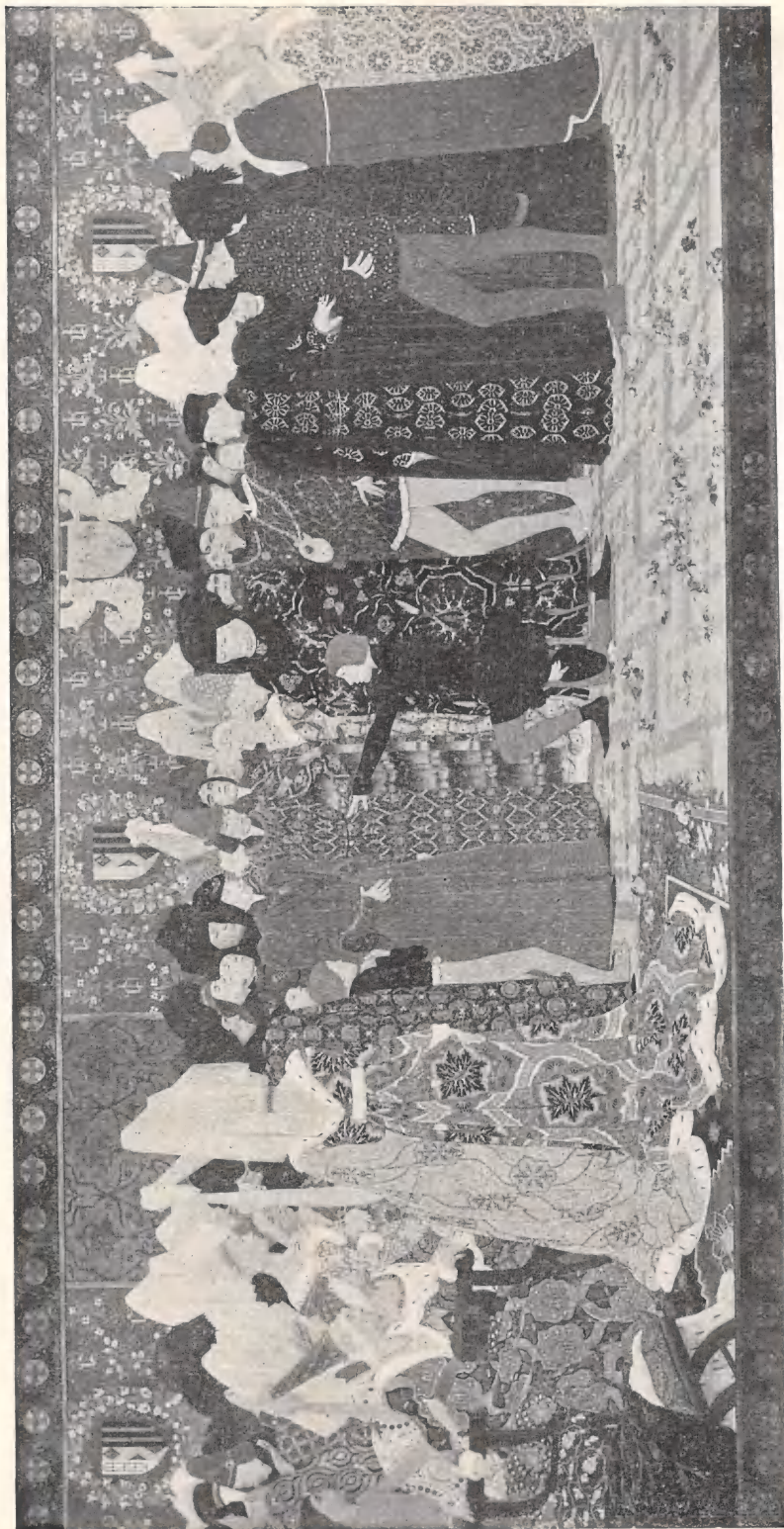
To peep over the red-tiled top of this wall down the highroad that winds to the river, where the straight rows of feathery poplars border the Seine all the way to Paris; to recognize possibly a little Fanchon trotting along to see her grandmother, in white cap, blue apron, sabots, and all; then to climb down the ladder (for the wall is high) and find the De Monvel family, Madame, Monsieur, and Roger, all waiting to show you the garden

and studio—this experience on a summer's day is like having a fairy-tale come true.

In his country studio Boutet de Monvel is painting his greatest work—a series of frescos of the life of Jeanne d'Arc, to be placed in the memorial chapel at Domrémy, where Jeanne d'Arc was born.

Five hundred years ago, France, in the power of the English king, was wasted by war and in bondage, and the rightful king, crownless, without arms or force, was a timid refugee. To proclaim him king needed a conviction that no one possessed until out of her distant province came Jeanne d'Arc. She believed in her cause, and that Heaven had called her to deliver her people. We who have seen our





JEANNE D'ARC KNEELING BEFORE THE KING OF FRANCE AT CHINON. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

ONE OF THE SERIES OF FRESCOS BY BOUTET DE MONVEL FOR THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO JEANNE D'ARC AT DOMREMY, FRANCE.

soldiers go to war know what patriotism means. The love of country stirred this little peasant girl. She called the French to arms. She crowned the king at Rheims. She led the army of France to victory, and, in return, her ungrateful country delivered her to the English enemy as a sorceress. She was burned to death. Through faith and courage a saint, because of her country's blindness a martyr.

Some of you have seen the book "Jeanne d'Arc," by Boutet de Monvel, which the Century Company published in America. The painter has taken his subjects for the five frescos directly from the book, and one of them he brought with him to America; it shows Jeanne d'Arc kneeling before the king at Chinon.

When you look at this brilliant painting, it is as though a page were opened to you from a giant's most bewitching picture-book. The splendid figures of princes, nobles, king, the nodding plumes, curious caps, the jewels, torches, embroidery, the magnificence of the French court of five hundred years ago—all this makes you rub your eyes and wonder if your histories are coming true, and you long to see the rest of this giant book, from which this is such a beautiful page.

"I have thought a great deal about Jeanne d'Arc," said Boutet de Monvel. "When I was a boy I passed my vacations in Orléans, a city full of legends about the saint, and I thought the graceful figure of this warlike young girl, with her spirited bearing, the most beautiful thing in the world. I grew to be familiar with her in the drollest way imaginable—not

in a very poetical manner, I am afraid! In Orléans they sell a kind of sugar candy in little boxes, on the covers of which are gay pictures of Jeanne d'Arc, and whenever I had a few sous I used to buy one of these boxes of bonbons. I never had very many sous, and as my treats were rare, I tried to make the sweets last as long as possible, so I must confess that I *licked the candy little by little*, often keeping a box for days. Of course every time I licked the sugar I saw the picture, which I grew to know very well indeed!"

M. de Monvel is forty-nine years old. His hair and pointed beard are a little gray. He is successful, famous, distinguished; his name is known everywhere; in his buttonhole is the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur. But the honors of the public have not spoiled him. He is a delightful comrade, frank and unaffected. The possession of a happy childhood is his, and its joy has gone with him down through all the years. His keen eyes fairly sparkle as he talks of his souvenirs, and reveal him full of the spirit that youth loves, and to which it quickly responds. He is in love with childhood and its memories, and he has made it live for us in his pictures.

The world, children and grown people, always glad to welcome the truly lovely and to feel its charm, greets M. de Monvel as a friend. He has caught the fleeting, exquisite impression of childhood, and held it for us on the delicately colored page, as, on a summer's day, one among the loiterers in the meadow catches the fairest butterfly of all, and holds it in the net triumphantly for the rest to see.



THE MILLER, HIS SON, AND THE DONKEY. FROM "LA FONTAINE'S FABLES."  
BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. E. FLON, NOURRIT & CIE.





GRIETJE'S CUP OF TEA.

## A CUP OF TEA.

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Now Grietje from her window sees the leafless poplars lean  
Against a windy sunset sky with streaks of golden green;  
The still canal is touched with light from that wild, wintry sky,  
And, dark and gaunt, the windmill flings its bony arms on high.

"It 's growing late; it 's growing cold; I 'm all alone," says she;  
"I 'll put the little kettle on, to make a cup of tea!"

Mild radiance from the porcelain stove reflects on shining tiles;  
The kettle beams, so red and bright that Grietje thinks it smiles;  
The kettle sings—so soft, and low it seems as in a dream—  
The song that 's like a lullaby, the pleasant song of steam:

"The summer 's gone; the storks are flown; I 'm always here, you see,  
To sing and sing, and shine and shine, and make a cup of tea!"

The blue delft plates and dishes gleam, all ranged upon the shelf;  
The tall Dutch clock tick-ticks away, just talking to itself;  
The brindled pussy cuddles down, and basks and blinks and purrs;  
And rosy, sleepy Grietje droops that snow-white cap of hers.

"I do like winter after all; I 'm very glad," says she,  
"I put—my—little—kettle—on—to make—a cup—of—tea!"

*Helen Gray Cone.*

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## KEEPING THE SECRET.

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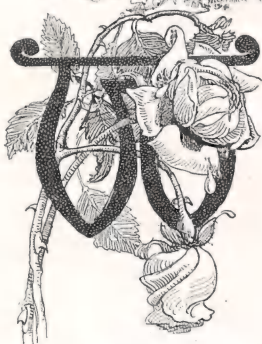
I HAVE a secret with Santa Claus,  
And he will never tell.  
He knows so many secrets because  
He keeps them all so well.  
But, oh, dear mother, if you could guess  
How very surprised you 'd be!  
But nobody knows the leastest thing  
But Santa Claus and me.

I wish I could tell you, mother dear;  
I 'm sure you would love to know.  
Can you wait till Christmas, do you think?  
The days are so very slow!  
It 's something you need for your dressing-case;  
I made it—it 's all from me;  
It 's square, and pink, and covered with lace,  
And its name begins with C!

You must n't know until Christmas Day.  
Oh, my! are n't secrets fun!  
And I can keep them, can't I, mama?  
I never would whisper one!

*Florence Evelyn Pratt.*





WHEN in summer the sun shines through the blinds, and the fragrance of the roses round the windows fills the room, nature invites one to leave his study and to attend service on a Sunday afternoon in the open air. Will you come with me? and we shall start and spend a few hours on the moor above the glen, and on a lower slope of the Gram-pians. Stoop, if you please, as you go out at the door, because of the roses that cover the porch and hang like a benediction above your head. They have a dainty, pleasant trick of sprinkling you with dew in the morning.

Where they cease the walls are covered with the small white flower of a creeping plant that will turn into bright red berries before winter-time, and show prettily against the foreground of snow. Everywhere else the walls are hidden behind the ivy, which runs in all directions, and keeps the manse warm and dry. It also gives a picturesque appearance to the plain little house, so that it looks like a bit of a castle, especially in the moonlight, and when the snow is hanging on the ivy. If you like a modern garden, with its regular rows of pyrethrum and lobelia and calceolarias and geraniums, you will be a little disappointed, and had better return to the borders of the town, for this old garden is like God's garden of nature: it is irregular and mixed and old-

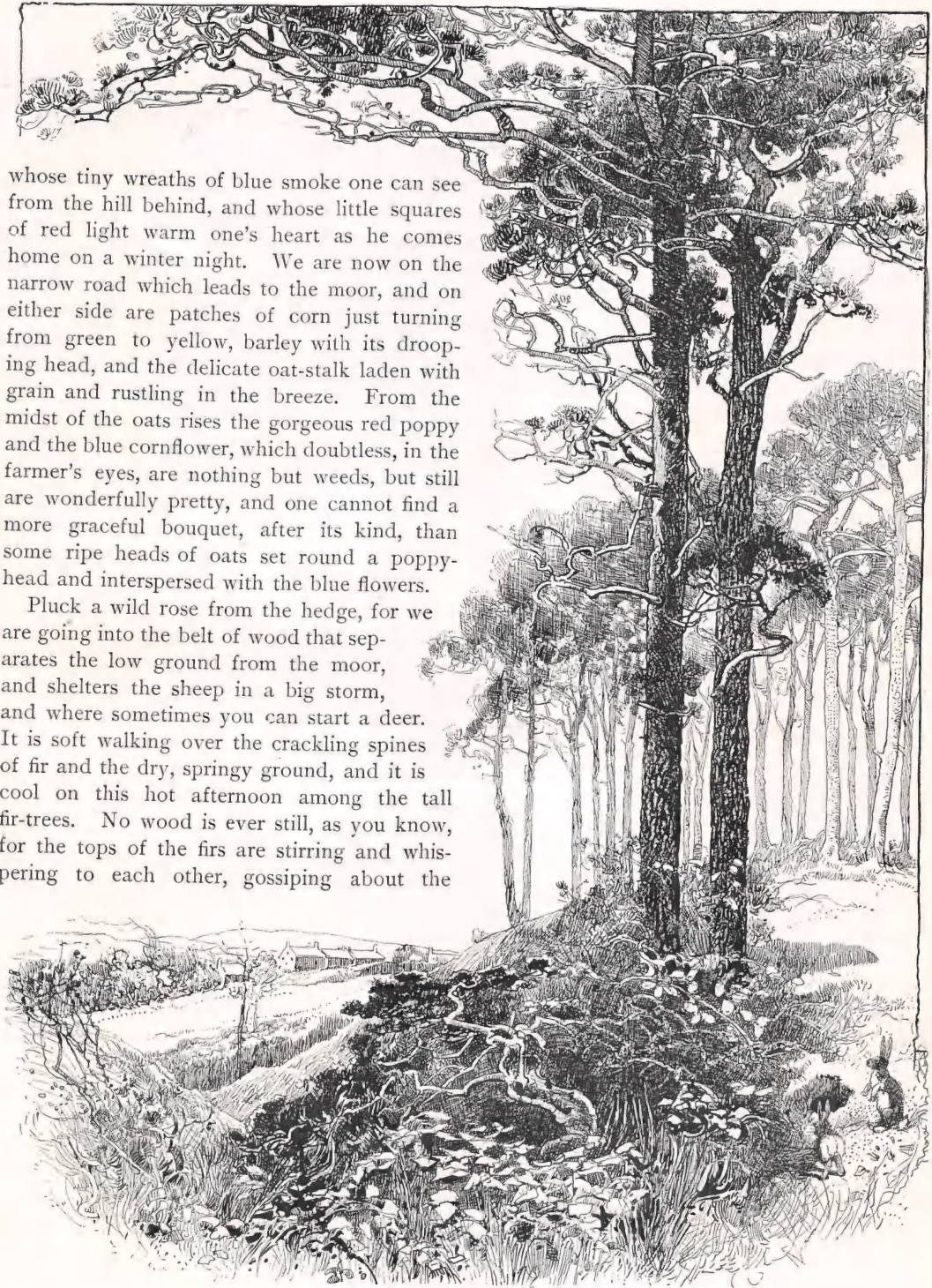
fashioned and luxuriant. We have the brier-bush with the bonny white roses, and the moss-rose with its sticky, sweet-smelling buds, and the yellow tea-rose with its delicate color, that looks so well on a lady's dress, set against white lace. There are pansies of all colors, and carnations white and pink, sweet-william also, and fragrant wallflower, auriculas and lilies, daisies and forget-me-nots, besides many others I have not time to name, with here and there a geranium and a stock—like townspeople visiting their country cousins. No trim beds, you see, cut out from smooth-shaven lawns in circles and in stars, but borders of all sizes, and walks and hedges and unexpected corners and shady nooks, and a summer-house where one could meditate at evening, and everywhere simplicity and sweetness. This is the gate where the path goes out from the manse garden to the little church. Were this early springtime, our coat had been well dusted with gold, for the laburnum that makes an arch over the gate had been all in bloom, as well as the hawthorn in the hedge.

Three fine old trees cover the walk in front of the church, and stretch their branches over the little door through which the people pass in when the bell rings on Sundays, and beneath this shade the fathers of our little commonwealth discuss affairs. If you stand by my side here and look through this gap, you can see seven miles of the glen, all covered in late August with ripening corn, and in the distance the high hills, behind which the sun sets in golden glory. We leave the little hamlet now,

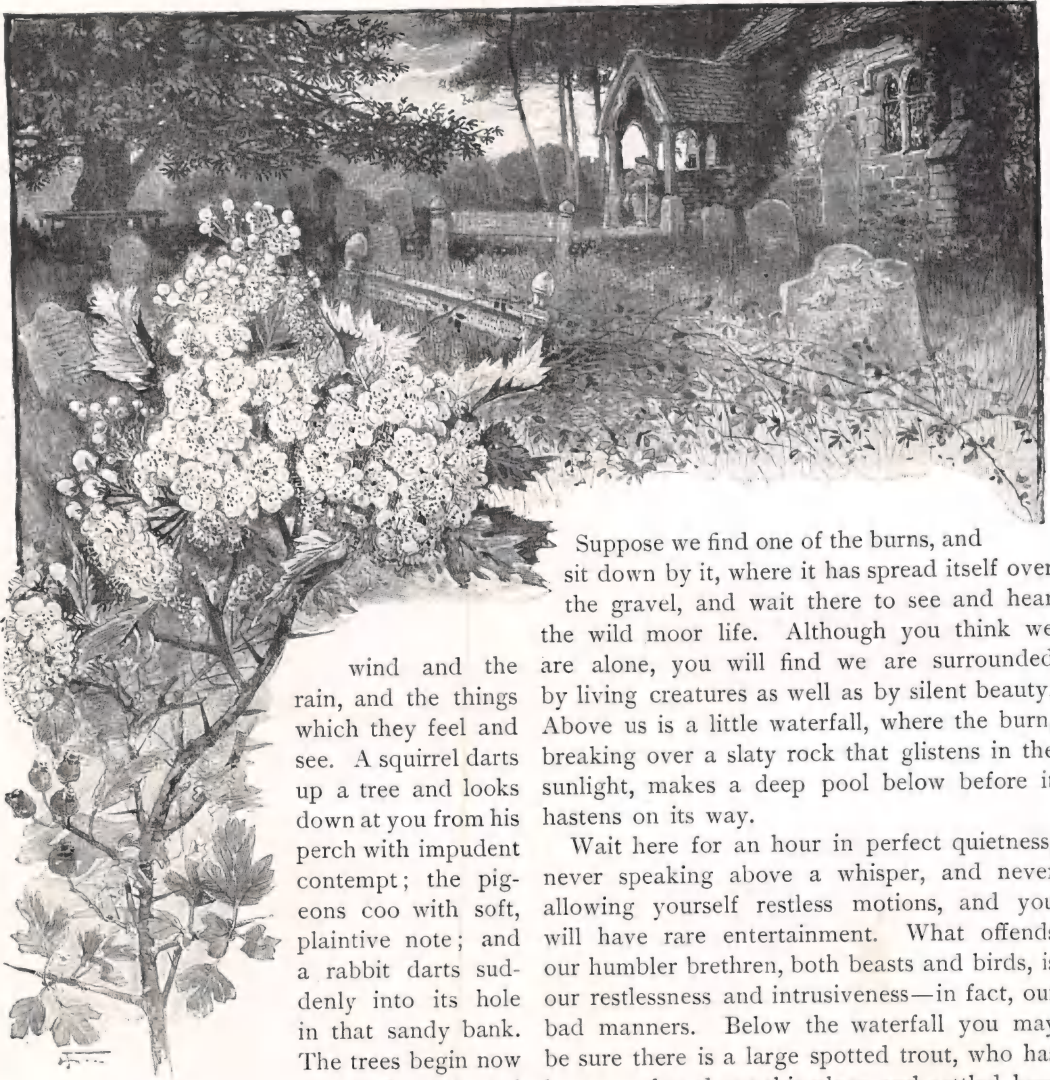


whose tiny wreaths of blue smoke one can see from the hill behind, and whose little squares of red light warm one's heart as he comes home on a winter night. We are now on the narrow road which leads to the moor, and on either side are patches of corn just turning from green to yellow, barley with its drooping head, and the delicate oat-stalk laden with grain and rustling in the breeze. From the midst of the oats rises the gorgeous red poppy and the blue cornflower, which doubtless, in the farmer's eyes, are nothing but weeds, but still are wonderfully pretty, and one cannot find a more graceful bouquet, after its kind, than some ripe heads of oats set round a poppy-head and interspersed with the blue flowers.

Pluck a wild rose from the hedge, for we are going into the belt of wood that separates the low ground from the moor, and shelters the sheep in a big storm, and where sometimes you can start a deer. It is soft walking over the crackling spines of fir and the dry, springy ground, and it is cool on this hot afternoon among the tall fir-trees. No wood is ever still, as you know, for the tops of the firs are stirring and whispering to each other, gossiping about the







wind and the rain, and the things which they feel and see. A squirrel darts up a tree and looks down at you from his perch with impudent contempt; the pigeons coo with soft, plaintive note; and a rabbit darts suddenly into its hole in that sandy bank. The trees begin now to stand apart and

the sun to shine upon our track, and in a minute we come out on the other side and are upon the edge of the moor.

Imagine a sea of purple heather with patches of big green grass,—the green which can be found only in a country of abundant rain, and which is one compensation for the too frequent drip,—with an occasional boulder standing up white and rugged, and here and there a burn running in a channel cut through the peat, or coming bright and clean over a gravel-bed. Wave upon wave swells and falls this heather ocean, till it reaches the distant hills, and breaks itself upon the rocky summits.

Suppose we find one of the burns, and sit down by it, where it has spread itself over the gravel, and wait there to see and hear the wild moor life. Although you think we are alone, you will find we are surrounded by living creatures as well as by silent beauty. Above us is a little waterfall, where the burn, breaking over a slaty rock that glistens in the sunlight, makes a deep pool below before it hastens on its way.

Wait here for an hour in perfect quietness, never speaking above a whisper, and never allowing yourself restless motions, and you will have rare entertainment. What offends our humbler brethren, both beasts and birds, is our restlessness and intrusiveness—in fact, our bad manners. Below the waterfall you may be sure there is a large spotted trout, who has long ago found out this place and settled here for life. He came a little fellow, but has now grown big and stout, living upon what comes over the waterfall, a self-made and very prosperous trout, swelling himself, and boasting to lean, hungry fishes of the poor-relation type, as they come up the stream, as self-made persons will. He is safe from the dangerous fly of the sportsman, for no grown-up man ever expects to find such a trout in this little burn; but some day, unless he takes good care, a laddie from the village will catch him with his hand, and throw him out upon the bank, never again to swim round his cool, clear pool, or leap at the insects in the summer evening.



Do not move, and he will dart out from his hole and take a turn round his domain, and then he will lie in the current with his mouth up-stream, keeping himself in position with a gentle motion of the fins. After a little a covey of grouse suddenly settle down. They have come to drink, and afterward they play together like children, till suddenly—you simply moved a foot—they take alarm and rise with harsh, whirring sound. By and by a brown, shaggy head with a pair of huge horns appears just above that little hillock, and a Highland cow and her calf, a reduced image of herself, emerge from the heather and make for their drinking-place. You need not stir,

for there is no danger, unless you are so foolish as to meddle with the calf, in which case you will certainly have an unpleasant experience, for these horns of the mother's are excellently adapted to lift you from the ground and land you on the other side of the burn. Lie still and you are perfectly safe; for the Highland cattle are like the Scots people—dangerous if attacked, but kindly to those who are friendly to them.

It is pleasant to see the thirsty pair thrust their brown muzzles into the cold, clear, sweet water, and slowly drink, as only cattle can in hot weather, washing out their mouths and tasting the water delicately. By and by they





lift their heads and snuff the air with keen enjoyment. The calf flirts water in her mother's face, who pretends to charge her with her horns. The calf paws up the gravel with its fore leg, and is full of frivolity; but the mother prefers to stand knee-deep in the water, and meditates with half-closed eyes on the days when she was a calf and saw for the first time the wonders of the moor. After a while the cow turns lazily and climbs the bank, her calf running at her side, but now and again darting in this direction and in that, for no reason at all, but just at its own sweet pleasure, as young people also will do, and the mother and the calf disappear.

We may lie at ease now, watching a flock of wild ducks crossing overhead to a distant loch, and listening to the cry of the black game, while round you the bees from the village are gathering the heather honey, and through the midst of the forest of heather all

kinds of tiny animals are stirring and pursuing their daily work. How beautiful, how various, how perfect, is every flower and animal! and how the simplicity of nature puts to shame the works of men! As you rest here in the soft summer air, and share for a little the life of God's creatures, pride and ambition and evil temper and selfishness are laid to rest and pass away from your mind, and you enter into the gentleness of the Christ life and the love of the heavenly Father. You have been at church, one far larger and more curious than any built by the hands of man, and you have heard many preachers whom you can never meet in any church of stone; and the end of this church-going, and all this preaching, has been the peace of God, which you carry in your heart as you leave the mountain burn and go down through the fir woods and come in again beneath the roses into the little Highland manse.

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## QUOTH THE HOOD TO THE HAT.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

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SAID the Hat to the Hood  
 As they hung on the wall:  
 "You poor, common thing!  
 Not a bow to your string,  
 And no pompons at all!  
 I pity you greatly;  
 And what are these *chores*  
 Taking place out of doors  
 That I hear about lately?  
 They 're something plebeian, I 'm certain of  
 that"—

Said the Hat.

"What, chores?" quoth the Hood.  
 "Can it be you don't know  
 That fowls must have food

Or their feathers won't grow?  
 And the fires must have wood;  
 So my mistress goes out  
 Twice a day, with a shout,  
 And frisks like a colt as she helps Mr. Joe.  
 If she snowballs him, too,  
 Why, the most that I do  
 Is to keep off the cold till she gets in a glow;  
 For there 's nothing like laughing to warm  
 up the blood"—  
 Quoth the Hood.

"Dear me!" cried the Hat.  
 "I am glad of our chat—  
 Why, when I 'm on her head she seems vain  
 and all that!"

# ELENA'S CAPTIVE

## A TALE OF SPANISH CHIVALRY



BY CAROLINE DALA PARKE



THE morning of April 23, 1483, dawned bright and fragrant with the spring. It seemed a part of a glad festivity that reigned in the stern old castle of Vaena, and spread its joyous influence through the small town near at hand. For this day was not only the festival of St. George, it was a day of victory. The brave Count of Cabra had defeated the Moors, and had sent them back howling to their walled city of Granada. In this far-away time war seemed a natural course of things, and the count's little daughter, Elena, had scarcely known anything else. When, two nights before, she heard the loud ringing

of bells and the steps of armed men in the hall, and saw the glare of alarm-fires on the mountain, she knew before she was told that the Moors were on a foray. Very bravely she buckled on her father's cuirass, and at dawn watched the soldiers winding along the road far below like a broad, quivering band of colors and shimmering points. As they disappeared, her lips trembled and her eyes filled with tears, for fear her splendid, gallant father might never come back. But he had won, and was now leading home his happy men, with Arabian horses, Moorish prisoners, gold, jewels, and precious stones in his train. Ah, those were exciting times!

She stood in the great hall of the castle, where her father was to be received by the people of his household.

She seemed more like a queen than a little girl. She held her head erect, and looked about her with proud, quiet eyes. She talked



seriously with the beautiful Doña Juana about the festivities that were to take place in honor of the victory, and told the splendid Doña Theresa, in a tone that made her words a command, to ride by her side when they went to the church.

At length the count and his knights arrived. There were stately greetings and many words of praise, and the count's face took on such a look of triumph that the young pages standing near were almost afraid of him. But Elena put her two arms about his neck, and laid her soft cheek on his breast against the cold steel cuirass which he still wore. She was not afraid of him, and oh, she was so glad to see him again!

The warriors had much to tell, and everybody was willing to hear them tell it twice over: the skirmish in the brook Mingozales, the plan of attack and why it was so successful, with countless other matters which Elena could not understand, and which made her very sleepy.

After all, it was dull living like a princess in a great stony castle. Every day was like the other, with its time for receiving of magnificent but stupid ladies, its hours of dressing, putting on of jewels, and piling up of hair. Playthings were almost unknown, and playmates not to be had; for it would have been highly improper for the elegant Elena to play with any of the healthy, romping children of the town. People always remembered that she was the daughter and only heir of the splendid Count of Cabra, but somehow forgot that she was a little girl with a love of sunshine and laughter, and a healthy desire to run among the fields and the shady groves of orange and citron. I cannot imagine what she would have done but for her own little garden, where she could play to her heart's content. This garden was an open space in the midst of the castle; it was surrounded by high walls with overhanging balconies; but away up you could see the small clouds sailing, and the deep, deep blue of the sky.

In the middle of the court was a fine fountain, surrounded by myrtle-trees which had dark, shining leaves and an aromatic smell. Elena always associated this smell with good times, and the giants and heroes that her nurse Margian told of. Here lived her flock of pet doves, and here she fed her tame leopard, that she

loved and trusted in spite of his fierce ancestors. And he was worthy of her trust; for he was no ordinary beast, but a hunting-leopard of Africa, trained to follow the deer like a hound. Elena thought nothing could be more beautiful than his peculiar shaggy mane and his yellow-spotted skin.

She wished she could be in the garden with him now instead of standing so still and listening to the stiff talk of grown folk. She was glad when she heard her father say: "Go we now to see the fair steeds and craven Moors that were taken in yesterday's battle."

They filed with stately step out of the hall and down to the courtyard below, where they ranged themselves on the steps of the entrance, Elena and her father in the front. The steeds were already awaiting them, noble, delicate creatures with pink, trembling nostrils, and limbs as graceful as those of a gazelle—a rich booty indeed.

As they were driven out amid the shouts of the lookers-on, they were followed by human booty pitiful to see. Something in the wide-set eyes and straightforward face of man, no matter how degraded, makes it a terror to see him treated as goods and chattels. There is a nameless fear about it, deep as the heart itself. Elena, being just a little girl with a heart left much the same as the angels made it, shrank back and clung to her father's big hand. They came quite near—great, stately warriors with eyes that looked straight in front of them and seemed to see neither sunshine nor shadow; old men with trembling beards, who trod upon their long flowing robes as they passed; men pale as death, with the turbans gone from their heads; and powerful African Moors, almost as black as negroes, whose mustaches gave them a look like the fiends Elena had seen embroidered on tapestry. They had trudged a long way over rough mountain roads. The dust and heat made their fresh wounds painful, but humiliation caused them even more suffering. They were very stern and silent.

Suddenly a little cry came from the midst, and a boy scarcely older than Elena herself stumbled to the ground. A soldier who seemed to have guard over him pushed him roughly with his spear, saying, "Pass on, thou young

infidel dog!" The boy, wounded and faint with pain, cried out again.

In one swift moment Elena had sprung down the steps, had knelt by the little stranger, and was trying her best to lift him in her arms. The soldier bent over, too; but Elena's eyes flashed fire at him.

"Get thee hence! get thee hence!" she cried. "My father will have thee killed. Thou art a dog—a cruel, heartless rat!"

No name seemed mean or small enough, and she paused. The ring of her own voice made her eyes brim over with tears, and turning again to the little Moor, she placed her hand upon his shoulder protectingly. By this time her father was at her side, and Doña Theresa began to remonstrate in shocked tones.

"Come, daughter," said the count, "the prisoner must go on now."

"But he is hurt," cried Elena, between her sobs. "He cannot go on. No, no, no! the soldier shall not have him. He is mine now."

"He was my prisoner, sire," said the soldier, sulkily. "I took him in the midst of the river. He was near the king, and will bring rich ransom."

"No, no; give him to me!" pleaded Elena, with all the passion of a child who is never refused.

The boy, at first too much confused to do anything but gaze gratefully at Elena, now grasped the situation, and crept toward the count like a small hunted animal.

The count was a tender-hearted man, after all, and besides, Elena's wishes were law with him.

"What ransom dost thou expect?" he said to the soldier.

"A hundred pistoles of gold," responded the man, with a greedy look.

"That is too much. Come to-morrow and I will give thee fifty."

The soldier walked away, knowing very well that he must accept the offer—which was a fair one.

"And now, daughter, what sayest thou?" continued the count. "The boy is thine."

"Oh, my good, good father!" And Elena jumped up to throw herself into the count's embrace. "Thou art the best father in the whole world."

She helped the boy to his feet, carefully guarding his poor wounded arm, and then guided him through the smiling throng. Like a little mother, she led him through the wide, cavern-like halls to her own garden, where she left him with the much-astonished Margian. Then she hurried back to the great hall, for she must go with the procession down to the church, where mass was to be said, and where the twenty-two banners taken from the Moors were to be consecrated.

The service over, the procession moved back to the castle. She ran eagerly through the corridors to her own garden. In the doorway she paused. Yes, there he was, stretched full length on a couch in the shady side of the court. He was dressed in the blue satin suit of a page, his arm was neatly bandaged in white, and his long black curls were brushed back from his forehead. Altogether he looked as fresh as a jasmine flower newly washed in dew. He had already made friends with "Carlos," the leopard, who crouched beside him, waving just the tip end of his tail in affectionate content. The boy had one caressing hand on the broad head of the leopard and was watching him curiously.

When suddenly he caught sight of Elena, and rose to greet her, there was a grown-up dignity about him that made Elena hang her head and wish to run away. The boy came to her, and, kneeling before her, said in hesitating Spanish: "May the light be blessed unto thee. For what thou hast done this day may Allah reward thee. All my life is thine." And he took her hand and kissed it solemnly.

All Elena's ladylike ways and pretty speeches deserted her at this moment, and she still hung her head. The doves that had been walking on the sunny pavement, talking together in low, comfortable cooings, now spied their small mistress, and, lifting their wings with a quick, breezy commotion, flew to her, alighting on her head, shoulders, and hands. She seemed to have wings herself, so many were fluttering about her.

"How likest thou my doves?" said Elena, finding her voice suddenly.

"They are as beautiful as the morning; but I like the leopard best."

"Hast thou seen his tricks?" asked Elena.





"HER FLOCK OF PET DOVES AND HER TAME LEOPARD."

Carlos, hearing himself mentioned, got up lazily and walked toward them, his spotted skin brightening in the sunlight, and his short mane bristling as he lifted his head.

"Come, Carlos," called Elena, sending the doves into the air with a quick toss of her hand, and running toward the far end of the court. Carlos followed with the quick, lithe step of a cat. As he caught up with her, Elena knelt on the pavement, and the leopard flew over her head in a long, graceful leap.

The boy was so delighted he could hardly wait his turn. Before many minutes the court rang with happy laughter, and a much overheated leopard was beginning to think himself in the frolic of his native jungle.

This was the beginning of long days of delight.

Elena's first thought every morning was, "Now I shall play with Reduan again."

It was all so new to Elena, this having a playmate, that she wanted to dance and sing continually. It sometimes happens that people are so rich as to be very poor indeed, and so it had been with Elena before Reduan appeared.

At first Reduan had to be still much of the time on account of his wounded arm, and Elena would sit in the corner and listen to the tales he told; and oh, the beautiful Arabic poetry that he knew, and the stories of dark-eyed princesses, lovely as the dawn, of old men

who read the stars like an open book, of powerful genii who could create fragrant gardens with a single wave of the hand! Even his ordinary talk was half poetry. His elder sister, Equivila, he said, was very beautiful, and wrote verses all of flowers and love. "But Gulnare is quiet and gentle; we call her the 'Nesting Dove'; and when she goes from the house the beauty departs from the walls and the fountain no longer gives forth music." It was thus his people in Granada spoke.

As his arm grew better he played countless games. He showed Elena how the garden could be transformed into a tourney-field; he was her knight, and fought imaginary foes for the glory of his lady, after which Elena crowned him with myrtle, and they sang songs together as a fit ending for the ceremony.

Once, at midday, they were lounging on a couch under a balcony, quite tired out with play. Margian dozed in her corner over her embroidery, and the children talked. Granada, as ever, was the theme—that city of fairy arches, deep groves, and palaces each large enough to house an army. Reduan's eyes were shining proudly.

"My father says that for beautiful Granada he would die a hundred times over. For Granada is dearer than the dearest of her sons."

"Who is thy father?"

"Muza Gazan, whom Granada loves. Some day he shall save her, for there is no fear in his heart, and he is so wise."

"And was he, too, taken?" asked Elena.

"By the holy prophet, no! Allah could not so forget his faithful. But once he was



"THE COURT RANG WITH REDUAN'S GAY LAUGH AS THE LEOPARD LEAPED OVER A STICK HE HELD HIGH IN AIR." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



almost gone. We were on the banks of the brook Mingozales. My father was on his horse in the stream, fighting with three foot-soldiers, and then I came near, and — then —" The boy's head bowed suddenly, and Elena saw a deep blush mount his cheek.

"I cannot tell thee more," he said, with a sob in his throat.

The next day Elena found him still sorrowful.

"Come and play," she said eagerly, pulling his hands.

"Fair Elena, I am not worthy to play with thee," answered the boy, with the solemn manner of his first greeting.

"Now, that is foolish," responded Elena. "My father says Muza Gazan is worthy to be with the greatest in Spain."

"Muza Gazan, yes, but not Muza Gazan's son. Nay, send me back to the soldier. It would have been better if he had killed me at first."

"Reduan, what ails thee to-day?" asked Elena, tenderly, trying to put her arms around him.

But he pushed her off, saying doggedly: "Then I must tell thee. After that thou canst send me away—send me away," he went on hurriedly.

"Dost remember what I said yesterday, but could not finish? My glorious father fought against three men in the stream. I saw my father surrounded by the enemy as if by rushing clouds, and I hastened back to him. I did fight for a while, and I trust I helped him; but when I saw that great soldier with eyes of greed—he came to me and struck at me terribly, and I cannot tell why, but quickly, before I knew, I screamed and—hid behind my father. Oh, my glorious father! How could I so drag thy name in the dust!" And with a bitter cry Reduan hid his head in the pillows of the couch.

Elena's heart was all one tender impulse to comfort him.

"Thou must not think of it in this fashion," she cried. "It was not thy fault, truly it was not. The soldier was so much bigger than thou. He was the coward, and not thou, my brave Reduan."

To the boy who had brooded over the deed

so long that it had grown to monstrous size these words seemed very good. But they made him cry, so he hid his head deeper in the cushions.

Elena knelt by the couch and pushed the cushions softly away.

"Tell me, Reduan. If thou sawest thy father in danger again, wouldst go to him?"

Reduan sat up. "For my glorious father I would die a thousand deaths," he said, with a gleam that made Elena thrill in every vein.

"Then," triumphantly, "thou art no coward at all."

"Yes," responded Reduan, bitterly; "but when shall I ever see my father again? I must stay here like a child. Oh, if I could go back and try, just once!"

"Thou shalt go back; I will send thee."

"That thou canst not; thy father will not let me go."

"But I will ask him."

"No matter. I am a prisoner of war; he will not consent." And Reduan's voice had a sad cadence in it that made Elena more determined than ever.

She sat for some moments in silence, her chin in her two hands; then suddenly she said: "To-morrow will be my birthday; we shall have a feast, and my father will bid me ask for anything I want, and I will ask for thy freedom, and he must give it because of the promise."

Reduan's face brightened. "Wilt thou do this indeed?" he cried. "Wilt thou?" clapping his hands.

Elena was as delighted as he over the scheme. They talked of it excitedly all the morning. Reduan burned with the desire to get back among the soldiers, go into battle with his father, and prove his bravery. Elena already saw him victorious, and heard his father's warm praises that he was sure to win. That afternoon they had a great romp with Carlos. How many tricks Reduan had taught him, to be sure, and how fond Carlos was of him! Some of his prettiest tricks he would do only at Reduan's command. The court rang with Reduan's gay laugh as the leopard leaped over a stick he held high in air.

"Let me try to do that," said Elena. "Come, Carlos; ready now"—and she stood

in front of the animal with the stick held out.

But Carlos turned with a contemptuous toss of the head, and walked leisurely over to Reduan, rubbing his back against the boy's knees.

Elena looked after him, and the corners of her mouth began to quiver.

"Shame on you, Carlos!" shouted Reduan, dragging him back. "Now, jump!"

But Carlos refused to stir, in spite of repeated commands.

Elena threw down the stick and walked away with a little choke in her throat.

"Oh, mind it not," said Reduan, coming after her. "I will make him do it, never fear."

"No; he won't jump for me," answered Elena, her eyes filling with tears.

"Oh, never mind," said Reduan again, putting his arm around her protectingly.

"You are in all the plays," said Elena, her sobs rising fast. "It is the same with the doves and the tourney and — and everything."

Reduan for the first time realized how Elena would have to stay all by herself after he was gone. He would have adventures, would see new scenes every day; but Elena must be in the lonesome old castle, with no one in the world to play with. He began to cry, too, at the thought of it.

"I wish I could stay with thee always, always," he said. "I would be thy knight, and nobody should ever hurt thee in the whole world. I would not let them."

He forgot he had called himself a coward only a few hours ago.

"Wilt thou be my knight?" asked Elena, beginning to brighten like an April afternoon.

"Yes, Star of the Morning"; and Reduan dropped on one knee with all the gallantry of a grown-up warrior.

Here Margian's voice was heard calling that it was time for the siesta. Elena hastily took the blue ribbon from her hair and tied it on his arm.

"Now thou art my truly, truly knight," she said, and then ran merrily away, her black, curly hair, freed from its bands, tossing as she went.

When Margian had left her in the half-darkened room, she lay on her bed thinking, think-

ing. She wondered if he would ever come back, and then fell to wishing he would not go. Well, he did not have to go, after all; she had suggested it herself. It seemed as if some wicked little spirit must have been hovering about to put the thought in her head, it came so suddenly. She would not let him go! She would not ask her father for his freedom. Why need she ask for a thing she did not wish at all? How foolish she had been! This was such an easy way out of it. Finally she fell asleep with a satisfied smile on her rosy mouth; but her good angel, who hung over her head, did not like the smile, and flew away with her beautiful head drooping sorrowfully.

The next morning the little garden was all decked with Elena's birthday presents. There was a cross of purest gold, a small missal, or book of prayer, copied by the hand of some monk in the monastery of Varatojo, a lute inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a girdle of silver carved with arabesques as delicate as a spider-web.

Reduan ran toward her as she came in.

"See them, see them!" he cried gleefully.

Elena could hardly wait to see each one. She wanted to look at them all at once. Presently Reduan said, rather wistfully: "I wish I had a gift for thee, thou hast given me so much."

"Oh, Reduan, do not speak of that!"

"Then my thoughts will keep it all the more."

Elena felt strangely uncomfortable, and began to pick the strings of her lute, which lay on the couch. She almost wished he would not look so happy. Could it be he was thinking all the time about going away?

Reduan came and sat beside her. He took out a talisman that hung about his neck. It was a little golden hand, and he believed it held sorrow and joy in its fingers.

"Let me give thee this," he said. "I would not give it to anybody else in the world."

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Elena, drawing back as if afraid of it.

"Art thou angry with me, Star of the Morning?" asked Reduan, wonderingly.

"Oh, don't give it to me!" was all Elena could say, as she ran over to the fountain



and held her fingers under one of the small streams.

The morning passed rather stupidly, in spite of the added birthday treasure. Elena made a thousand decisions. Now a joyous look or

gian had dressed Elena in a stiff gown of brocade that reached to her dainty toes; her long black hair fell loosely, bound only by a chain of pearls that shone against it like clear drops of dew against dark, velvety shadows. On the



"‘RISE, O KNIGHT!’ SAID ELENA, IN A CLEAR VOICE.” (SEE PAGE 122.)

word from Reduan would remind her of her promise, and she would say to herself, “I must let him go”; and yet, no, he should not go — she was quite determined. This she repeated to herself many times. By sunset her mind was fully made up. She would ask her father for a pony, and Reduan could ride upon it.

At last the hour of the banquet arrived. Mar-

back of her head she wore a tiny beaded cap, too small to hide her ears or the curls against her forehead. The banquet-hall was as gay as she. Torches were set along the walls, and flickered merrily on the polished shields and spears that hung above and between them. Boughs from the evergreen oak decorated the doors, and wreaths of orange and myrtle gave a sweet,

unaccustomed odor to the place. High over the heads of the guests was draped a splendid banner, in whose folds one caught glimpses of the goat of Cabra. Beside her father, and somewhat above the others, stood Elena, her big eyes shining with delight. She bowed graciously to the people.

"You are welcome," she said, so everybody could hear. "May the joy of my birthday be your joy, as my heart is yours."

Then she looked up at her father, for he had told her what to say. The pages advanced, some holding the dishes high above their heads, others carrying goblets of wine, which they presented with pretty grace; for, boys as they were, the pages had learned among the ladies of the castle to be gentle and dignified in bearing.

Suddenly Elena was conscious that a page was kneeling beside her, offering a great golden goblet of wine.

"Fair Elena," he said, "one who will one day be thy knight serveth thee humbly now as page. Thou didst take him from the hand of death to place him in the light of thy smiling, and now thou bestowest freedom, which meaneth his country and his king. Thou hast given him all, and in return he giveth that he hath — his service forever."

The speech was full of Moorish extravagance, but the voice was clear and earnest, and the large dark eyes rested on her reverently.

What if he should look into her soul and see how wicked it was? She longed to hide her face. She wondered how the blessed Virgin and the saints happened to let her live and sit at the feast with the others, and she wished — how she wished! — to run out of the hall, out of the castle — anywhere!

"Will the fair Elena take the cup, or shall the page with his pretty speeches wait all the night?" she heard her father saying.

"Oh, yes," she answered faintly, taking the goblet in her two hands. "I thank thee, my page."

Reduan rose from his knees and carried the silver waiter back to the other end of the hall. There was joy in his very step and the wave of his blue-black curls. He wore her blue token on his arm. Elena watched him breathlessly; every gesture he made seemed to rebuke her. Oh, if she had only been good!

Reduan soon came back and stood behind her chair. Her cheeks grew hot, and she could not eat. She thought all the time of Reduan's joy, and how she had betrayed it. The tears came to her eyes. What if her father should refuse to grant her wish? Oh, if he should forget to ask her!

At length the feast was over, and her father stood up and addressed the people.

"This is a very glad day to me," he said. "I would like to show you all what a glad day it is, and I want my little daughter to be glad most of all. So, Elena," turning to her, "tell thy father what will make thee most happy this day, and it shall be thine."

Elena could not rise fast enough. "My father," she began tremblingly, "thou rememberest the boy thou gavest me from the prisoners. He is a prince, thou hast told me, and he cannot stay. He must fight for his king. He — I want his freedom. Oh, father, give me his freedom, so he can be a brave soldier!"

Forgetting all her dignity, she threw her arms around her father in tearful entreaty. Reduan, meanwhile, was too anxious to look up.

"This is a strange request, daughter," answered the count, frowning. "There is no wisdom in giving a soldier back to the strength of the enemy."

"Oh, but, father, please!" pleaded Elena.

"My child, this is not what thou wishest. Ask for something for thyself."

"Nay, father; this is what I wish. I do, I do!" And as she spoke Elena gave him a kiss that was hard to resist.

The count was puzzled. It was awkward indeed to offer a free gift before the guests and then fail to redeem his word; but who would have thought that the little mischief would ask for such an impossible thing?

"No, Elena," he said at last; "this is not truly a gift; this is an affair of war for men and soldiers to think of, not for little girls. Be reasonable. I will find thee a beautiful Arabian steed with trappings of silk and silver."

Elena was too disappointed even to cry. Reduan crept behind her chair with a sob, but she stood for a moment quite still. All day she had invented excuses to keep Reduan with her. Now, if she only could find an excuse to



set him free! She would not give up yet — no, no, no! But what should she say?

"I do not want the horse," she answered at length, very quietly.

"Elena," began her father, reprovingly. But Elena's face suddenly brightened, and she said, with a wise look in her eyes: "Father, what did the king and queen with the Moorish king after thou hadst made him prisoner?"

"They gave him back again to his city of Granada," was the puzzled answer.

"Who wished it most of all?" she asked again.

"Our generous queen," responded the count, warmly.

"Then if our good Queen Isabella were here instead of me, she would say, 'Go, Reduan; thou art free.'"

The count laughed heartily, and drew the little girl toward him, kissing her proudly on the forehead.

"My little queen," he said, "thou hast thy wish."

"Brave Elena!" shouted all the people at once, and Elena's heart seemed to be dancing in her bosom as light as a feather. Never had she been so proud, so happy.

"We will not leave our gift half-way," went on the count. "To-night a courier goes to Alcalá la Real. I shall give him orders to see the boy safely over the frontier."

Reduan was disappointed. It seemed much better to go alone and to fight his way. But Elena was delighted.

"And what gifts wilt thou bestow upon thy prisoner, little queen?" asked the count. "He must not go empty-handed."

Elena's eyes shone. "Oh, father, give him a horse, a fine horse for battle, and a cuirass and a sword."

"Brava, brava!" shouted the guests again, while Reduan stood blushing with surprise and gratitude.

The sword and cuirass were brought. Never, it seemed to Reduan, had armor shone so brightly. The other boys looked on with envy, for a page was not allowed to wear armor,—that was for the knights alone,—and Reduan received it only as a compliment. He stood up like a soldier while Elena buckled on the cuirass; then he knelt while she playfully struck him on the shoulder with the sword. This was the sign of knighthood, which, if it had been bestowed by the count, would have made him a real knight.

"Rise, O knight!" said Elena, in a clear voice.

"And now," said the count, "the courier is waiting, so go thou to him; thy horse will be ready."

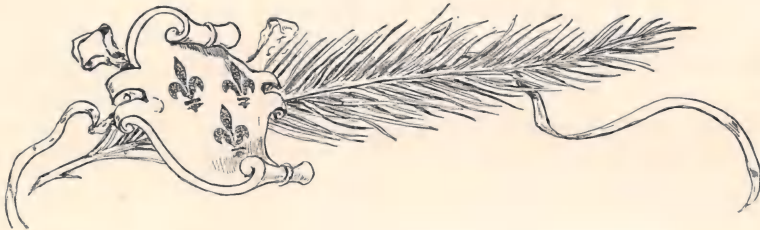
"Good-by, Elena," said Reduan, his face growing beautiful as he spoke. "Thou hast been so good to me always, always."

This time the words made her glad. "Reduan," she responded, her voice very low, "wilt thou give me the talisman now? I — I could not take it this morning."

Reduan slipped the ribbon from his neck with a gesture as if to say, "Take my two eyes if thou wilt," and placed it around Elena's neck. "May it defend thee from all ill," he said; "this will be my talisman now." And he pointed to the blue ribbon on his arm. "I am thy knight. Good-by."

He was wondering how so little a girl, and a Spanish one at that, could be more beautiful than Equivila and more lovable than Gulnare.

Before Elena could answer, he was at the great arched doorway of the hall, his polished cuirass glimmering against the darkness beyond, and his clear, pale face seeming gentler than ever before. Doña Theresa, usually so stern, was weeping, and all the guests were silent for a moment. Then, rising from their seats, they held their goblets high in the air, crying: "Bravo, Sir Saracen! Long live Elena! Brava, brava!"



## THREE WISHES IN ARCADY AND A BOY OF TO-DAY.

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THREE little goatherds sat one day  
Upon a hill of Arcady.  
"Now, who can wish the strangest wish?"  
Cried Alexander. "Let us try."

"I wish," cried shivering Pylades,  
"That I could rub a magic stick  
Upon a stone and fire would come—  
A blazing fire to warm us quick."

"Ho, ho!" the others, teasing, cried.  
"No such a thing will e'er be known.  
Fire must be carried in live coals,  
Or made by striking stone on stone."

"A fire-stick would burn your cloak;  
The very thought is too absurd!"  
Then Pylades sunk back abashed,  
And Alexander took the word.

"I wish," he said, "that I could have  
A time-piece to take everywhere;  
A dial that would tell the hours  
On cloudy days as well as fair."

"Ho, ho!" cried all the boys again.  
"To tell the time without the sun!"

A foolish wish!" And then they turned  
To Orpheus, the youngest one.

"I wish," the little dreamer cried—  
"I 'd like a magic skin, so when  
I spread it here upon the ground  
Old Homer would come back again,

"And tell us stories as he used."  
A look of awe came in each face.  
"Homer is dead," they softly said;  
"No wish can bring him to this place."

"His tales are told, his songs are sung;  
We'll never, never hear them more."  
Then evening shadows touched the hills;  
They passed, driving their goats before.

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I know a boy whose name is Jim.  
He never was in Arcady;  
But safely in his pockets all  
The marvels that they wished for lie.

A box of matches and a watch  
He carries in his corduroys;  
A book of Homer, leather-bound:  
But still he wishes—such are boys!  
*Bertha E. Bush.*

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## FIRELIGHT.

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WHEN the north wind and the rain  
Batter at the window-pane,  
And the shadows leap and fall  
Down the pattern on the wall,

In the firelight as I sit,  
Stories gather, bit by bit,  
And I see the castles grow  
And the long processions go—

Kings and armies, red and white,  
Marching in the golden light;  
Fairy knights in fairy mail—  
I can see a fairy-tale.

And when I am put to bed,  
Still within my sleepy head,  
Still the castles change and grow,  
Still the long processions go.

*Eric Parker.*





BY EVERETT McNEIL.

**T**HE home of the King of the Golden Woods was in a snow-white palace of polished marble, crowned by a central dome of burnished gold incrustured with diamonds and rubies, and more beautiful than pen can tell. Around this palace rose a mighty wall of smooth black marble, forty feet thick and one hundred feet high. On top of this wall, at regular intervals, fifty great armed giants kept watch and ward, and each giant had two eyes, one in the center of the forehead and one in the back of the head, as all good sentinels should have. At the four points of the compass four strong gates of bronze guarded the only openings through the wall. Around the wall, for seven leagues in every direction, grew the golden forest of the king, a marvelous wood wherein every tree and shrub was pure gold, from its topmost leaf to its bottommost root. In all the world there was not another forest like to this great wood of gold, and because of it the king was called the King of the Golden Woods.

Through the forest ran four roads to the four gates of the great wall surrounding the king's palace, and at the beginning of each road stood a huge marble block, cut deep with letters which read:

I, the King of the Golden Woods, have a daughter, whom I love, but no son. Therefore, before I die I would see my daughter happily wed to a man fit to be king over her heart and ruler over the Golden Woods. This road leads, through the Golden Woods, to the gate in the great wall surrounding the king's palace; and I, the king, invite all who would do their endeavor to win this priceless guerdon, a king's daughter and a king's throne, to journey hitherward. Let no one in whose heart dwells evil, or vaunting ambition, or cruel hardness, or sordid greediness, or boasting cowardice, attempt the journey; for I, the king, have beset the road with manifold and deadly perils to all who have evil in their hearts or lives.

For three years had these marble blocks stood at the head of the four roads; yet the daughter of the King of the Golden Woods remained unwed. Not because there had been wanting men to attempt the journey through the woods of gold, for then, as now, men loved gold and beauty and power, and were ready to peril limb and life for their winning; but of all the hundreds who had ventured on the quest, and had bravely entered the golden forest, not one, prince or knight or peasant, had ever returned. Men thought of the horror of this, and the ardor of their hearts grew cold, and none longer cared to venture beneath the somber shadows of the trees of gold, not even to wed a king's daughter and to sit on a king's throne. The grass grew long on the roadways, and the moss began to creep over the white of the marble blocks.

Then came to the north road four brothers, sons of a powerful king whose kingdom was a year's journey from the realm of the King of the Golden Woods, and with the four brothers rode their page, Yosuff. It had taken one year for the strange proclamation of the King of the Golden Woods to reach the ears of the four brothers; another year had gone ere they had won their father's consent to depart on a quest so distant and so uncertain; and the third year had been passed in making the journey.

Prince Odolph, the eldest of the four brothers, spurred his horse to the side of the huge block of marble, and, leaning forward, read aloud what was written thereon. Then the four brothers looked long and earnestly at the great wood of gold, sparkling in the bright light of the morning. Not a sound, not a movement, came from within its yellow depths, and its shadows hung darkly above the ground.

"I go forward," said Prince Odolph, "without fear, ready to peril all for the winning of so great a prize"; and seating himself firmly in the saddle, he dropped his vizor, gripped his spear-shaft strongly, and rode down the highway leading into the great wood of gold.

"I follow my brother, ready to share his peril, to fight for his safety, and, if it be God's

will that he should perish, to continue the quest to the end, fearing death less than defeat," said Prince Ormand, the second of the four brothers, riding close after Prince Odolph.

"I go forward until all of us be dead, or one of us a king. Ride on!" called Prince Armad, the third of the four brothers, touching spurs to his horse, and riding up close to the side of Prince Ormand.

"And I ride forth blithely to win a bride and a throne, or a grave," cried Prince Ized, the youngest of the brothers; and, like a happy school-boy, tossing high his lance into the air and catching it, he dug the spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped after his brothers.

Then said Yosuff the page: "For love of the brothers ride I into these weird woods, ready to face whatever comes, and caring not for death, so be it I can die like a man, leaving my honor bright and my sword clean."

No sound came to the ears of the five men as they entered the great woods, save the footfalls of their horses' hoofs and their own deep breathings. Above their heads the golden branches hung silent and motionless. Not a leaf trembled. Around them, like the pillars of a mighty temple, towered the great trunks of gold, and on the ground the grass grew green. Soon the grandeur and the beauty of the scene began to work upon their souls. Their eyes sparkled and their faces flushed. Wealth, boundless wealth, was here—was theirs for the taking! There were no eyes to see, and the gold was everywhere, cumbering the earth with its massive weight.

Suddenly Prince Ized gave a shout, and drawing his sharp sword from its scabbard, cried aloud: "I vow I will have this wondrous branch in spite of all the demons of this marvelous woods!" And as he cried, he swung his sword and cut from a great tree a branch of gold.

At the stroke of the sword a shudder shook the mighty woods, the huge trunks began to sway and to shake until the earth trembled, and the branches lashed the air furiously, as if under the whip of a hurricane; yet there was not a breath of air stirring. Then, with a low, moaning sound, the giant trees began to move bodily through the ground, and swiftly, one



by one, to come between Prince Ized and his brothers, until a solid wall of golden trunks surrounded him and held him prisoner.

A great whistling wind blew coldly through the woods, and the trees slowly returned to their places; but Prince Ized had vanished.

The three brothers watched this awesome sight, sitting white and still in their saddles,

numb with the terror of it; but Yosuff the page dug his spurs deep into his horse's sides and sprang to the rescue, only to dash vainly against the solid trunks of the intercepting trees.

When the moaning sound grew still, and the great trees again stood motionless, the three brothers continued their journey in silence,



"LIKE A HAPPY SCHOOL-BOY, TOSSING HIGH HIS LANCE INTO THE AIR."



"PRINCE ARMAD BEAT THE MISSHAPEN BEING FROM HIS STIRRUP'S SIDE."

riding close together, and shuddering whenever a branch of gold chanced to touch the white plumes of their helmets.

For a league farther they rode thus, and then they came to a mighty river, rolling swiftly between rocky banks, its surface a fierce turmoil of foaming water and whirling cakes of ice. On the bank of the river sat four hideous dwarfs, their bodies having no covering except a fur of coarse red hair. The instant their eyes caught sight of the four men, they jumped to their feet and shouted: "Haste! Haste! The wolves! The wolves!" Then each dwarf ran swiftly to a horseman's side, and begged to be taken up behind and carried across the river, where the wolves could not go.

The men heard the sound of many feet coming from behind, and, turning quickly, saw hundreds of great yellow wolves leaping fiercely toward them.

Prince Odolph and Prince Ormand and Yosuff the page each paused to swing a dwarf upon the horse behind him; but Prince Armad beat the misshapen being from his stirrup's side with the shaft of his long lance, and, all heedless of his piteous cries, dashed away toward the river.

When Yosuff the page saw that the dwarf must perish unless helped, he quickly drew rein. "Come," said he, "I am light and my horse is strong. He can carry three. The wolves shall not eat you"; and he swung the dwarf up in front of himself.





"THE TWO BROTHERS GRIPPED THEIR LANCES AND CHARGED EACH AT THE OTHER."

Then a strange thing happened.

Prince Armad, not having been delayed by the dwarfs, nor his horse cumbered with the weight of one, reached the river first, and dashed into the water. Instantly, like a thing of life, the river leaped upon him, and man and horse vanished in a mighty rush of whirling ice and foam, down the course of the stream.

The three men drew rein, white with wonder and horror; for on the instant of the disappearance of Prince Armad, the swift river sank into the ground, the dwarfs slipped from off the horses' backs and ran into the woods, and the wolves vanished like a thick yellow mist.

"Great must be the prize guarded thus fearfully," said Prince Odolph. "Come, brother,

let us go forward and meet the end quickly"; and the two brothers, followed by Yosuff the page, rode swiftly on underneath the trees of gold.

Presently they came to a high hill, and when they had reached the top of the hill, they saw, in a beautiful valley surrounded by the high wall of black marble, the marvelous palace of the King of the Golden Woods. The great dome of burnished gold, with its glittering jewels, the grand palace of white marble, and the mighty surrounding woods of solid gold, all lay beneath their eyes. At this wondrous sight their bosoms swelled. To be lord of all these riches, King of the Golden Woods! What would not man do for splendors such as these?



Long the two brothers looked at the glittering dome of the palace and the surrounding woods of gold; and evil thoughts began to gather in their hearts, and each glanced darkly at the other.

"Brother," said Prince Odolph, roughly, "I am the elder. I will ride to the palace of the king alone. Remain thou here."

"Not so," answered Prince Ormand, shortly. "In this quest all are equal. I go to the king's palace or I die."

"Then die!" cried Prince Odolph, fiercely. "Two cannot win this prize. One of us must perish, and it were better that he should perish here." And the two brothers gripped their lances and charged each at the other. They met with a great crash, and the lances were shattered to the hands, but neither man was unhorsed. Then they drew their swords; but before either could strike a blow, with a roar as of the rushing together of many winds, a great whirling black smoke fell upon the two brothers and bore them swiftly away.

Yosuff the page sat on his horse alone. His heart was heavy, for he had loved the four brothers.

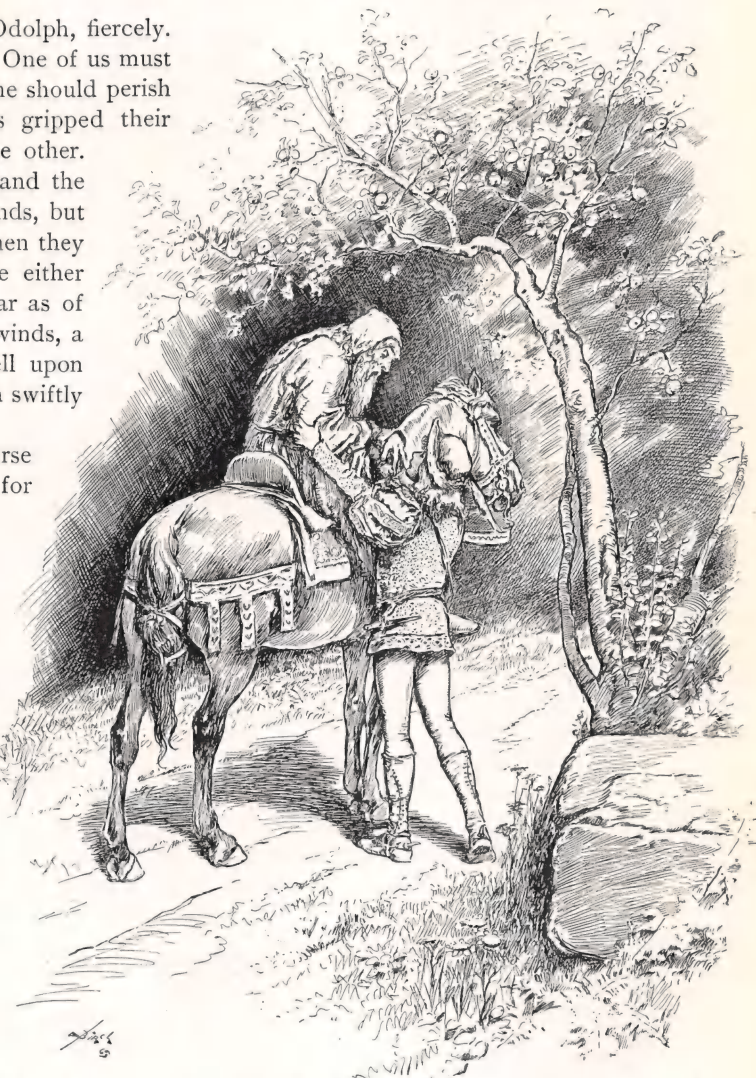
"Now I will go to their father the king," he said; and bowing his head, he rode sadly down the hill.

When he came to the foot of the hill he found an old man lying by the roadside, moaning with the agony of a broken leg. Yosuff dismounted and helped the sufferer upon the back of his horse.

"To the palace," moaned the old man. "There is no help nearer."

"I will then bear you to the palace," answered Yosuff, thinking only of saving the old man's life. And mounting, and holding the old man in his arms so as to ease his pain, he rode to the gate in the great wall around the palace.

The instant he stopped before the gate, the giant sentinel on the top of the wall called with a loud voice, "Ho, the king has come!" and "Ho, the king has come!" repeated all the other giants, all around the wall. The great gate of bronze swung wide open, and there, ready to receive Yosuff the page, was the King of the Golden Woods and all his magnificent court; and back of the king, surrounded by a guard of men-at-arms, stood the



"YOSUFF DISMOUNTED AND HELPED THE SUFFERER UPON THE BACK OF HIS HORSE."

four brothers in the midst of a great number of other men who had been unsuccessful.



"I crave thy mercy, O King, for this old man, who has received a grievous hurt," said Yosuff, quickly dismounting and bowing low at the feet of the king; "and I beg that he may be given into the hands of thy physicians. As for myself, with thy permission, I will return to the land whence I came, for unhappily hath our enterprise ended for those for whose sake I journeyed hither."

But the king, bending forward, lifted Yosuff to his feet and said: "Arise! Henceforth thou art my son, and the heir to my kingdom; for thou hast proven thyself brave and noble-hearted, even as a king should be. But,"

said the king, pointing to the four brothers and the long row of stately men who stood waiting with bowed heads, "these men, who came hither seeking a great prize, and failed of the winning of it because of the evil in their hearts, shall be thy servants, and learn the worth of true nobility in thy service."

Then the king threw a chain of gold around the neck of the youth, and a purple robe over his shoulders, and led him amid great rejoicings into his palace.

Thus it came about that Yosuff the page, who entered the Golden Woods with a pure and kind heart, and seeking nothing, won all.

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## THE ANTIPODES.

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By E. P.

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HERE all the world is winter-time,  
And gusty breezes blow  
On violets that sleep beneath  
A counterpane of snow.

The sparrows huddle in the rain  
Or hardly try to sing,  
But go to bed at five instead  
To dream about the spring.

And yet, in the antipodes,—  
A word I learned last week,  
With several other pleasant terms  
(They tell me that it 's Greek),—

In Sydney and Van Diemen's Land,  
December days are bright,  
And while we mourn a winter day  
They sing a summer night.

'T is winter here, 't is summer there;  
Likewise in every town  
They justify the weather chart  
By walking upside down.

Now, I should like, when summer 's gone  
And winter brings the rain,  
To turn the world the wrong way round  
And find the spring again!

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## CHICKADEES.

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By EDITH M. THOMAS.

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BLACKCAP, madcap!  
Never tired of play,  
What 's the news to-day?  
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!  
Winter 's coming up this way;  
And the winter comes to stay!"

Blackcap, madcap!  
Whither will you go,  
Now the storm-winds blow?  
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!  
In the pine-boughs, thick and low,  
There is shelter from the snow!"

Blackcap, madcap!  
In the snow and sleet,  
What have you to eat?  
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!  
Seeds and berries are a treat,  
When the frost has made them sweet!"

Blackcap, madcap!  
Other birds have flown  
To a sunnier zone!  
"Faint-heart, faint-heart!  
When they 're gone, we blackcaps own  
Our white playground all alone!"



"BLACKCAP, MADCAP! NEVER TIRED OF PLAY."



## THE DOLL THAT SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT.

(A Christmas Story.)

BY KATHARINE CARRINGTON.

ON the stoop of a city house stood a little girl. Her thoughts were filled with Santa Claus, and the wonderful things he would bring her.

But Maude was thinking more of Santa Claus himself than of his gifts, and a determination to see the dear old man who loved children so, and who had been so kind to her, filled her little head. And in its wake came the determination to see him that very night. "For," thought Maude, "so kind an old gentleman will not really be displeased with me for wanting to thank him for the toys he has brought." And she smiled to think how astonished papa would be in the morning when she told him what Santa Claus had said.

So she went into the library, where papa sat smoking, and waiting to bid his little girl good night. Together they hung the Christmas stocking, and the little heart beat fast as she pictured Santa Claus standing where her father stood, on the hearth-rug just opposite the great window.

She went to bed dreaming of the coming interview, and meaning to lie awake until Santa Claus came; but soon the waking dreams became real ones, and Maude slept in her cozy little bed.

In another quarter of the great city, a squalid quarter where Maude had never been, lived a ragged, hungry little girl, who had never heard of Santa Claus until to-day. Her home was a basement room, scantily furnished, and unheated; but as she stood on the step, cold, hunger, everything was forgotten in the rapture that had been imparted to her by a dirty little urchin, as cold and hungry as herself. For Maggie had listened with bated breath while he told her about a wonderful

old man named Santa Claus, who had lived for hundreds of years, and who loved children so that he had a mysterious workshop where he made beautiful toys for them. And Bob had told her that this very night Santa Claus would harness his reindeer to his sleigh, and would ride through the snow to the city, bringing something to every child. "Even to us, Maggie; to you and to me! Only you must hang up yer stockin', or he won't know as you wants anythink, and then he won't stop."

And Maggie was in raptures. Perhaps he would bring her a doll! And head and heart were so full of the pictured dolly that she did not see her tired father, who had been all day unsuccessfully seeking work.

He spoke to her, and she started, and remembered how cold it was, and that there was almost nothing to eat in the house, and she went quickly and helped prepare the scanty meal, and when he had sat down to it she told him. The great news could be kept no longer. And when he looked at her so sadly, she was too absorbed in thoughts of Santa Claus to notice it. She sat on the old, broken-down stool, and pictured to herself a doll.

"And *there* is where she will stand!" she said; "and she will have golding curls, and a red gownd with a long trail, like the one I seen in the shop, and a big hat with a white feather sweepin' round it, and lace on her gownd, and a string of gold beads on her neck, and red shoes and stockin's. And oh, when I wakes in the morning, *there* she will stand! And I will call her Evangerliner, and it will be grand—just grand!" and Maggie clapped her blue little hands and danced for joy.

Her father sat very still, and she went on with her talk: "And I must take off my stockin' and hang it up by a pin to the wall, or he will

think I don't want anythink. That foot will be dretful cold to-night, but I ain't got no other stockin's, and I can stand it for just one night."

And off came the ragged stocking, and Maggie pinned it up against the wall, where it would greet her opening eyes; then, running quickly to her bed, pulled the thin quilt over her, and shut her eyes tight, that morning might come the sooner.

He drew near and looked in, and something seemed to grip his throat, for there, directly facing him in the glare of the firelight, among a multitude of books and toys, stood the doll of Maggie's imagination—"red gownd, sweepin' feather, gold necklace," and all, just as Maggie had pictured her!

Maude opened her bright eyes and sat up in bed to listen. Yes! There was certainly a



"MAGGIE'S FATHER SAT VERY STILL, AND SHE WENT ON WITH HER TALK."

The man sat for a time with his head in his hands, the great tears falling between his fingers, and when he raised his head his eyes were hard. Taking his hat, he walked out of the house. He went directly to the rich quarter of the city. As he tramped along, his attention was arrested by the soft glow of firelight shining through an unshaded window.

noise in the library. Santa Claus had come! So, with beating heart, she slipped out of bed very quietly, and crept down the stairway, and, opening the door of the library, tripped softly in. Yes, there he was! Books and toys were grouped about the hearth, and he was bending over a big doll in a long red frock.

"Oh, Mr. Santa Claus," she said, "I want





"'WHY!' CRIED MAUDE, 'ARE YOU SANTA CLAUS? I DID N'T KNOW SANTA CLAUS LOOKED LIKE THAT!'"

to thank you for all the pretty things you have brought me; and please do not be angry with me, dear Mr. Santa Claus, because I love you so!"

The figure holding the doll stood erect and wheeled about.

"Why!" cried Maude, "are you Santa

Claus? I did n't know Santa Claus looked like that! I thought he was fat and rosy and jolly; and you are thin and poor-looking, and your eyes—your eyes frighten me! Oh, if you please, Santa Claus, don't be angry! I am very sorry, and I did n't know you would mind what I said. I did n't think!"

The color came into the man's face, and he said in a low, shamed voice: "I ain't angry, little girl; only I was just thinkin' of takin' this 'ere doll to another little girl as ain't got no doll. But I won't, if you 'll just be quiet and not call anybody."

"No," said Maude; "I won't call my father, because I know you don't like people to see you. That doll is just lovely, but you may have it, if you will give it to that little girl who has no doll, for I have a great many, you know. And are you going now, and may I see you go, and will you go up the chimney? I never supposed Santa Claus *could* look like you, or that he would talk like you, either. I think I am sorry I saw you," and tears came into the earnest eyes, "because I loved you so much before. But I will try to like you, Santa Claus, because you are so good."

The man's face grew red again as the child spoke, and he hesitated; but his eyes fell on the dainty stocking crammed with Christmas goodies, and he thought of that other stocking, hanging thin and empty opposite Maggie's bed, and he walked with the doll in his arms toward the window.

"Oh," cried Maude, "are you going—and out of the window? I thought you would go up the chimney! I thought Santa Claus *always* went up the chimney!" and Maude was ready to cry again.

But the man was gone. He had climbed out of the window, and was lost in the darkness without.

Feeling queer and frightened, Maude turned without a glance at the toys scattered over the

carpet, and crept back to bed, where she sobbed herself to sleep.

The next morning Mr. Page was much disturbed by the open window and the missing doll, as well as by Maude's listlessness over her gifts; for Maude could not bear to tell even papa what a dreadful man Santa Claus was, and she hugged her grief in silence. But soon all was made clear. The butler announced a man to see Mr. Page, and when he entered, Maude, who sat on her father's knee, sprang up, exclaiming, "Why, it 's Santa Claus!"

"No, miss," said the man, at once; "I ain't Santa Claus."

And then, speaking rapidly, he told Mr. Page the whole story of Maggie's happy expectancy, and her empty stocking; of the open window, and the doll like the one of Maggie's fancy; how Maude's trust had shamed him; "For," he said, "I ain't no thief—leastways, not ever before"; how the thought of the empty stocking had turned the scale; and of Maggie's rapture when the doll greeted her opening eyes; and he wound up by begging Mr. Page to punish him in any way he chose, but not to take her one treasure from innocent Maggie.

And Mr. Page's eyes filled with tears as he looked at his own little daughter, and thought of the other child in the bare tenement with her one treasure.

To the man he gave work, that he might repay by honest labor the price of the doll; and to this day the crowning glory of Maggie's life is "the doll that Santa Claus brought."







BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

SEVERAL years ago Elbridge S. Brooks began a series of books for young Americans by taking a party of bright and inquisitive boys and girls through the different departments of the government at Washington and letting them see for themselves how the republic is governed. The result of their investigations, published under the title "The Century Book for Young Americans," proved acceptable to other young Americans, and later Mr. Brooks carried the same party, first to the homes of famous Americans and next to all the battle-fields of the American Revolution, from Lexington to Yorktown. He has now taken his young friends on a fourth trip, to the homes of colonization in America, under the title "The Century Book of the American Colonies." Before appearing in book form, the editors of *St. Nicholas* have selected, to show to their readers, a few episodes in this record of colonial travel.

This tour "through the colonies" grew out of a discussion at St. Augustine over the rela-

tive claims of Spain and England as colonizers of America. In pursuance of a plan of personal investigation, "Uncle Tom Dunlap," the instigator and conductor of the personally conducted tours, first carries the young people through the Spanish and French colonies of Florida and Louisiana, and then, coming up the coast, leads them to the spot where, so it is claimed, English colonization actually began—the island of Roanoke, off the coast of North Carolina.

The colonial investigators comprised, as in the other pilgrimages, Uncle Tom Dunlap, a genial and well-informed American gentleman; his nephew, "Jack Dunlap" of New York, an up-to-date but warm-hearted American boy; and his niece, "Marian Dunlap," with "Christine Bacon," her best friend, who were the girls of the party. With them were a cousin, "Bert Upham," student and born investigator, and the "mutual" friend, "Roger Densmore" of Boston, the boy from the "Hub."

## THE LOST COLONY.

THE driver reined in his horses at the foot of a little hill near the road, and pointed out a clump of trees amid the sand-dunes. Half hidden in the green of the foliage the boys and girls caught the light gleam of a stone memorial.

"What is it?" they asked.

"Old Fort Raleigh, and the monument," the driver replied.

"Do you remember that we decided at Greensborough on our last historic pilgrimage," Uncle Tom reminded them, as they walked up the slope, "that at Guilford Court House was the best preserved and best kept Revolutionary battle-ground in America? And here, as you see, almost on the confines of civilization, we find a memorial of colonial endeavor. Both of these, pray remember, my energetic young compatriots, are due to the enterprise and public spirit of North Carolinians."

"Three cheers for the Old North State!" cried Jack. "What does it say on the monument, Bert? Read it out, old fellow."

They stood before the six-foot monument, or tablet, set up beneath the oaks and sycamores of that out-of-the-way but historic spot, to which they had come by steamer from Elizabeth City.

Then Bert, to whom the office of inscription-reading had been given by mutual consent, read aloud the inscription, which, surmounted by a Greek cross, tells the story of old Fort Raleigh and Roanoke Island.

And this is what he read:

On this site in July-August, 1585 (O. S.), colonists sent out from England by Sir Walter Raleigh built a fort, called by them THE NEW FORT IN VIRGINIA. These colonists were the First Settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in June, 1586, with Sir Francis Drake. Near this place was born on the 18th of August, 1587, Virginia Dare, the First Child of English Parents born in America, daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587. On Sunday, August 20th, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday preceding. These baptisms are the First known celebrations of a Christian sacrament in the territory of the thirteen original United States. Erected 1896.

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"Why, I thought—" he began; but Jack cut him short.

"Just so, my son," said the New York boy; "you thought, of course, that Plymouth Rock was the first and only pebble on the colonial beach. But," waving his hand toward the tablet, "you see, you see! Between you and me and the lamp-post, though, Roger," he added in semi-confidence, "I thought so, too."

"But Plymouth stands to-day," persisted the boy from Boston, "and this—this—"

"This," Uncle Tom remarked, filling in Roger's uncompleted sentence, "is the 'Lost Colony.'"

"But how was it lost?" queried Christine, "and what became of it?"

Thereupon Uncle Tom told the story of Raleigh's dreams and schemes. He told of Queen Elizabeth's interest, of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's sad fate, and of Sir Richard Grenville's perils and adventures, until the boys and girls declared it to be almost like living with the delightful people of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

"The Captains Amidas and Barlow," said Uncle Tom, "the two agents sent out by Raleigh to select a place for English colonization, landed somewhere on this coast in the middle of 1584, and, rowing in a boat around this island, found somewhere hereabout, perhaps on this very spot, an Indian village, where they were hospitably entertained, but from which they kidnapped, when they left for home in the fall, two sample Indians, Manteo and Wanchese."

"Why! those are the names of the two places we first went to on the island," said Marian, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; the steamboat-landing and the county town on this sea-girt island of Roanoke preserve in their names the memory of the first victims of English aggression in America," Uncle Tom explained.

"Pleasant way of doing things our old forefathers had," remarked Jack.

"Was n't it dreadful!" exclaimed Christine. "Did the Indians like it, Uncle Tom?"

"These two red men," said Uncle Tom, "lived to return to Roanoke,—'Ohanoak,' they



called it,—and here they remained the friend and foe of the white man.”

“Which was which?” queried Marian.

“Wanchese was ever the unrelenting foe, Manteo the steadfast friend,” Uncle Tom responded. “Wanchese, undoubtedly, had a hand in the final tragedy of Roanoke.”

“But what was the final tragedy of Roanoke?” demanded Roger.

“I’m coming to it,” answered Uncle Tom, “for here on these sand-dunes it occurred. Amidas and Barlow’s report led Sir Walter Raleigh, then high in the favor of Queen Elizabeth, and hating Spain as ardently as did she, to ‘put a spoke in Spain’s wheel’ by colonizing these coasts, to which he gave the name Virginia, in honor of England’s virgin queen.”

“But Raleigh did n’t come here, did he?” suggested Bert.

“No, Bert, he did n’t,” answered his uncle. “Queen Elizabeth, as the records tell us, would not permit him to risk his life oversea. But in April, 1585, he sent a colony of ‘one hundred householders,’ in seven ships, under command of Sir Richard Grenville.”

“Amyas Leigh’s friend,” said Marian, who “just loved” Kingsley’s great novel.

Her uncle nodded.

“A gallant gentleman and a great captain, my dear,” he replied. “He sailed up the sound to this part of the island, and, landing here in July, 1585, left a colony and a governor, and returned to England for more colonists and supplies. At once this fort, whose outlines you can just trace out, was built and named Fort Raleigh. But the harborage was bad, the colonists were unused to the life and the climate, and they would have starved to death had not Sir Francis Drake,—another of Amyas Leigh’s friends, you know,—sailing here in the very nick of time, carried them back to England, and with them two famous American contributions to England’s necessities and indulgences—potatoes and tobacco.”

“Well, I’m glad to know they did some good,” said Jack, inclined to be severe on what he styled the colonists’ “lack of sand.”

“Did n’t they try again, Uncle Tom?” he asked, seeing no reply was made.

“Of course they did,” said Roger. “How about that tablet?”

“And Virginia Dare?” said Christine.

“Yes,” Uncle Tom continued, “Raleigh tried again; for when Grenville, coming late with his supplies, found the colony gone, Sir Walter ‘sublet his rights’ to a colonizing syndicate styled the ‘Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh in Virginia,’ and in 1587 John White, who was appointed governor, came over here with one hundred and fifty colonists.”

“Her grandfather?” queried Christine, pointing toward the tablet.

“Yes; his daughter Eleanor had married Ananias Dare, and somewhere near here,” replied Uncle Tom, “stood their island home, in which their child Virginia was born. But before her birth her grandfather, the governor, was compelled to sail to England for help; for there were quarrels between the leaders, dissatisfaction among the colonists, and inability to fit themselves properly to this new life in the wilderness. So the second colony languished, like the first. But when Governor White reached England the great struggle with Spain was on. England was fighting for supremacy, almost for life, and the Spanish Armada called for the help of every English ship. So Governor White could not get back to his colony and his grandchild; for though Raleigh twice attempted to send relief expeditions, the ships were either driven back by the Spaniards or confiscated by the English government, hard pressed for ships. Four years passed before Governor White could return, and when, in 1591, he did get across the seas at last, and land here on Roanoke, the colony had disappeared. It was lost utterly and completely—the fort dismantled, the houses overthrown, not a sign of life anywhere; and to this day, in spite of theories and conjectures, in spite of traditions of blond Indians with Anglo-Saxon blood, its fate has remained a mystery. A mystery, I fear, it must remain forever, the tragedy of American colonization, the lost colony of Roanoke.”

“How sad!” exclaimed Marian.

“Poor little Virginia Dare!” said Christine, glancing at the memorial stone and sighing

over the unknown fate of this lost baby of the long ago.

"But though the colony was lost," Uncle Tom continued, "and the first attempt at planting an English nation on these shores ended so disastrously that the fate of those who founded it remains a blank page in our history, Raleigh's efforts did lead to further and more successful attempts, even though he died, sacrificed to Spain by the little successor of the great Elizabeth."

"How soon did they try it again here in North Carolina?" Bert inquired.

"Not for a hundred years was Raleigh's attempt at colonization repeated within the present boundaries of North Carolina," Uncle Tom replied, "and then it was on a plan vastly different from the one he outlined. But long before that time English capitalists and adventurers, following Raleigh's lead, had made a more lasting attempt at home-making and business investments in the New World, and had sent ships and sailors and colonists up the broad and beautiful James, seeking a footing in the very heart of Virginia."

"Meaning Jamestown, I suppose?" said Bert.

"To which place we are next bound," Uncle Tom replied, with a nod, as the young people reluctantly turned away from the interesting

memorial to England's earliest American colonization, and drove across the fertile and attractive island to Manteo, Wanchese, and the return boat.

Sailing out from Norfolk by the morning boat, they took their way up the James River, following the course, so Uncle Tom reminded them, over which had sailed many an adventurer, explorer, pioneer, and hero in the generations gone, from John Smith to Washington, from Nat Bacon to Grant.

"Things have certainly changed hereabout since the day of that doughty captain of the long bow, John Smith," said Uncle Tom; and as they zigzagged up the river, stopping now on this side and now on that, he told his companions the story of Virginia's beginnings, from the day when the "Adelantado d'Ayllon," in 1526, first came into that region with six hundred colonists and negro slaves, and tried to settle a Spanish colony upon the very site of the later colony that became Jamestown.

"I shall yet live to see it an English nation," Raleigh said after his Roanoke failures," so Uncle Tom told them; "and before he died, a victim of tyranny and a sop to Spain, English enterprise had already obtained a firm foothold upon the continent, and the advance toward Anglo-Saxon supremacy in America had already begun."







## HER REASON.

BY ELSIE HILL.

Six tiny maids, that winter day,  
Sat in their Sunday places.  
The Christmas joy was in the air,  
Its light upon their faces.

"Now, children, tell," the teacher said,  
"Which brings the greater pleasure:  
To have a gift or give a gift—  
To give or get a treasure?"

"To give, to give!" they promptly cried,  
The proper answer guessing.  
"You're sure? Suppose 't were just the thing  
You'd most enjoy possessing—

"The very thing you wanted most?"  
The teacher queried gravely.  
And one by one they all prepared  
To face the question bravely.

And one by one they changed their minds,  
Their small desires confessing.  
(To give the thing each wanted *most*—  
That really was distressing!)

All save Louise; she shook her head,  
Displayed no hesitation.  
"I'd rather give!" she calmly said,  
Unmoved by admiration.

Then five small faces gazed at her,  
Respect and wonder blended.  
"Now tell, dear, why," the teacher bade,  
While all the class attended.

"Of course," she said, with sunny smile,  
"I like the giving better:  
I'd rather give *three* things away  
Than write *one* 'thank-you' letter!"

## CHRISTMAS ON THE HOME STATION.

BY ANNA A. ROGERS.

"PLEASE excuse me, but I heard you were in the navy, too, so I just thought I'd come and see you about it. You see, I'm having a dreadful time with my mother. She's a very nervous person. Last night I came near telegraphing to Washington myself to ask about it, but 'most the very last thing papa said before the ship sailed was, 'Now, for goodness' sake, don't go and believe everything you see in the papers, and, above all, don't bother the Department'; so, you see, that's why I did n't. And then this morning I learned from hearing something that the chambermaid said there were some other navy people who were stay-

ing in this house, and I asked all about 'em, and—well, they were you, and so I—"

"Won't you come in and shut the door?" suggested Mrs. Anvers, who, listening to the small boy standing in the hall outside her room, had been waiting for a chance to get a word in edgewise.

He entered and sat on the corner of a trunk near the door, his big dark eyes never once wavering from Mrs. Anvers's bewildered face. She reseated herself, her little girl, Margery, standing behind her chair and peeping shyly out at their unknown visitor. He went on talking without a break:

"You see, she was all tired out coming right through lickerty-split from Boston,—we always come right through because it's cheaper,—and we had n't seen any evening paper; and then the waiter here, when we arrived rather late last night, brought one while we waited for the parsley omelet, and there it was in a big scare-head: 'Probably yellow fever on the cruiser "Cincinnati"'; and she up and 'most fainted, and the head waiter and I had to help her out of the dining-room, and we had a bad night, mama and I. She's been crying ever since, and just won't stop, no matter what I say; and she just drinks oolong tea, and she ought n't to, you know."

"What is it you would like me to do?" murmured Mrs. Anvers, hiding her smiling face behind a bit of sewing.

"If you'd please just go in and take right hold of her, and say, 'Look here, Mrs. Barton, I'm in the navy, too, and I know that that story is all tommy rot!' I'm sure it would brace her up, and I'd be ever so much obliged," replied the boy, so earnestly that it was all Mrs. Anvers could do to keep from laughing outright.

"Well, I may not put it exactly in those words, but I'll see what I can do. You go in before me and take in my card, and ask if she'll see me for a few moments. Mrs. Barton, you said, I believe?"

"Oh, yes, of course. My father's Passed Assistant Surgeon Barton; everybody knows him. I'm his son,—Alexander's my full name,—and thank you so much! I hope you'll excuse me, Mrs. Anvers. That's your name, I know; and that's your little girl Margery," he said solemnly, pointing to the pretty, tousled head peering out, which suddenly ducked down behind the mother at this unexpected introduction into the proceedings.

So it came to pass the two young mothers met in the darkened bedroom, and told each other all about Dr. Barton of the U. S. S. *Cincinnati* and Junior Lieutenant Anvers of the U. S. S. *"Minneapolis"*; and Mrs. Anvers vowed and declared her morning paper said that there was nothing dangerous about that fever on the *Cincinnati*, and, furthermore, that it was only a mild form of dengue fever.

At these magic words Mrs. Barton sat bolt upright in bed, completely revived, exclaiming:

"Is that all? Why, I've often heard the doctor say that that was only an 'ache and a snuffle,' and then it was over. Oh, but I'd like to get at the—the creatures that run those papers! They just tumble over each other in the rush to get up the biggest—Alec, what is that word? What do you call those stories?"

"Fakes," said the boy, smiling and radiant at the change in his mother.

"Fakes; yes, that's it. If they waited to find out the truth there would be precious little to read, so they hurry and print the very worst possible thing in the very biggest possible letters—'as if our eyes were deaf,' as Alec says. Never mind if hearts are broken here and there by it. That's nothing. Oh, I'd just like to—to—well, I don't know what!"

Mrs. Barton was so ferocious that Alec gave a little caper of relief and joy behind the window-curtains, where, unasked, he had gone to throw the shutters wide and let in the sweet sunshine.

As Mrs. Anvers finally rose to go, he heard his mother say:

"Well, the doctor said once, in speaking of navy life, 'No one can really sympathize with a skinned eel except another skinned eel,' and I'm sure he's right; see how you've helped me!" The two young wives laughed together, and Alec knew everything was all right.

After that they all became very friendly and intimate, and Mrs. Barton borrowed Mrs. Anvers's washing-ammonia, and Mrs. Anvers borrowed Mrs. Barton's sleeve pattern, and peace and patience reigned in the little boarding-house not far from the navy-yard in Norfolk, where they waited for the ships to come home from the West Indies. The home squadron was expected to assemble in Hampton Roads in December—they all hoped in time for Christmas. It was a rather unusual thing, but the sensational papers said it was because our relations with Canada were so strained that war with England might be declared at any moment.

"When I get married I'm only going to take a weekly paper at my house, 'cause that gets sort o' weeded out, you know, and I'll see



the daily paper at my office," Alec announced to Margery, after an especially trying and desperate day.

She drew in her breath admiringly and gasped:

"I'm so glad I'm not a man: to have to think so hard 'bout things so far ahead."

The two children had become inseparable; and grave Alec was so like a father to little Margery, seeing that her hat and gloves and jacket and rubbers were put on and off at the proper times, that it ended in her calling him "Papa Alec," and he was not sure whether he liked that or not.

Then, a few weeks later, came news from the Navy Department they all had to believe—that the squadron would not come north till spring; and the two little wives crept away from each other and cried it out alone.

The children strolled forlornly down to the tumble-down old wharf covered with tufts of cotton, and from long habit looked out over the bay, but with all hope gone out of their sweet young eyes.

"You see, Margy, it's all different now that the Cin' and Minn' won't be here for Christmas," said Alec, whittling the end of the log on which they sat in the warm southern November sunshine.

"Oh, won't they?" exclaimed Margery, in distressed amazement.

"Of course not, little goosie! Christmas is only a month and five days off, and if the fleet is n't coming till spring, why, there you are!"

But Margery was n't "there" at all, for she had not yet learned to understand clearly either time or distance. Alec finally gave it up as one of those sad things about girls, and he went on expounding his idea:

"So the only way we can get their Christmas to them is to send it to the consuls' care, wherever they'll be. We've done it before, mama and I, in Europe, and on the China station. We've got to get our boxes all ready, and then find out, somehow, where the ships'll be, about Christmas, and then send 'em off in a hurry. To-day we can't do anything, 'cause both of our mothers are too busy crying and feeling bad. We've got to give 'em a day,—maybe two,—and then you'll see the way it'll brace 'em up to say 'Christmas box'! I've

worked it before. I've had a good deal of 'sperience, Margy. And you see if, after a while, they don't get so excited about the boxes that if the ships did happen to come in they'd be as mad 's hops!"

"Mercy sakes!" was little Margery's admiring comment on this crafty program.

"Yes, indeed; and my father said the first Christmas box we sent him—he was at Cape Verde Islands, not far from Africa, a perfect hole of a place—"

"Like Sindbad's cave in the fourth voyage, I s'pose," gasped Margery, thirsty for horrors.

"No, Margy, not at all; you must n't interrupt; you don't understand things, so you must jus' listen."

So she folded her fat little hands meekly, and he drew a deep breath and went on:

"And he said he had kept his promise not to open it till Christmas morning, so he put it on a chair near his bunk, with a screw-driver, for it was wood, and mama would put in screws every two inches, and papa and I had a great laugh about it; he says women don't understand about boxes, anyhow. Well, when he woke up, awfully early, of course, he said 'Merry Christmas!' to our pictures on his desk, mama's and mine, and it was kind o' lonely because we did n't answer; and then he said he sat up in his bunk jus' like the veriest boy—"

"Who's the veriest boy?" asked Margery.

"I don't know, but that's what papa said. Well, anyhow, he opened the box, and then, Margy, what do you think? Promise, honest Injun, not to tell? Well, I heard papa tell mama, one night when they thought I was asleep on the sofa, that he put his head down on the Christmas box and cried. You see, he was dreadfully lonely 'way over there—"

"Right in the middle of Africa," murmured Margery, sympathetically.

"Not in the middle, Margy—on a ship! How perfectly silly you are! Of course that's one of those things men only tell to women-folks—wives and mothers; we don't ever tell each other. So I would n't let him know I heard, for anything."

Alec went on with his whittling for a while in silence, and then he finally asked:

"How are you off for money this Christmas, Margy?"

"One dollar and sixty-eight cents," was the enthusiastic answer; and Alec was far too poverty-stricken himself to find anything to laugh at when she added:

"I only have to buy nine presents, so, you see, I 'll have lots. I 'm so glad I saved up everything over ten cents ever since the Fourth of July."

"Well, I 'm broke—dead 's a nail; and I 've got to make some, somehow," replied Alec, as he arose and slipped his knife into his pocket.

They stood a moment and looked with sad eyes out over the bay, where they had hoped to see the white ships at anchor, and then they wandered slowly and low-spiritedly toward their boarding-house home.

Just as they started to cross the main street below the market, Alec suddenly exclaimed:

"Jingoration! I 'most forgot. Mama gave me ten cents for soda-water for both of us. Let 's go and get some at the big place."

And at the "big place" they sat on the stools before the marble counter, and she ordered pineapple flavoring and he sarsaparilla, and their small faces were soon almost lost in the depths of two huge glasses, and life began to assume for them both a more sparkling aspect.

She came near choking in the midst of the last long, delicious gulp, when Alec suddenly grabbed her arm and whispered excitedly:

"I 've got it, Margy. Hurry and finish up. I 've got it!"

"I have it, too, sometimes, when I drink too fast," she confided pityingly, as she slipped down and paddled along beside him, trying to keep up with his long strides. But when she said this, he stopped short on the sidewalk and laughed till the tears stood in her pretty eyes, that stared up at him wondering what it was all about.

"Oh, Margy, you are such an unspeakable joy!" gasped Alec. "I mean I 've got an idea; I 've thought of the way to make my Christmas money. Can't you guess?" he teased.

If there was any one thing Margery Anvers disliked, it was being made to guess anything; so she gave it up promptly without even a trial, pouting a little at his ridicule.

"Now, you must n't tell anybody, true for sure."

"Honest and true!" she vowed solemnly.

"Well, I 'm going to be a soda-fountain boy! I 'll have to wait till the holidays begin, and I 'll have to infest some money at first, of course, going pretty often to watch how. But all business men have to infest at first, when they begin."

So after that they went together and "infested" very often at that same counter, Mrs. Anvers advancing the necessary money, under a cast-iron promise of secrecy. The two children ordered fancy combinations, both hot and cold, and together watched breathlessly the manner of preparation and serving, down to that last miraculous touching up again and again the already full glasses with tiny dashes of soda at the big, church-like fountain.

Then came one rainy Saturday when the two mothers took lunch at the navy-yard, and the children had a grand, final dress rehearsal in Mrs. Barton's rooms. Margery, in varying costume, represented the ever-thirsty public; and Alec, with a big bath-towel pinned around his neck, stood behind "Jumbo," and did his part with such a flourish and air that Margery very often forgot to go on with hers, to his great disgust. Jumbo was Mrs. Barton's largest trunk, the head of quite a family of lesser trunks, named, in order of size, "White Elephant," "Queen," and "Baby," the last being naturally the steamer-trunk. The Bartons lived so much in them, and had traveled so much all over the world, that they had to have their trunks suitable for all conditions and emergencies.

So behind Jumbo stood Alec, before him a great array of tumblers, soap-dishes, sticks for spoons, and the water-cooler, borrowed from the lower hall, for the fountain-head.

"The real thing is for me to grab your ticket, and then stand and look right over your head when you order something, and act as if I had n't heard a word, and did n't care a bit, anyhow, and then go to work and do it all right, every time, and not make any more noise than if I was playing with balls of worsted," explained the boy—showing he had not invested so many dimes for nothing.



After the patient Margery had drunk almost enough make-believe soda-water to float the biggest battle-ship in the navy, Alec pronounced it a "go."

When the holidays drew near, he went, armed with a letter of introduction from the captain of the yard, a great friend of his, and he obtained temporary employment, during the crush of the holidays, at the soda-fountain counter of the "big place." It soon became known that there was a "real navy boy" working there, and the people from the yard, and the school-children, flocked there to see him in such droves, and the shopkeeper did such a rushing business, that he raised Alec's salary after the second day. The boy disappeared early and returned late, rushing home for a hasty lunch and much excited whispering in Margery's attentive ear. Mrs. Barton at first protested against all this mystery; but Mrs. Anvers vouched for Alec's right doing, and reminded her that Christmas was absolutely no fun at all without a lot of whispering.

It was agreed between the children that Mrs. Barton must never, under any circumstances, be allowed to go unannounced into Alec's place of business.

"Oh, Papa Alec!" whispered Margery, in a great flutter one day at lunch-time, "your mother is going Christmas shopping to-day with mama, and they'll be puffedly sure to see you, 'cause I heard 'em talking 'bout books and calengdars, and that's Marston's, next door to your store. Oh, what shall we do?"

"You go 'long with them, and stick to them like paper on the wall, and if they say 'soda,' you skip in like greased lightning and tell me, and I'll skip it somehow."

All went well, and the afternoon was passing serenely. Margery bought for her father's Christmas present a highly scented yellow-soap chicken, which she considered by far the most attractive thing she had seen that day. Just as they all stepped out of the door of Marston's, laden with many fascinating packages, what should Mrs. Barton do but suddenly exclaim:

"Do let's go in here and have some hot chocolate; I'm so thirsty and hungry and

tired and cross I'm ready to faint, and you must be, too. Come in; this is my treat."

Margery had no time to do anything but open her mouth and give one long gasp, when in they went, Mrs. Anvers forgetting all about Alec in the excitement of trying to pay for the tickets ahead of Mrs. Barton. Talking and laughing over the payment, the two ladies went to the counter and seated themselves. Margery stood petrified just inside the door till her mother called her, and lifted her up on a stool beside her. Alec's mother said across the counter:

"Three hot chocolates, please." Then she gave a little smothered scream, and Mrs. Anvers another, for there stood Alec behind the counter, wearing a long white apron, and glaring at poor little Margery, his face as red as the raspberry syrup.

"Alexander Barton!" was all his mother said. But the boy fairly quailed before her for an instant, and then, very erect, pale, and determined, he turned, and went on with his work with trembling hands that made a very unprofessional rattling of the group of long-legged spoons.

Mrs. Anvers began to laugh, and she was positively hysterical when Mrs. Barton said almost sobbingly:

"If—if it was your boy you might not find it so—so funny."

"But my boy's a girl," announced Mrs. Anvers, provokingly, adding more gently: "A girl's life is made up of 'you must n'ts,' but a boy's is made up of 'you musts,' and that's the difference, Mrs. Barton; and I just think Alec's splendid."

Mrs. Barton said falteringly:

"I'm sorry; I'll have to go straight home—I can't drink mine;" and she drew down her veil over eyes that were running over with tears.

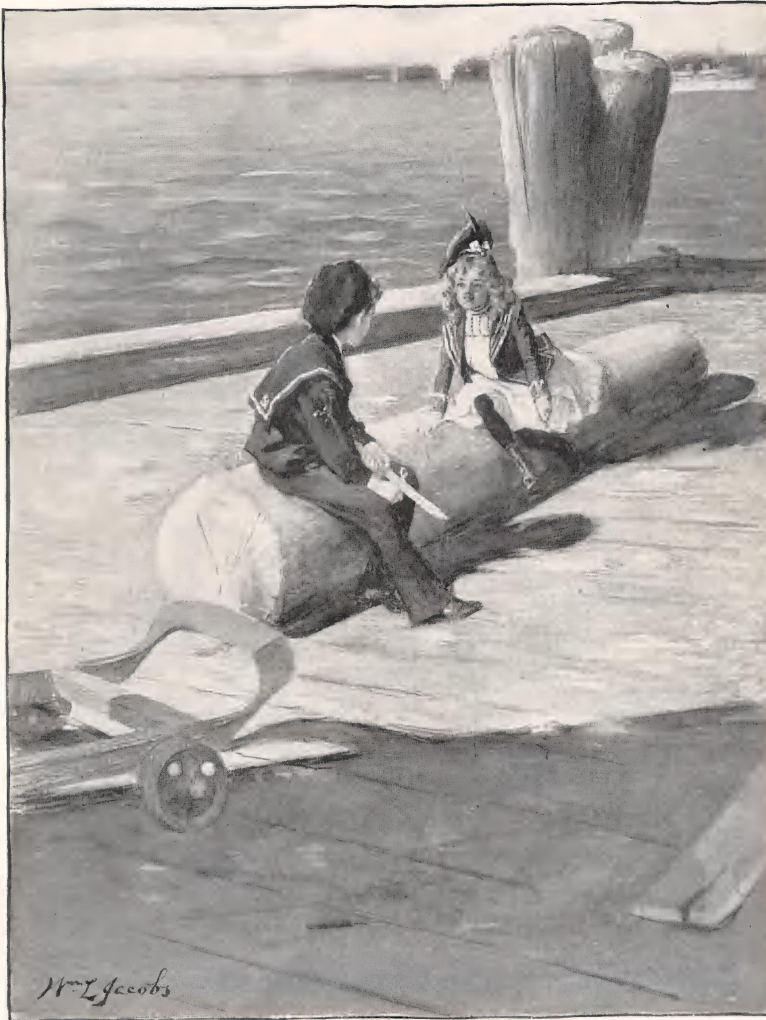
Then Alec leaned hastily forward over the counter on which he had placed the glasses, and whispered:

"Momsie dear, please, little momsie, it was for papa's Christmas." And then, somehow, sobs arose in all their throats, and the two ladies fled, leaving the three glasses untouched in a row. Margery slid off her perch, and

stood an instant, looking imploringly up at Alec, and crying softly:

"Oh, Alec, Papa Alec, I 'm so dreadfully sorry—so dreadfully sorry!"

transformed into a small hero in his mother's eyes. But still he was not entirely happy until he had gone to Margery and apologized for being unjust to her, like the little gentleman



"ALEC WENT ON WHITTLING FOR A WHILE IN SILENCE, AND THEN HE ASKED: 'HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR MONEY THIS CHRISTMAS, MARGY?'"

But he did not deign even to look at her, his big dark eyes following his mother's retiring figure.

The shopping-party returned very dejectedly, and had not the heart even to untie their bundles. However, after Mrs. Barton had heard all about the captain of the yard and others indorsing Alec's venture, by the time the boy came home he found, to his intense amazement and delight, that he was suddenly

he was—even going the length of allowing her to stand on tiptoe and kiss him once on his cheek, which she did with all proper appreciation of the unusual privilege.

But that was the end of Alec's first business venture, for he was forced to resign his position at the end of the week. However, he was the haughty possessor of three dollars and forty-five cents—less his debt to Mrs. Anvers—"and a fine, large disgust for soda-water,



that is worth something by itself," he added, with a contented laugh.

The two Christmas boxes were about ready. The fruit-cakes and bonbons for the ward-room mess were packed in air-tight tin boxes, and laid in first; then there were books and calendars for the coming New Year; ash-trays and tobacco-pouches, which Dr. Barton and Lieutenant Anvers understood at a glance, and embroidered sponge-bags that they did n't, and which, when they received them, they tenderly tacked wrong end up in their respective state-rooms, wondering what under the sun the things were meant for. On top of everything, packed around with sprigs of holly and mistletoe, were laid tintype groups of each mother and her child, that they all pronounced "too funny for anything." Margery's soap chicken, in a soft cotton nest, was labeled by her own fat hand: "Lootenant Anvers Mery Christmas from his little dotter M." And the proud father kept it on his bureau till almost the end of the cruise, when the heat of the West Indies melted it down into a shapeless yellow lump, that a wondering Japanese ward-room boy finally scraped up with a spoon and threw overboard, and was roundly rated for doing so.

Alec bought the beautiful book on "Fly-fishing" that he knew his father had long wished for, and if it had not been for the awful splotch of ink he unfortunately made on the fly-leaf when he wrote Dr. Barton's full name and rank, the boy would have been simply wild with joy and honest pride.

It only remained to find out where the ships would be on Christmas Day; and that was where Margery, of all people, came to the rescue. She and Alec were over at the navy-yard, strolling about listening to band practice, while their mothers made some calls. Alec had just declared that they would never find out about the ships unless he went and pumped his old friend, the gunner's mate, in the receiving-ship, who seemed to know more about things in general than even the Secretary of the Navy himself, when suddenly the boy stopped, pulled Margery's sleeve, and whispered:

"Look quick! here comes the commodore!

the tall, thin one, with a beard, and three stripes on his sleeve." Alec stood aside very straight, and pulled down his jacket as he had seen the marines do, ready for a salute, if the party of approaching naval officers gave him a chance. His feelings may be imagined when Margery suddenly screamed, and ran up to the "tall, thin one" himself, and jumped into his arms, shouting:

"It's my darling, darling captain! Oh, I'm so glad! It is n't a commogore at all; it's just you—you dear sweet old thing!"

Off went the commodore's cap, and it was picked up and held respectfully by the younger of the two other officers until his superior, with a very red face, emerged from a sort of whirlpool of white skirts and yellow curls, little active black legs, and soft, loving arms.

"So it's my little Margery once more," he managed to say, laughing and straightening his collar, after seizing his cap and replacing it on his gray head.

Alec was "mordified to death," as he later expressed it, and he stood half turned away, and whistled two tunes at once, watching the scene out of the corner of one fearsome eye.

"And now I want to know, please, right straight off, where the squadring will be on Christmas Day," cried Margery. She would say "squadron" that way, although Papa Alec had spent weeks over it.

"The what?" asked the commodore.

"The squadring—the North Atlantic Squadring," persisted the child. Then all the officers laughed so pleasantly that Alec felt that it would be not only safe, but a very good thing, to share Margery's social honors; so he drew near, saluted gravely, and explained the situation and their desire to know about the ships.

"Well, both you shavers come along with me to my quarters, and I'll see if I can find out for you," said the smiling commodore.

"But our mamas are making calls, and we've got to wait here," regretted Margery, looking hopefully about.

"I saw Mrs. Barton and another lady just go into the paymaster's, commodore," suggested the officer who had rescued the cap.

"Those are our parents," commented Alec, in his usual serious way.

"All right. Well, my lad, you run after them, and say, with my compliments, that I hope they'll come in and have a cup of tea with my wife," said the commodore, courteously.

Margery instantly withdrew her hand from his, and stood stock-still, staring up at him with startled eyes.

"You promised to marry me," was all she said.

The commodore actually blushed as he tried to explain:

"Well, Margery, you see, you were so slow growing up—"

"I grew as fast as I could," she murmured tremulously.

"—and I was getting so dreadfully old, I had to hurry up, and I could n't wait for you, dear, really, you know."

"You promised," repeated the child, gravely.

"I meant to write you about it, but—" The old gentleman stopped, honestly distressed.

"I'm afraid, commodore, you are fairly caught," laughed one of the other officers.

"It's mighty hard living up to children," muttered the poor commandant, wiping his deeply wrinkled brow, as they walked on toward his house, where the other men left them.

The commodore and Margery stood on the front steps of his house, waiting in unhappy silence until Alec rejoined them; then they all went inside. But after the little girl had seen the commodore's wife, and found, to her surprise and relief, that she was a grown woman with a few gray hairs, and the sweetest way in the world of insisting on a person's eating iced sponge-cake, she began to relent, and once more sat contentedly on the commodore's knee. And there Mrs. Anvers and Mrs. Barton, when they arrived, found her complacently

perched, while Alec stood before his hostess gesticulating earnestly with a huge piece of cake, and entirely monopolizing the conversation in his usual masterful way, to her very evident amusement and pleasure.

So fresh tea was made, and they all sat and chatted and laughed merrily together; and the commodore, after making them promise not to breathe it to another living soul, told them the important official news that the Minneapolis would probably spend her Christmas at Port au Prince, and the Cincinnati at Kingston; and as the boxes were ready, he'd send his orderly for them early the next morning, and see that they were properly addressed, and sent on the right steamers to arrive on time.

Then the two mothers smiled and chirped, and said he was "perfectly lovely," which he privately considered somewhat of an exaggeration.

Margery leaned her little head against him and said proudly, to the great confusion of her mother:

"He's my captain—well, I mean," she added, looking askance at the commodore's laughing wife,

"I 'scovered him the day I was looking for the 'sundowner' on the 'Alliance,' ages and ages ago; did n't I, mama?"\*

Thereupon Mrs. Anvers blushed and looked so uneasy that the commodore burst out laughing, and explained to the others:

"You see, Margery heard her mama and some of the officers talking about a terrible creature down in the captain's cabin, called a 'sundowner,' and so she came down to see for herself."

"But he went away 'fore I got there, did n't he?" interrupted Margery.

"Yes; so she never saw him at all. The fact



OUT OF THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

\* See the story "Margery and the Captain," in ST. NICHOLAS for August, 1898.



is, I've only seen him once or twice myself since," added the commodore, smiling at his wife, who presently said, leaning against the back of his chair:

"He always told me that our marriage came about through a dear little fairy, who went to

his cabin one day and suggested something about his very bad temper and a lot of other things; and he thought it all over, and then wrote me and apologized for something very, very trying he had said years and years ago, when we were young, and so it began all over



"MARGERY SUDDENLY SCREAMED, AND JUMPED INTO THE COMMODORE'S ARMS, SHOUTING:  
'IT'S MY DARLING, DARLING CAPTAIN!'"

again. I've always wanted to see that little fairy who made me so happy." As she said this she laid one hand on Margery's head, and smiled at her mother, and Mrs. Barton suddenly had to struggle with her usual inclination to weep at the slightest encouragement.

"I don't b'lieve that was a very pretty little fairy," said Margery, swinging one leg to and fro impatiently, her eyes and mouth screwed up jealously, confused amid all these rivals.

"Why, sweetheart, she was just you," said the commodore softly to the child on his knee, while all the others laughed.

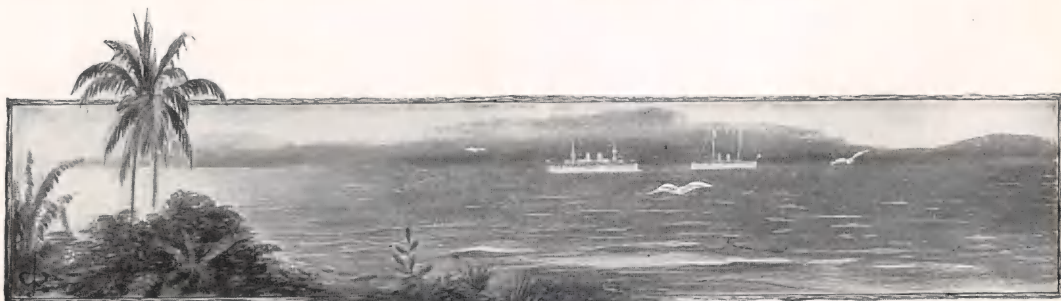
"Mercy sakes!" chuckled Margery, blushing to the tip of her tiny nose.

And presently they went gaily away, after receiving and accepting an invitation to spend Christmas eve at the commodore's.

Margery hesitated an instant when her successful rival stooped to kiss her; then she raised her pretty face and said:

"Well, anyway, he said he really purferred me, and that he married you only 'cause I was so slow growing up."

"Ahem!" coughed the commodore, looking down at his boots.



## WHAT DOES JOHNNY WANT?

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

I don't want a thing that girls would like;  
 I don't want a velocipede, but a bike;  
 I don't want a gun that will not shoot;  
 I don't want an engine that won't toot;  
 I don't want mittens for the snow;  
 I don't want a horse-car that won't go;  
 I don't want anything to wear;  
 I don't want an apple or a pear;  
 I don't want anything made of tin;  
 I don't want a top that will not spin;  
 I don't want any book I can't use;  
 I don't want a best pair of shoes;  
 I don't want a ship that won't sail;  
 I don't want a goody-goody tale;

I don't want a game that I can't play;  
 I don't want a donkey that won't bray;  
 I don't want a small fish-pond like Fred's;  
 I don't want one of those baby sleds;  
 I don't want paints that are no good;  
 I don't want building-blocks of wood;  
 I don't want *you* to think *I* am queer;  
 Nor I don't want you to think I don't  
 want anything this year.

Yours truly,

JOHNNY.

P. S.—I was just about not to say,  
 I don't want you to forget me Christmas  
 Day.



# A LETTER TO GRANDPA.



I am going to write a letter to Grandpa.



Let me see.....What shall I write?



I think I will tell him to buy me a pony.



Busy Writing.

## TAD AND HIS PANTHER.

BY LEROY ARMSTRONG.

"DID you hear the panther last night, Sergeant?" asked Tad, the captain's son.

"No," said the sergeant, as he cut at the top of a sage-brush with the loose end of the lariat hanging at his saddle. "I did n't hear it, but it yelled, I guess. Billy Murphy was on guard down at Post No. 2, and he did n't dare walk the length of his beat."

"Let 's go there to-night and fetch it in," said the boy.

"No—not!"

The soldier rarely spoke in so positive a manner to his younger companion. They had grown to be quite good friends. So Sergeant Gore looked at the trim figure by his side, and admired — as a cavalryman would — Tad's posture in the saddle. And then he gazed

Gore was a well-born, well-trained young fellow who had enlisted in the ranks of the regular army at a time when penniless and discouraged, as has many another son of a good family. He

seemed peculiarly attractive to this boy. Tad admired Gore because he was cleverer than the others. Gore was a better shot and a better horseman, and he was the best wrestler in the fort. And there is nothing that so appeals to the soul of the boy as ability in that close struggle of athletes, that embrace of gladiators, out of which comes the triumph of the unarmed hands, the victory of the unaided muscle and skill.

And Tad's father, the captain, had not discouraged an

down the long road to the bluff on the shingly ledges of which the panther they had been speaking of was said to prowl at night and call to the echoes in that fearsome voice.

association which gave his son pleasure and seemed to make the lad more manly.

"Could n't we kill the panther, Sergeant?"

"We might, and we might not. The last



"HE FELT HER CLAWS STRIKE AT HIM, AND CATCH AGAIN AND AGAIN."  
(SEE PAGE 153.)



man in this troop who went out to kill a panther came back in a sling between two pack-mules; and he did n't get off sick-report for three months. Now, see here, Tad. Get that wrinkle out of your brain! How would it look for me to risk the captain's son out there on the bluff at night? How would I go to the captain's wife and explain it if—"

"Would n't need any explanation if we brought the panther."

"Or how would I square matters with the captain when the captain's little boy was lying in bed—and surgeon-plaster all over him?"

"Pretty nice thing to kill a panther!"

"Yes; and then—"

"Sergeant, are you afraid of her?"

"I'm not afraid of anything alive," said the sergeant, calmly.

"If you are not afraid, why don't you go?"

"We don't do all the things we dare to do."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, I dare tell Higgins, when we get to camp, that I won't mount guard to-morrow."

"Then why don't you?"

"Because it is my duty to mount guard whenever he details me. He's the orderly sergeant."

"I saw you throw him one time," said Tad, irrelevantly; and then he stopped to laugh at the recollection.

Higgins was a very strong man; and one day in spring, before mounted drill was begun, the soldiers got up a tournament on the parade-ground, where the orderly sergeant challenged any one to wrestle. Tad remembered Gore's acceptance, and how the bigger man had strutted to the encounter; how the two had gripped to the work, and how presently Gore had caught the huge weight on his hip, and had flung the other heels over head in one great sweep, and had landed him fairly and finally.

But that was months ago. Tad looked up at the distant bluff while the buglers were blowing retreat, but he stood in "the attitude of a soldier" when the flag came down to the booming of the evening gun. That night he made his bed on the floor of the upper porch, and lay there wondering at the stars till long after taps. Time and again he caught himself almost across the border-land of dreams, and

it seemed to him the lagging midnight must have passed when the sound for which he waited reached his ears. And then the suddenness of it, the savage strength of that panther's cry, startled the courageous little fellow till his heart was still. The half-human quality of the tone added to the terror of it.

Then his breath came back, and with it his daring. And the next time the cry was raised he knew the shingly shelves of the bluff were then a promenade for the panther.

Next night Sergeant Gore was on guard, but the next after he was free; and time and again he wondered where Tad was in hiding; for he had not seen the boy since dinner-call.

Lang and Warner were up the gulch with an eight-mule team, and they came in at sundown with a load of wood. When they had unharnessed the mules Lang found Sergeant Gore stretched on his bunk, trying to read by the afterglow.

"Oh, Gore, here's a note from the captain's kid," said the teamster Lang, carelessly.

Gore peered at the penciled lines:

DEAR SERGEANT: I am up on the bluff. If you don't come and get me, maybe the panther will. TAD.

A cayuse pony was picketed back of the quartermaster's store, and Sergeant Gore took a turn of the rope around the animal's jaw, leaped to the bare back, and galloped to the hills. He carried his carbine, and a belt of cartridges was buckled about him. And every muscle of his splendid frame quivered; for he loved the captain's son.

Tad had calculated the note might not be delivered until after dark; and he crept along the slaty shelves till he found a little recess where the loose earth had been worn away by the wind and the rain, and he climbed down there and backed in. About six feet below was a broad ledge which reached far around to the right. By lying flat his face just came to the edge of his narrow shelf, while his feet were pressed to the farthest spaces in his little refuge. He pulled his rifle within easy reaching distance and then looked out and dared the panther to come.

Straight before him, down the valley, was the fort. He watched the twinkling lights go

out in the mess-hall, and knew the belated teamsters had arrived in camp. And his faith was so firm in Sergeant Gore that he never doubted the soldier was coming.

Presently he heard the dull beat of hoofs on the long road. But it was from unshod feet, and not a cavalry horse. That chilled his courage a little. And just as he tried to convince himself he was wrong, and searched for hope that an army horse and not a pony was galloping toward him, a shriek not fifty feet away rent the wonderful silence of the hills.

His little body was positively lifted and shaken with the shock of it. And then, because he was a captain's son, Tad hammered his bare knuckles against the stone, and forced his courage to come back.

He peered over the edge of his shelf at the broad ledge below; he looked straight down there a hundred feet to the foot of the bluff; and he could not tell for the life of him from what direction that thrilling cry had come.

Then a pebble was loosed, and fell down the bluff, around somewhere to the right of Tad's refuge, and he called: "Sergeant!"

He heard something rub gently against the rocks on that ledge below, and then another pebble bounded away; but no strong word of cheer came in answer.

In another moment, though his wide eyes had been watching all the time, the panther lay below him. She kept well to the farther edge. She saw him, and seemed gathering for a spring. It was seconds before he thought of the rifle. Then he fired, and she leaped.

He felt her claws strike at him, and catch again and again. But he withdrew far into the little nook, and there was no foothold for her.

She toppled back, and he could hear her breathing plainly. Then she tried again. As she stood on her hind feet, her claws caught in his clothing, but he fought free; and time and again she scratched him, but he did not cry out.

Once or twice she withdrew her paw, stretched very high, and pushed her black muzzle up till he could see the two red eyes; and he knew the two red eyes could very well

see him. But when she struck she must withdraw her head to give the paw a greater reach, and by shifting a little he could dodge her.

But all the time, as she tried for him, first with one fore paw and then with the other, her hind feet were clawing at the bluff for a foothold. If she had found it, she would have lifted and have reached him instantly. She did not find it; but she was loosening soil and stones with every effort, and these were forming a growing platform which brought her nearer.

When he knew the next fling of a paw would reach him, he saw the bare blond head of Sergeant Gore on the ledge.

The back of her head was toward the soldier, for her left paw was at the bosom of Tad's blue coat.

"Cling tight!" said Gore.

And a wonderful thing happened. The sergeant stepped close to the panther's side, facing outward. His left arm flashed about the extended body. He made that splendid fulcrum of his hip. He swung just once, and swiftly; and the panther went—as Higgins had once gone—heels over head, and helpless. She flung both paws wildly, but she made no sound as her dark body shot over the edge and was swallowed up in the darkness. They listened what seemed a very long time, and heard her strike at the foot of the bluff.

"Great throw!" cried Tad, and he crept exultant from his nook, and clambered out where Sergeant Gore could lift him down. But he had to be carried. When it was all over his sturdy legs refused to bear him, and he staggered very helplessly. Gore laid him on the pine-needles at the summit, for a few minutes. And presently they went down the long road to the warm spring, where he washed the dust from Tad's face and hands and arms.

Later, they dragged to the captain's porch a monster panther, whose velvet skin not a single bullet had marred.

But even at that, when Tad saw his father's white face, and caught the wordless welcome of his mother's embrace, he knew he had paid for the panther far more than it was worth.



# POMPEY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.



IF aught of history  
you 've been  
told,  
Of course you  
know  
That long ago  
There lived a war-  
rior brave  
and bold,  
And Pompey was  
his name—

"Pompey the Great" he was enrolled  
Upon the lists of fame.

So skilfully his darts he hurled  
He conquered nearly all the world.

But this occurred,  
As you have heard,  
When Pompey was a man.  
And as I 'm sure that you 'd enjoy  
A tale of Pompey when a boy,  
I 'll tell you all I can.

Young Pompey had a pleasant home  
In the old, well-known town of Rome;  
The house was wondrous to behold,

Adorned with ivory and gold;  
The "atrium" and the "peristyle"  
(They 're rooms, you know,  
Of long ago)  
Were decked with marble, glass, and tile,  
Rich woven goods  
And precious woods,  
And statues in the aisle.

When Pompey with his parents dined,  
Upon low couches they reclined,  
And thus in state  
Rare viands ate  
Of every sort and kind.  
For clothing Pompey round him draped  
A Roman garment queerly shaped—  
A "toga" of white wool,  
Exceeding long and full;  
And on his feet the funny chap  
Wore sandals buckled with a strap.

Now, Pompey had his joys  
As well as modern boys.  
His native town of Rome could boast  
Of seven hills down which to coast;

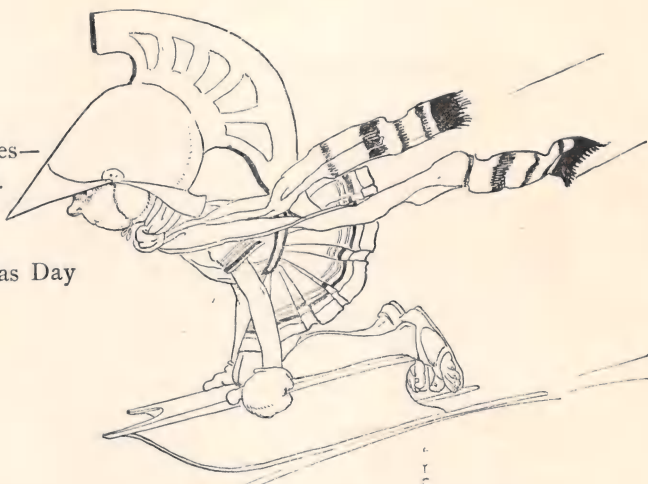


"AND THUS IN STATE RARE VIANDS ATE."

Or, if he cared to see a show,  
 To Circus Maximus he 'd go;  
     Then, he could read a scroll  
     Or a papyrus roll;  
     Or, if he 'd wish,  
     In Tiber fish;  
 And there were many Roman games—  
 I have forgotten their queer names.

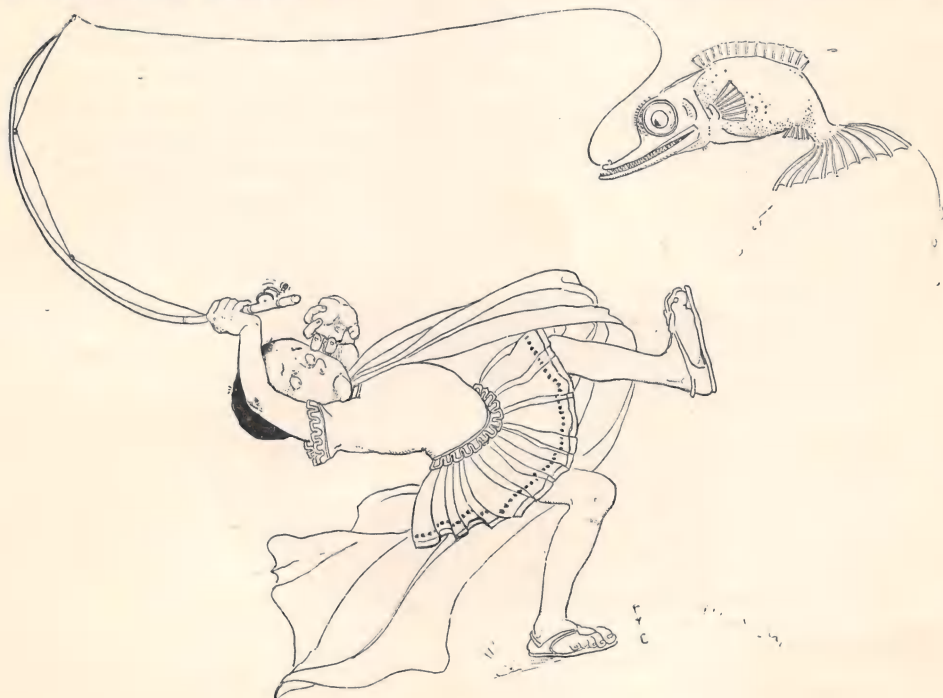
But shall I tell you of the way  
 Young Pompey spent one Christmas Day  
     In merriment and cheer?  
 And would you like to hear  
     How this young lad  
     His presents had?  
 The tale is rather queer.

Imagine Pompey's boyish head  
 Pillowed upon his ivory bed,  
     So sound asleep  
     In slumber deep,  
 He could not hear the tread  
 Of Santa Claus, who stealthily  
 Came, laden with a Christmas tree  
     That I declare,  
     Had you been there,  
 You would have laughed to see.

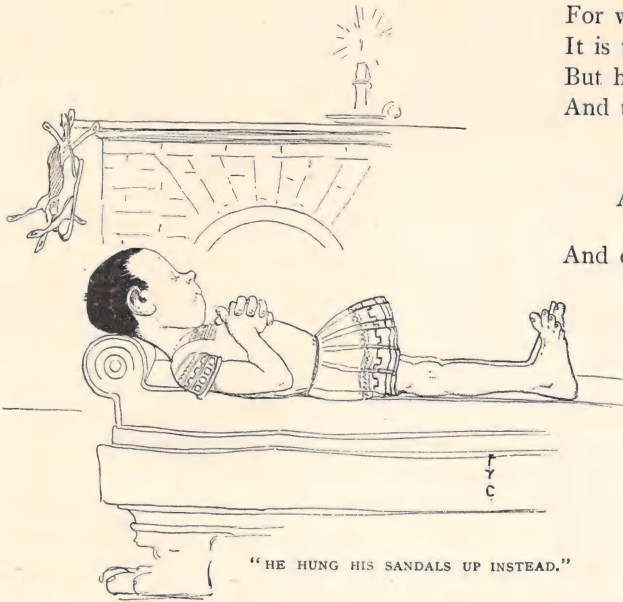


"SEVEN HILLS DOWN WHICH TO COAST."

Of course in Italy's warm clime  
 They cannot find at Christmas-time  
     A fir or spruce  
     For Christmas use;  
 So Santa Claus, you see,  
 Had brought a tall palm-tree;







For worse than stockings full of holes  
 It is to fill a pair of soles.  
 But he accomplished it some way,  
 And then, as it was almost day,  
     He slung his pack  
     Across his back  
 And drove off in his sleigh.

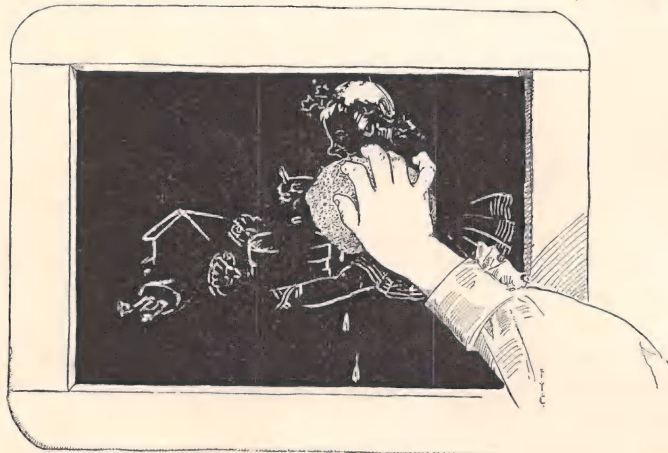
And oh, when Christmas morning broke,  
 And Pompey from his dreams awoke,  
 Just try to picture his delight!  
 But *no!* why—*wait!* this is n't right!  
     How *could* I make  
     Such a mistake?  
 The story is all wrong! Oh, dear!  
 I'll have to stop the tale right here.  
 You *can't* imagine Pompey's joy,  
 Because when Pompey was a boy

And when with gifts and toys arrayed,  
 Quite a fair Christmas tree it made,  
 Although 't was very high. Indeed,  
 A tall step-ladder one would need  
     To reach the toys and things,  
     Even when hung by strings.

As you have often heard before,  
 No stockings Roman people wore;  
 And so, ere Pompey went to bed,  
 He hung his sandals up instead.  
     And Santa Claus  
     Was at a loss;



Of Christmas presents he had none;  
 For Christmases had not begun  
 When Pompey was a boy!



## ERMEE'S CHRISTMAS DOLL.

BY ALICE JOSEPHINE JOHNSON.

It all happened so quickly that on looking back it seemed like a dream to the children. They had that morning invented a new play. Ermee was a great lady from the city, who could play on the piano—a large wooden soap-box, on which were rows of corn-cobs and cones, for white and black keys. Bertie acted the admiring audience—an easy task, for it was his natural attitude toward his beautiful sister.

The audience was unexpectedly increased, however, by the arrival of a lady and gentleman, who drove into the yard at that moment. The children had seen them pass the house the day before, and Amos, the hired man, had said that they were "some of Mis' Tarbox's folks from New York. Awful rich, they say, too," he added.

The strangers stopped a moment to watch the children before entering the house, and after their greetings the lady asked eagerly of her hostess, "Who is that pretty child, Mrs. Willis?" with a nod toward the little girl.

Mrs. Willis explained that the children were two orphans. Their father had brought them to board with her nearly a year previous, but in the meantime he had died. His small life-insurance was barely enough to provide for one of the children, much less two, but Mrs. Willis had determined to keep them with her if nothing better offered.

Before she had finished speaking Mr. Leeds had read his wife's thoughts, as her face kindled with excitement, and he was ready, as always, to anticipate her wish.

"You want to take the little girl, Nellie, do you?" he asked.

"Yes, Ned; can't we?"

"If you like, my dear," replied Mr. Leeds, kindly; and his wife, thanking him with a smile, began to arrange with Mrs. Willis to take the child to New York the following day.

Ermee was called in and introduced to the

pretty lady in the handsome gown, and to the pleasant gentleman, who at once produced a paper of candy from his pocket.

"He is never without that," laughed his wife, and Ermee privately decided that he was the kind of a man to know. She could not understand her good fortune when Mrs. Leeds asked her how she would like to go home with them and be their own little girl, and have a doll and a doll's house, and a pony and a real piano, and other things too numerous and too bewildering for her to understand.

It was only after Mr. and Mrs. Leeds had gone, and Mrs. Willis had begun to pack Ermee's belongings in the little half-trunk which more than held them all, that the child realized that it was more than a delightful dream. Then she began to look grave.

"You can write little letters to us even now," said Mrs. Willis, "and after you have been to those fine schools it will be no work at all to send us nice long ones; and Bertie will soon be old enough to write to you."

"Bertie!" exclaimed the child, aghast. "Is n't he going with me?"

She looked so pained that good Mrs. Willis hesitated; but on Ermee's repeating the question, she admitted reluctantly: "Why, no; they could hardly take you both; but Bertie shall stay with me, and you can come on to see him in the summer, and they may invite him to New York sometime—who knows?"

"If Bertie is not going, then I will not go, either," Ermee burst forth stormily.

"But it will be so much better for you," said Mrs. Willis.

"I don't care if it is," the child replied quickly.

"And so much better for Bertie," added Mrs. Willis.

"How?" asked Ermee.

"Because, dear, there is only a little money



for both of you; but if these people take care of you, there will be all the more for Bertie."

This argument had its effect, as Mrs. Willis had foreseen it would, and Ermeë rebelled no more, though it was hard for her to be comforted. But she promised Mrs. Willis that she would not let Mr. and Mrs. Leeds know how grieved she was to leave her brother.

She kept her word, and when Mr. Leeds came for her he found her looking grave and pale, to be sure, but calm and quiet. When they drove away the tears would come, but she cried softly and turned her head aside so Mr. Leeds should not see her face.

Once on the cars, there was much to entertain her, for railway travel was new to her.

When they reached Boston, after they had eaten lunch, Mr. Leeds walked with her over to a garden, and took her to ride on a beautiful great boat made in the shape of a swan.

"Oh, how lovely this is!" she exclaimed in rapture; and she wished Bertie were there to enjoy it with her.

She wished it still more when they reached New York, and she was made acquainted with her beautiful new home, which seemed like a glimpse of fairyland itself.

She had no chance to be homesick, there was so much to see and enjoy; and when she went to school she soon had many friends among the children there. Indeed, Ermeë made friends wherever she went, and they were of all ages and stations.

Among her new friends was an old farmer, who drove into town every week and left fresh eggs and butter at Mr. Leeds's house. He was a sociable old fellow, and used to stop for a chat as he made his weekly rounds. He took a great fancy to Ermeë, and often asked her if she would not go home with him. "You can gather eggs, and feed the chickens, and help my wife about the house. Send her out to me, Mr. Leeds, when you want to get rid of her," he would say, with a merry twinkle.

Ermeë never knew whether he were joking or not, and was at a loss at times to know how to reply to him. When she could she avoided seeing him, and Mr. Leeds used to laugh at her for being afraid of Mr. Farrell.

"How can you treat him so, Ermeë?" Mr.

Leeds once asked, with a laugh, "when he thinks so much of you, and wants you for his own little girl? What if she should decide to leave us, Nellie?"

"I do not believe she will," replied Mrs. Leeds, with a fond glance at the pretty child, who had completely won her heart.

"Well, we should have to hunt up some one to take her place, that 's all," said Mr. Leeds. "We cannot be left alone again."

He little thought that his bit of nonsense, which passed from his mind as soon as uttered, would bear the fruit it did. But the words sank deep into Ermeë's mind. She had never been able to fully enjoy her lovely home, for the thought of her dear little brother, deprived of all the pleasures lavished upon her, saddened her loving little heart.

She was two years older than he, and after their mother died her father had told her that she must be Bertie's "little mother." The fancy pleased her, and in her childish way she had shown a tender care of the little boy. Now it seemed to her that she had proved unfaithful in going where she had surroundings and belongings and enjoyments so far beyond anything that Bertie had ever known. In her unselfish little heart she often wished that Mr. Leeds had chosen Bertie. "He would have such good times here," she would often say to herself. She had even gone so far as to contemplate suggesting an exchange, and now a way seemed most unexpectedly opened, for Mr. Leeds had said that if she went away he should have to get some other child. Old Mr. Farrell had often asked her to go home with him and be his little girl. She did not quite like the old man, with his long gray beard and hard, rough hands, his deep, gruff voice and queer ways, and very likely Mrs. Farrell might be worse; but she could be of use to them, and her going would leave a place open for Bertie. If she could only summon up courage to speak to Mr. and Mrs. Leeds about it!

She had been careful to obey Mrs. Willis's injunction not to let her kind friends know how hard it was to leave Bertie, and in consequence she had said so little about him that they supposed she did not miss him. They were surprised, therefore, at an incident which

occurred about this time, and which bade fair to give Ermee the much-desired opportunity of suggesting her plan.

They were out walking, when she suddenly gave a cry, and ran after a little boy who passed them in the crowd. Mrs. Leeds followed her, saying: "You will get lost, dear, if you do not keep with us. What is it?"

"Oh, that little boy! I thought at first it was Bertie. See how much he looks like him!"

Her face was flushed with excitement as she gazed at the stranger, who stared in return, wondering what it meant.

Her eyes filled with tears when the child passed out of sight, and seeing Mr. and Mrs. Leeds exchange glances, she said quickly: "Oh, I am doing wrong! Aunty Willis told me I must not grieve for Bertie, when you were so good to me, and I promised I would not talk about him."

"But we like to hear about your little brother. You shall talk about him all you choose," said Mrs. Leeds, kindly.

"Oh, may I?" And the expressive face brightened and dimpled once more, as she prattled on about him in a way that went to the hearts of her hearers.

"He is so good and sweet, I am sure you would both love him," she said, with her happy smile.

"We do now, for his dear little sister's sake," Mr. Leeds replied.

"Oh, but he's ever so much nicer than I am, really," she said earnestly.

Mr. Leeds laughed as he replied: "I cannot believe that. Anyway, you are good enough for us; but we will take him when you go to Mr. Farrell's," said Mr. Leeds, with a laugh.

Ermee's eyes grew large. Her purpose was accomplished. And though her heart ached at the thought of leaving dear Papa and Mama Leeds, she did not hesitate. There was no chance to say more then, as they met a friend at that moment; but she made up her mind to talk it over with them that very evening.

It happened, however, that on their return a telegram awaited them, announcing the illness of Mrs. Leeds's sister, who lived in New Hampshire, and an hour later both Mr. and Mrs. Leeds were on their way to the station.

There seemed nothing to do but await their return; but a letter she received from Mr. Leeds changed Ermee's plans. He wrote that as his sister-in-law was better, he and his wife had planned to stop over a day, on their way home, and go to see Bertie. They were to return the last of the week, reaching home on Christmas eve. Quick as a flash came the thought, "Now he can bring Bertie home with him, if I go to Mr. Farrell's." And a moment later she began to write, with a hand which trembled with excitement:

DEAR PAPA LEEDS: You said once that you would take Bertie if I went away, and so I am going to Mr. Farrells. Of course I would rather stay with you, but Bertie is littler than me, and papa used to say I ought to think more about his having a good time than of having one myself. I can't at your house, for I have all the good times, and Bertie don't have any.

I hope it will be all rite, and you will bring Bertie home. I send lots of kisses to you and dear Mama Leeds.

Your loving  
ERMEE.

When Mr. Farrell came next day the little girl was waiting to meet him, and when he called out, after his usual custom, "Going home with me to-day?" he was gratified to have her reply, "Yes, if you will take me."

Mr. Leeds had promised the old man that Ermee should visit him some time, so he supposed she had permission to go, and so did Norah, the maid, and no questions were asked.

When Ermee spoke about her trunk, both Norah and Mr. Farrell agreed, with a laugh, that he could get it the next week. Norah packed her little bag for the night, thinking the child would probably be homesick before morning.

Homesick indeed she was at the mere prospect of leaving her dear home, but she girded up her courage, thinking of Bertie and the good times that awaited him.

The drive out to the farm was a pleasant one, and the house not unattractive. The same could not be said of Mrs. Farrell, however. She was a rather peculiar old woman, abrupt in speech, and very deaf.

She was surprised to see her husband bringing a child home, and inquired who she was.

When Mr. Farrell explained, she looked rather dubiously at Ermee, and said: "Well, you'll find things different here from what



you 've been used to at Mr. Leeds's great, beautiful house."

After supper, for which Ermeë had little appetite, she timidly asked Mrs. Farrell if she might wipe the dishes. To her relief, the offer was taken kindly, and when the old lady saw how deft and careful the child was, she patted her on the head approvingly. It was evident that Ermeë had risen in her estimation.

In the evening Mr. Farrell read his paper, and his wife slept in her chair. Ermeë could not help thinking regretfully of the happy evenings at Mr. Leeds's home, with music and games, and a good-night frolic to end with.

There was nothing pretty to look at in the large kitchen, which the Farrells used for dining-room and sitting-room, too, and the only books were a town history and a dictionary.

She was glad when Mrs. Farrell woke and announced that it was bedtime. She lost no time in going to sleep, and slept so soundly that when she woke next morning she was surprised at her unfamiliar surroundings, and was puzzled, for a minute, to know where she was. Then it all came back to her, and she broke into a little sob in spite of herself. But there was nothing to do but make the best of it, and, like the brave little girl she was, she resolutely dressed herself and hurried to the kitchen to see if she could help Mrs. Farrell.

After breakfast she went to the hen-house with Mr. Farrell, and there she found much to entertain her. The day dragged, however, and by night she was thoroughly homesick. The next day was worse, and that night was Christmas eve, too. She curled herself up on the old lounge in the corner of the kitchen, and cried herself quietly to sleep.

She knew no more till morning, and when she woke, thinking with a pang that there was no stocking and no presents, and, in fact, no Christmas, she suddenly stared about, amazed to find herself in her own little bed in the pretty room which Mrs. Leeds had fitted up for her. How came she there? Was it a dream or was it magic?

As she turned her head, there stood dear Mama Leeds by the bedside, smiling down upon her and wishing her a "Merry Christmas." What a hug and a kiss Ermeë gave her,

and then asked, thoroughly mystified: "But how did I get here?"

"Papa drove out for you last night, and you were so sound asleep that you never wakened when he bundled you up and put you in the carriage, nor when I undressed you here. But I know my little girl has been homesick. I saw traces of tears on your cheeks. The idea of being away on Christmas Day! How could you run away as you did?"

"Oh, but Bertie! I must go back, if they will take me. *Won't* you take Bertie?"

"We will talk about that later. Now we must hasten down to the library. Papa is all impatience to have you see your gifts."

"But I did n't hang up my stocking," said Ermeë, dubiously.

"Oh, but we did for you," called out Mr. Leeds, who, tired of waiting, had come after his little girl; and, catching her up on his shoulder, he ran down the stairs with her, laughing like a boy.

"The biggest present will not go into the stocking, after all," said Mr. Leeds.

"Oh, is it another doll?" queried Ermeë. "I hope it is a boy doll!"

Mr. and Mrs. Leeds both laughed at this, and as they entered the library Ermeë heard an odd little sound she did not understand, and she wondered if it came from some new toy. In one corner stood a tall pasteboard box on end.

"Your present is in that," said Mr. Leeds. "Open it carefully."

In a moment she had the cover off, and there stood Bertie!

With a cry of delight, she had him in her arms, while he, half smothered with kisses, made several vain attempts to call out: "I've come to stay! And you're to stay, too!"

When at last she understood him, she stared in wonder at Mr. and Mrs. Leeds as she asked:

"You don't mean you are going to keep us *both*?"

"That is just what we mean," they answered in a joyful chorus.

"And I need n't go back to Mr. Farrell's?"

"Well, I should say not! Do not ever mention such a thing to me again," said Mr. Leeds, with mock gravity; and then, putting an



"‘YOU DON'T MEAN YOU ARE GOING TO KEEP US BOTH?’ ERMEE ASKED."

arm around each of the children, he said tenderly: "No, darling; you are our own dear little girl for now and always, and Bertie is to be our little boy. Had we known how you felt about him we would have had him here long

ago, but 'better late than never.' And now for the happiest Christmas Day that any of us has ever had!"

And so indeed it was; and, as in the old fairy-tales, "they all lived happy ever after."



# JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER IV.

MISS KITTEN SAYS A PIECE—SO  
DOES JOSEY.

AFTER the kittens had finished their chorus, the teacher of their kindergarten, a tall, thin, stern-looking cat, who had a pointer over her shoulder, stepped up to the front and asked:

"Who wants to say a piece?"

The kittens all put up their little paws,—or, rather, each put up one paw,—and as they had no fingers to snap (as little girls do in school sometimes), they all

scratched the ground with their other paws and said, "Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!"

The teacher looked at them very sternly for a long time, and then touched a little white kitten with the end of the pointer.

"Katharine Krinkle, you may do it," she said.

The little white kitten stepped to the front and made a beautiful curtsy. "Miss Grimalkin's Party," she announced, and then began to recite:

"MISS GRIMALKIN'S PARTY.

"Sweet Tabitha Grimalkin was the fairest of the fair,  
And when she gave a party all society was there;  
The beauty and the chivalry of many blocks, I ween,  
That night in Catnip Garden by the moonlight there  
was seen.

"There were noble folk from Persia, and from Malta,  
and from Greece,  
And two from Madagascar with forty stripes apiece;

And potentates from China, and the Indies, and  
Japan,  
And envoys from the nations that reside in Yu-  
catan.

"With feasting and with dancing, then, they quickly  
passed the time,  
That night in Catnip Garden, while the moon did  
upward climb;  
Then sat in state together on the broad and ample  
wall,  
While Tabitha Grimalkin sang a song that pleased  
them all.

"Sir Thomas de la Maltese next, as loud as he could  
roar,  
Without an invitation sang a song about the war;  
And when Sir Brindle Bedivere began to cough,  
he sent  
A soldier friend to challenge him to knightly  
tournament.

"Sir Thomas de la Maltese he was tall and he was  
strong;  
His whiskers were like bristles, and his spurs were  
sharp and long;  
His eyes were full of darting fires, his war-cry full  
of rage,  
And he could fight like any knight that ever did  
engage.

"But bold Sir Bedivere declared he 'd nothing to  
regret;  
He 'd coughed because he 'd chosen to; and so  
the lists were set,  
With stout Sir Toby de la Manx and Baron Tor-  
toise-shell  
To keep their ward and mark the strife and see  
whate'er befell.

"Now, by my faith!" Sir Thomas cried, "bring on  
the cat-iff wight!  
I 'll make him into mincemeat here, as sure as  
I 'm a knight!"  
Sir Bedivere was calm and staid, and not a word  
said he,  
But sharpened up his weapons then upon a chest-  
nut-tree.

"They crouched themselves for combat wild upon  
the grassy sward,  
Then sprang and struck with simitars far sharper  
than a sword;



THE LITTLE WHITE KITTEN  
RECITES.

Their war-cries shook the welkin, and their blows  
rang out full soon,  
And many, many tufts of hair went sailing toward  
the moon.

"Oh, fiercely did Sir Thomas strive—he was a gallant  
knight;  
But scanty breath and ancient wounds oppressed  
him in the fight;  
And when at length he fled the field, a voice came  
from the wall:  
'How kind it was of him to leave us locks of hair  
for all!'

"And after that the fight was o'er they raised a  
festal lay;  
Sir Toby of his vocal power made notable display,  
And soon all voices blended were in chorus grand  
and hearty.  
Oh, never was such singing as at Miss Grimalkin's  
party!"

When the little white kitten had finished reciting she made a very pretty curtsy, and all the other kittens stood up on their hind feet and applauded by knocking their soft little paws together and crying, "Me-ow! me-ow! me-ow!"

Josey applauded, too,



though some of the words were so long that she hardly understood them.

After this came the drill. That was grand. The kittens marched up and down, and when their teacher cried out, "Receive dogs!" they fell, and rolled on their backs, and scratched with all their claws.

Josey was much impressed by all this.

"But is n't it naughty to teach them to fight?" asked Josey.

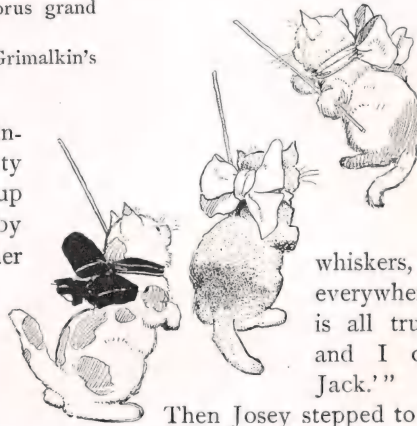
"It would be very naughty if there were no dogs," said the teacher.

"My mama always tells me that little girls must not fight," said Josey.

"That's right! Little girls should not fight," said the teacher. "But kittens are different. If they did not know how to fight the dogs would eat them up."

All the cats and kittens here asked Josey if she would not recite something, and though she was not willing she did not like to refuse.

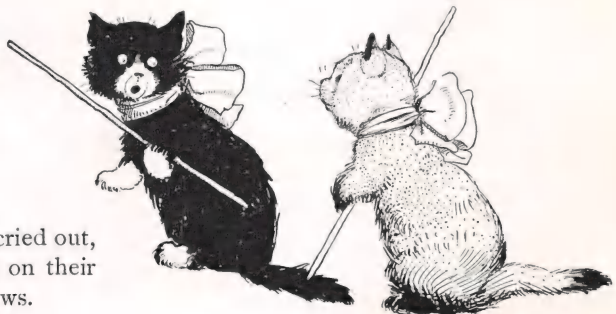
"I don't know many things," said the little girl, "but I will recite something that my Uncle Robert made up for me. He is a big man with whiskers, and he has been everywhere, so I suppose it is all true. It is a poem, and I call it 'Sailor-Boy Jack.'"



Then Josey stepped to the front and made a beautiful curtsy, and clasped and unclasped her hands, and began and stopped and began again, but at last got well started and recited this very prettily:

"SAILOR-BOY JACK.

"Jack was a sailor who went to the sea  
In a ship that was sturdy and stout;  
He whistled all day, so merry was he,  
Though the waves they did toss him about.



THE KITTENS' DRILL.



When the storm came up and the ship went down,  
 'T 'is no matter,' said Sailor-Boy Jack;  
 'Astride of a mast I 'll sail to the town,  
 And maybe the sooner get back.'

"He traveled all night, he traveled all day,  
 And many a day after that,  
 And landed at last in a beautiful bay,  
 Where the king of the islands sat.  
 'Hooray!' cried Jack, 'here 's the place for me.  
 It 's lucky I came here alone.  
 So tip us your flipper, my jolly old boy,  
 And I 'll trouble you for your throne.'

"The king looked up and the king looked down,  
 And he glowered and grunted and grinned;  
 And hundreds of savages scampered around  
 As free and as fleet as the wind.  
 They tied Jack's hands, they fastened his feet,  
 And they tumbled him into the pound.  
 'No matter,' said he; 'I 'll have something to eat;  
 It 's a pleasure to be on dry ground.'

"They gave him some meat, they gave him some bread,  
 They gave him some chicken and rice;  
 'Hooray!' shouted Jack, when the feast was spread.  
 He gobbled it all in a trice.  
 Then, day after day, as the savages came  
 And saw him grow fatter and fatter,  
 They laughed with delight to find him so tame,  
 And heaped up the food on his platter.

"At length came a time when they made a big fire,  
 And all of the people assembled.  
 They blew the loud horns as the flames mounted higher,  
 But Jacky the bold never trembled.  
 'If so be I 'm goin' to old Davy Jones,  
 I 'll go with a grin on my face;  
 To-morrow I may be a bundle of bones,  
 But to-day I can show them the pace.'

"A hornpipe he danced so nimble and gay,  
 The savages shouted, 'Encore!'  
 And then with a breakdown he rattled away,  
 And still they kept calling for more.  
 So when the cook came to put Jack in the pot  
 The chiefs would n't have such a thing;  
 They ate the old monarch instead on the spot—  
 And then they elected Jack king.

"And now, I believe, if you go to that isle,  
 You 'll find Jack a very great man.  
 His dancing 's academy's highest in style;  
 It leads in society's van."

The cat schoolmistress coughed when Josey finished. "That was a very remarkable adventure," she said, looking sharply at Josey.

"So my uncle said," replied Josey. "He said that there were some people who did not believe it ever happened."

The cat schoolmistress coughed again, but said nothing further, and dismissed the kittens, who scampered away with their tails up and their bows of ribbon all flying, screaming "Meow!" as hard as ever they could.

## CHAPTER V.

### JOSEY VISITS THE GRIZZLIES.

WHEN the little girl went to sleep in the cats' country the chipmunk climbed up her sleeve, for he was not sure but that some of the cats might use their sharp claws on him. They could not get up the little girl's sleeve, and so the chipmunk had a whole skin to his name when he awoke.

After breakfast Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to the country where all the bears live.

They found the polar bear seated upon a great field of ice. He was watching a hole, expecting a seal to come up. The cinnamon bear had gone into another country to rob a bees' nest, the black bear was lying fast asleep, and the grizzly bear was walking about on his hind legs, beating the trees and shouting, "Dash my buttons! Dash my buttons!"

"What's the matter with him?" asked Josey.

The black bear woke up, yawned, and scratched his head.

"Oh, him?" he said, looking at the grizzly. "He 's always that way. He wants some one to go and fight with him, but I 'm not going!"

When the grizzly saw the little girl, he came walking up to her with his hands on his hips, and his big tongue hanging out at one side of his mouth.

"Hullo, little girl!" he roared, in a voice that sounded like the biggest of big thunder, and made trees tremble to their roots.

The chipmunk made a dive down the neck of Josey's dress, and she felt that she would like to crawl down there herself.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "What are you going to do?"

"Do?" roared the grizzly. "Why, dash my

buttons! what should I do but say how d' ye do?"

He stood there looking down and laughing, till Josey began to think that perhaps he was not so cross as he was said to be.

"Don't bears sometimes eat people?" she asked.

"Never heard of such a case. You little goosey-gander, that 's all a slander," he said.

"Oh, I 'll tell you about that. They had brought home a big jar of honey, and they wanted to give her some, so they ran after her to bring her back. They would never have hurt her."

"Well, that 's very strange!" said the little girl. "It is all so different from what I have read. My papa says that you can't believe one word that you see in the newspapers now."



"THE CHIPMUNK MADE A DIVE DOWN THE NECK OF JOSEY'S DRESS."

"But you hug people, don't you?"

"Of course we do, if they 're nice people. Don't you?"

"Oh, yes; but that 's different."

"I don't see any difference," said the grizzly.

"But I 've seen it printed that bears are terribly cross," said Josey.

"Maybe," answered the grizzly; "but you must not believe all that you see printed."

"But this had pictures that went with it."

"Some of those are the worst kind. You can't believe them at all!"

"And are n't bears cross?"

"Why, no; they 're the most good-tempered animals in the world!"

"Well, then, why did they chase Little Goldenhair?" asked Josey, much puzzled.

But I want to know about bears, so if you have time, Mr. Grizzly, won't you please tell me a real true bear story?"

The grizzly coughed several times as if he was modest. Then he said: "The only story I know is a song; maybe you don't call that a story."

"Oh, yes, we do, if there is a story in it," said Josey.

"Well, then, I 'll give it to you," said the grizzly; "for I can't think of letting you go away with all those queer ideas about bears. Whatever I tell you may be sure is all true. I 'm very peaceable, and I 'd like to see the creature that says I 'm not peaceable. I 'd soon settle him!"

Saying this, the grizzly bear placed his paw



on his heart and bowed to the little girl. Then he recited a poem which he called "Pomp and the Bear," in order to show how peaceable and quiet all bears are. It went like this:

POMP AND THE BEAR.

De ole brack beah come out de swamp.  
 "Um-m-m-m-m!"  
 Open he mouf fer to ketch um Pomp.  
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m!"  
 Pomp he hollah an' shinny up tree,  
 An' ole brack beah go aftah he.  
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m!"  
 Pomp he go to de top de roos';  
 Branch so slim it a'mos' break loose;



"THE BIG BEAR WAS HOLDING JOSEY ON HIS LAP."

Down come Pompey an' up go beah,  
 Teetah so hawd dat it make um scah.  
 "M-m-m-m-ff-ff!"

Pomp run like he was wanted bad.  
 Goo'ness! ain' dat ole beah mad?  
 "R-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-ff-ff!"

Jump down tree an' away he trabble  
 Make dat Pompey scratch um grabble.  
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!"  
 Beah ketch Pomp 'n' gin um whack,  
 Come nigh make hes ribs all crack;  
 Pomp draw back an' bunt dat beah—  
 Law me, honey, dat a-make um stah!  
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m!"

Ole beah growl an' hop all roun',  
 Rassel dat Pomp an' frow um down.  
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-ff-ff!"  
 Dey jis clinch an' go at fightin'.  
 "Hi, yo' Pompey, stop dat bitin'!"  
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-ff-ff!"

"Wha' fer yo' not lemme be?"  
 "'Ca'se stole honey f'm out ma tree."  
 "How ah know dat de tree been yo's?"  
 "Ah 's got ma sign on bofe dem doahs."  
 "Fff-ff-ff-m-m-m-m-m!"  
 "Trouble wif me is, I don' kain't read."  
 "Dasso, chile? Berry sohy 'ndeed."  
 "I ain' go foh do no stealin'.  
 "Den I 'pologize, 'n' dar 's no hawd feelin'.  
 "M-m-m-m-m-m-m-ff!"  
 Pomp go home and men' he duds;  
 Ole brack beah go back to de woods.  
 "Um-m-m-m-m-m-r-r-r-r-r-r-ff-ff!"

While the bear was saying his piece he growled so terribly that he frightened Josey; but after it was all over he seemed to think that he had made her feel safe with him, for he said:

"And so you can see for yourself that there is nothing at all in

the stories about bears being cross and wanting to bite people's heads off."

Just at this time there were terrible cries of "Murder! Murder!"

They turned to look, and there they saw something in the road that was rolling about in the dust like a ball. It seemed to have arms that were thrashing so fast that they could not be very clearly seen. From the midst of it the loud squeals were coming.

The big bear was holding Josey on his lap, just as if she were his little daughter, and she was very comfortable, when he heard this noise. any of the honey that you stole. When you

He dropped the little girl immediately, and ran down to the road, where he took a bucket of water and dashed it over the thing that was rolling like a ball. Then he took the branch of a tree and beat about as if he was fighting something in the air. Soon he stopped, and stood looking as if watching something flying off.



“WHAT 'S THAT YOU HAVE UNDER YOUR ARM?”

Josey ran down to the road, and there she saw a fat grizzly cub sitting and crying as if his heart would break. He was the one that had been shouting “Murder!”

“I thought I told you to stay in our yard,” said the old grizzly, for he was the cub’s papa.

The cub made no answer except to rub his eyes with his paws and keep rocking backward and forward and saying, “O-o-o-o-o-o!”

“You’ve been off with that cinnamon bear again, after I told you not to!” roared Mr. Grizzly. “Now, where did he take you this time?”

“Robbing bees’ nests! O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!” said the cub.

“Well, it served you right! It served you right!” said the old bear. “Why could n’t you leave the poor bees alone? They had to work for their honey, did n’t they? What business had you to steal it?”

The poor bear cub continued to rub his nose, which was covered with stings, and to cry, “O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!”

“What ‘s that you have under your arm?” asked his father. He reached out and took a very large honeycomb from the cub.

“You ought to be ashamed of robbing the poor bees. M-m-m-m-m! But—now that the honey ‘s here, we might as well eat it.”

Mr. Grizzly gave Josey a piece of the stolen comb. “We can’t give it back to the bees now,” he said; “they are too angry to listen to anything that we might say. It will take

them two or three days to settle down. As to you, Mr. Cub, for being so bad you won’t get any of the honey that you stole. When you get home your mother will attend to your case. Look at your coat, that she washed this morning! You’re honey and bee-stings and mud from head to foot. You ‘ll get it!”

Mr. Grizzly took Josey and the chipmunk to his house and gave them a bed just like that Goldenhair slept in when she visited the bears’ house, ever so long ago.

But the food was altogether different from what Goldenhair found. Josey had a heaping plate of berries and a jug of cream, and some of the honey in the comb, and the chipmunk had a big saucerful of hickory-nuts.

Just before Josey went to sleep she heard a great noise in the woodshed, and the voice of Mrs. Grizzly saying: “You *will* run off when I tell you not to, and get yourself as dirty as a little boy, will you?”

And then there was a sound of whack! whack! whack! and the voice of the cub again: “Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo! I ‘ll never do it again!”

## CHAPTER VI.

MR. GRIZZLY BEAR CUB IS SICK AND WANTS GIANT STORIES AND JELLY.

NEXT morning little Master Grizzly Bear Cub was still suffering from bee-stings, and his mother sent for the doctor; and then, when the doctor said the cub ought to get up, she turned the doctor out of doors, and petted the cub and gave him jelly.

Later in the day she brought Josey and the chipmunk in to see him.

The cub was screaming for more jelly, and the mother was running to get it, when Josey entered the room. He called out to her that she must not go away, and the mother also asked her not to go away for a while.



Josey thought she would like to get along so I know that this story is true. The way on her journey, because she had so far to go; she came to lose her mother was that they both went down-town to look at the stores. Elsie's mother sometimes looks in windows and stops to talk to people, and that's how she came to get lost.



"I LIKE TO BE MADE NERVOUS,"  
SAID THE CUB. "GO ON WITH  
THE GIANT STORY."

but they were so very kind, and they wanted a story so much, that she sat down on the side of the bed and asked, "What sort of a story do you want me to tell?"

"About giants," said the little bear—"about men who are bigger and stronger than bears. I've heard some stories like that, and they used to make me so frightened that I would put my head under the bed-clothes and shiver. Don't you like those stories that make you shiver?"

"Sometimes I do," said Josey. "But mama does not like me to hear such stories as that. She says that they make children nervous."

"I like to be made nervous," said the cub. "Go on with the giant story, and let it be a true one."

#### ELSIE AMONG THE GIANTS.

"I know one true one," said Josey. "It's about the way little Elsie found the giants on the day that she lost her mother. Little Elsie lives next door to me, and we play together,

"Elsie did not notice that her mother was lost, and she kept on walking with the people, because she thought that must be the way to go or they would not be going. So she went down ever so many streets, and past ever so many places and houses and people and things, so far that she knew something strange must happen, and it did.

"She saw a giant!

"He was a big, black, gruff-looking fellow, with big boots, and big mustache, and stiff hat, and belt and club, like the other giants we see in the books. His club was different from Cormoran's, though. Cormoran's was covered with knobs. This giant's club was straight. He had it hanging from his wrist by a thong of leather, and now and then he gave it a swing.

"Elsie was just going to run away when the giant saw her, and then it was too late. It never does to let giants see that you are afraid



BRINGING IN JELLY FOR THE BEAR CUB.

of them. Where would Jack the Giant-killer have been if the giant with two heads had seen he was afraid? Jack would never have been

able to play that trick upon him with the bag and the porridge.

"So Elsie walked right up to him and said, 'Did you see my mama, sir?'"

"The giant first straightened up and then bent way down so as to see her face.

"'Who is your mama, little lady?' he asked. (And that shows how ignorant giants are, for every one knows Elsie's mama.)

"'Who is your mama?' he asked again; then, 'Who's your papa?' and after that, 'What store? What street?'"

"Elsie knew all these things, and told him mama was mama, papa was papa, the store was the big store, and the street was just the street. Still he did not seem to understand, but at last he said:

"'Come along. I'll take you to your mama!' and he held her by the hand and led her.

"Elsie knew he was going to take her to his castle.

"If he did not know who her mama was, how could he know how to go to her mama? He must be going to his castle, she thought. But Elsie was careful not to show any signs of distrust. She trotted along at his side, holding his hand and talking all the way.

"Sure enough, at last they did come to the giant's castle; and they found it full of giants—so many that Elsie wondered till she remembered that all giants have plenty of brothers and cousins, who are all the time going about avenging each other's deaths.

"They were dreadfully ignorant; they could not have known anything at all, because they wanted her to tell them so much. They

seemed to think a lot of what she told them, too, because one of them wrote it down in a big book.

"Then they took her into a large room. They all smiled when she came in. One of them set her upon a table and said, 'Is n't she fat?'"

"'I've got one at home just like her,' said another.

"They all gathered round her. One said, 'Look at her red cheeks!' Another, 'Are n't those fine blue eyes?' Another, 'She has curly hair just like the little girl at my house!'"

"There's one very pleasant thing about giants: they feed you well. Not that that's any credit to them, though, because they only do it to make you fat. But Elsie was hungry, and she was much obliged to one of these giants when he went out and bought her bread and

honey and milk and gingerbread and oranges—all she could eat, and more; and they brought her candy, too, and would have given her money, but she said:

"'No, thank you! Mama would not allow me to take it.'

"Then they said she was a good little girl (artful things!), and they showed her a room where there was a nice bed. Some one said it was the captain's bed, and there she went to bed, clothes and all.

"And, somehow, she went to sleep. She intended to stay awake and fool them, but she forgot all about that when the Sandman came—people will forget sometimes.

"And when she awoke again there was her mama, and her mama had been crying. So Elsie had to comfort her.

"The giants smiled all the time that Elsie



"'DID YOU SEE MY MAMA, SIR?'"



and her mama were with them after that, and they let them go away in a carriage, for they knew that Elsie's papa would come after her. And so Elsie got home safely, after all."

"Oh," said the little bear to Josey, when she had finished the story, "it must have been terrible when those giants were saying, 'Is n't she fat?' That makes me shiver."

The little bear felt his own fat ribs, and shivered so hard that he nearly shook all the bedclothes off himself, and his mother had to run and get him more jelly before he would quiet down.

## CHAPTER VII.

HOW OSTRICHES HIDE—JOSEY COULD NOT  
EAT THEIR DINNER—ATTENDED BY DR.  
MONKEY.

As soon as they could get away from the little grizzly cub and his anxious mother, Josey and the chipmunk went on and on and on till they came to a land where it was all rolling yellow sand. They saw very big birds, almost as big as giraffes, running about like race-horses. No one could see what they were after. Some were going this way and some that way, and then back again. They

them over the sand, they all stopped running, and buried their heads away down deep.

"Goodness! What can they be up to?" said Josey. "We 'll go over and sit down till this one comes out."

So she went and sat down in the shade of the biggest one, for the sun, shining on the sand, made it very hot.

After a long time the bird pulled his head out and saw the little girl. He seemed to be very much frightened, and put his head in again in a great hurry. He stood there, all trembling.

Josey caught hold of his feathers and shook him.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "Come out of that!"

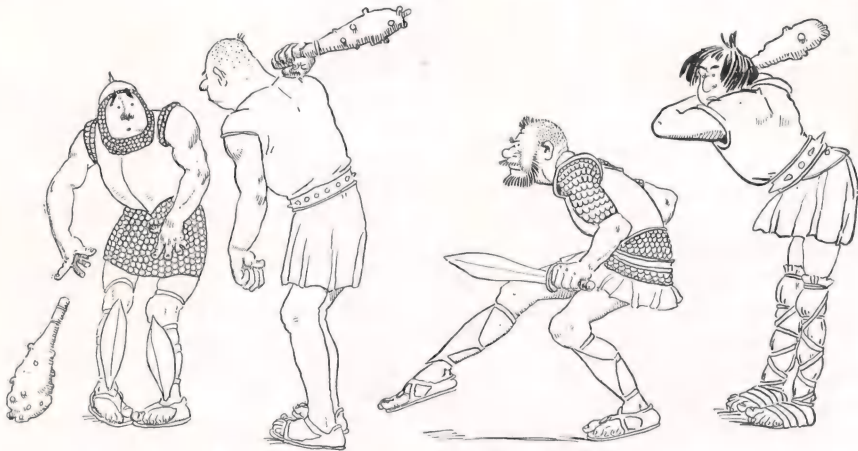
The big bird raised his eyes up out of the sand. He looked very stupid.

"Could you see me?" he asked.

"Of course I could," said the little girl; "you had only your head hidden."

The big bird put up a foot and scratched his ear.

"How is that?" he asked, trying to think it all out. "You could see me while I could not see you. That does n't seem at all reasonable. How was that? Will you kindly explain?"



"GOING ABOUT AVENGING EACH OTHER'S DEATHS."

stretched their long legs and just skimmed. They had little bits of wings, and used them like fans, but one could not call it flying, the way they went.

When they saw the little girl walking toward

"Why, you had only your head hidden," said Josey.

"Yes; but when I could n't see you, how could you see me?"

"Because I did not hide my head. Look

at all those other birds over there. You can see them, can't you?"

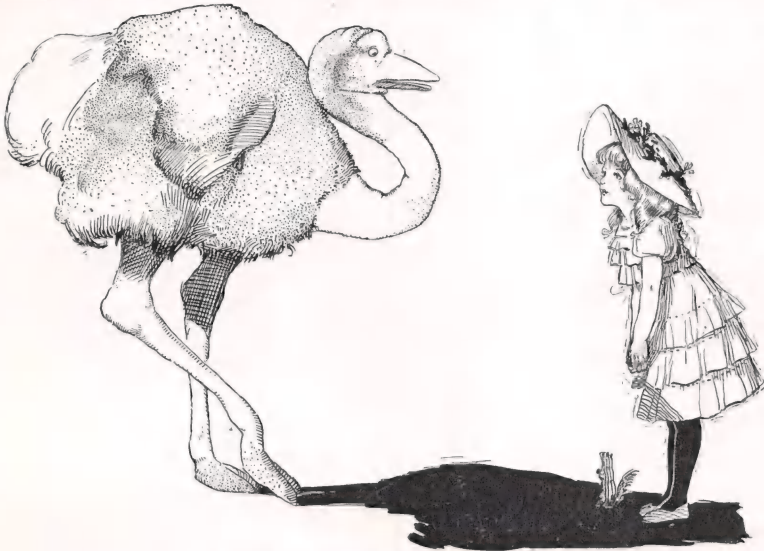
"Why, yes."

"And yet they all have their heads hidden."

"That's true. I never knew that before. Think how funny that I never knew that be-

She threw her arms about his neck. "Hold on tight!" she said to the chipmunk. "We'll be going like the wind soon, if what the books say about ostriches is true."

When Josey was well settled on his back, the big ostrich gave a cry, and set off so fast that



"OH, IT'S ALL IN PRACTICE," SAID THE BIG BIRD."

fore! And our mothers must have taught us every bit wrong, for it was they who said that if you hid your head in the sand nobody could see you."

Then the big bird called to all the others.

"Come out!" he said. "You might as well come out. She can see us."

All the others then came out, and when told that they could be seen they were just as much astonished as the big one had been.

When the little girl asked the big birds who they were, they said they were the ostriches, who make the beautiful feathers for the ladies' hats.

"I don't see how you ever get time to make such fine feathers when you run about so much," said Josey.

"Oh, it's all in practice," said the big bird.

It was so hot where they were on the sand that Josey said she would very much like to have a drink of water. At this one of the small ostriches stooped down, and she climbed upon his back, and from there she easily mounted to the back of the biggest one.

the clouds seemed to fly by above. They went over the rolling sand, on and on, ever so far.

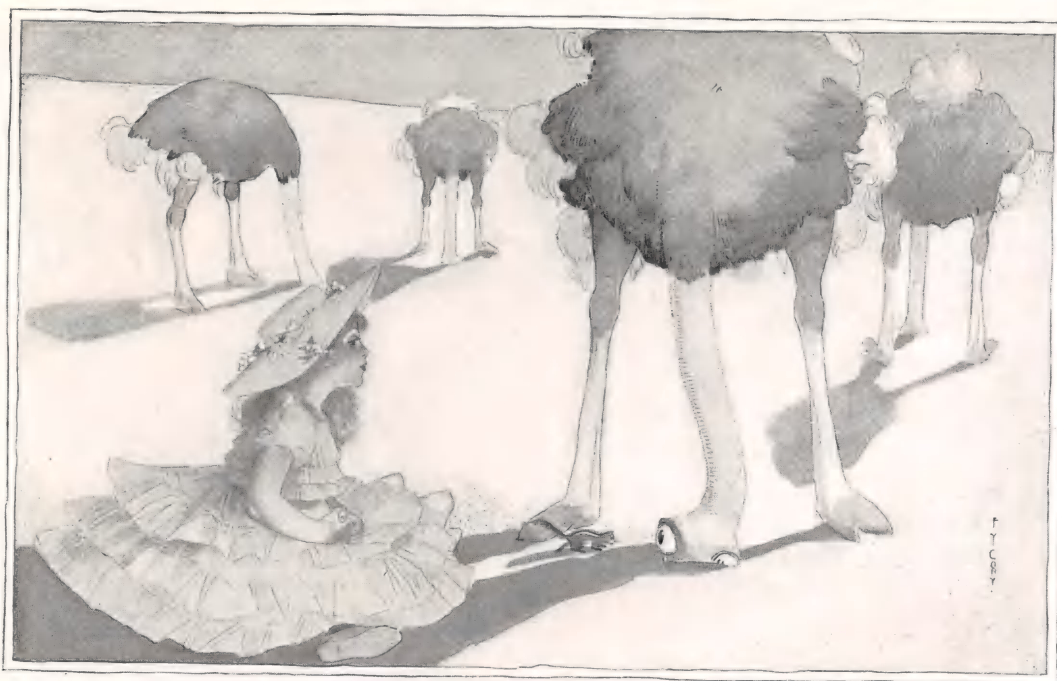
At last, away and away off, they saw a little patch of green with something like a feather waving above it. It grew bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger till it turned into an oasis full of trees. That is a thing they have in the desert, where people who get tired of the rolling sand can eat and drink and sleep and be cool. They went so very fast that they were there soon. Here they found a spring of water that was as clear as crystal. After Josey and the ostriches and the chipmunk had had a great, long drink, and were cool, the big ostrich said:

"Now we will have our supper."

#### THE OSTRICHES' SUPPER.

Some of the other ostriches then came along and spread the cloth on the grass. Then they brought bones and stones and bits of crockery and glass, and set them about.





"COULD YOU SEE ME?" ASKED THE OSTRICH." (SEE PAGE 170.)

"Try some of these, little girl," said the big ostrich to Josey. "They are very sweet." And he passed her some nails.

"Goodness! I can't eat iron," said Josey.

"Can't eat iron!" said the ostriches, laughing. "Why, what do you eat, if you can't eat iron?"

"Cakes and buns, and bread and butter, and I drink milk, too. I eat all sorts of things that are good for people; but I'm sure that my mama would not like me to eat any of those things that are on the table. They may be very nice, but I know that mama would rather I did not eat them."

"That's right," said the big ostrich; "always remember what your mother tells you. But you can't go without eating. People would say that we starved you. Jenny, run over to Dr. Monkey's house and see if you can't get him to come here."

The little ostrich that was spoken to ran away immediately, and very soon came back out of breath.

"He's coming," she said.

Soon there was a rustling in the leaves overhead, and then something that looked like a

little old gray man dropped down out of the branches. He had whiskers that came all round his face, and he kept winking his eyes and twisting his nose and mouth about in the most comical sort of way. He had a very long tail, too, and sometimes he went on four legs like a dog, and sometimes on two legs like a man. When he walked like a man he carried his tail under his arm, just like a walking-stick.

When the ostriches told him that the little girl could not eat, he stopped making faces and looked at her very carefully. Then he wanted to see her tongue, and he put back her eyelids, and he felt her pulse.

"H'm!" he said. "H'm!"

Then he took off his spectacles and rubbed them on his sleeve, and put them on again, and felt Josey's pulse again.

"Don't you feel better now, little girl?" he asked. "Don't you feel as if you could eat your supper now?"

"Of course," said Josey, "I'm hungry, but I can't eat this sort of food. I'm sure it is very good. It looks very nice. But I know my mama would not like me to eat it."

"That 's terrible," said the big ostrich. "If she does n't eat she will starve to death."

"What is it she can't eat?" asked Dr. Monkey.

They showed him the table all spread with stones and bones and pieces of glass and iron. He twisted up his face in the funniest sort of way when he saw these things, and scratched his whiskers like mad.

"Oh!" he said, "I know the very kind of medicine she wants. Send one of the children with a big basket." He made one great jump from the ground into the tree-branches above, and went racing off. When there was no branch that ran the way he wanted to go, he gave great jumps from tree to tree; and when the distance was too far to jump, he twisted his tail round a branch and threw himself off with a swing that sent him flying on through the air like a stone from a sling.

One of the young ostriches ran after the

doctor as fast as ever he could, with a basket over his arm. Soon he came back with the basket filled, and heaping over, with dates, figs, bananas, oranges, and cocoanuts that were broken in half and the milk left in them.

Josey and the chipmunk made a great feast of these, while the ostriches gobbled up the pieces of glass, brass, crockery, iron, bones, and stones at a great rate. When they had finished they sat down and were very quiet. The big ostrich said:

"It does not do for us to run about much soon after eating, the things inside make such a terrible rattling. If we run fast it sounds just like a whole trayful of dishes falling downstairs."

As they were sitting there quietly after supper, there was a rustling in the branches again, and down dropped Dr. Monkey among them.

"Hurry up!" he said, with a very solemn air. "The king has sent for you all."

*(To be continued.)*



WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.





# My Little Delft Friends

— By Margaret L. Ullman

I.

On the bright tiling they stand,  
My friends on the battered Delft plate,  
And out on the window-framed land  
Blue windmills are whirling in state.  
Her knitting has dropped from her lap;  
Puss anxiously watches its trail—  
The little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,  
And the cat with a twist in its tail.

II.

Sometimes in Dreamland she smiles,  
And I climb to the little blue room,  
And play with the girl on the tiles,  
While the kitten goes chasing a broom.  
And when I awaken, mayhap,  
They will toss me a glance from their nail—  
The little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,  
And the cat with a twist in its tail.

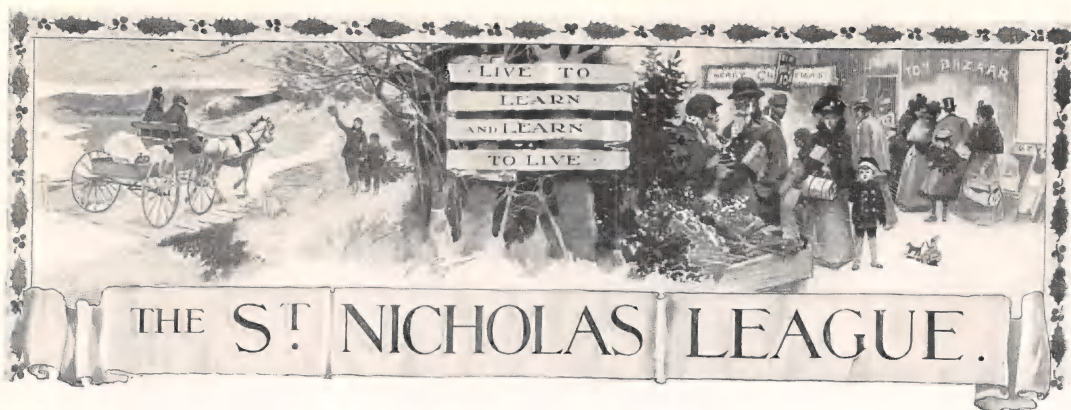
III.

If ever I go to the land  
Where Dutch people fish and make cheese,  
Where wooden shoes trudge o'er the sand,  
And windmills grow thicker than trees,  
I'll search every place on the map,  
And hunt in each village and vale,  
For the little Dutch girl with her muslin cap,  
And the cat with a twist in its tail.









The trees are bare, the fields are brown,  
 The chill winds gallop by,  
 While huddled clouds, like frightened sheep,  
 Go racing down the sky.

AND so December comes, with chill winds, red noses, blazing fires, and Christmas preparations. After all, there is no month quite like old December; and now that all of the others are gone, we can say so among ourselves, and no one will be the wiser.

Of course November does bring Thanksgiving, and July has its Fourth, while even January, cold and bitter and bleak, starts in with a glad New Year. But the Christmas feeling is different, and the days when the city streets are filled with shoppers, and even the country roads are merry with voices and the rattle of wagons returning from mysterious trips to town—these are the days that no other month can give us, and December owns them all.

And then, what time is there in the whole year that brings anything like the afternoon before Christmas, when all the days have been counted, and we can say, "To-morrow is Christmas," and "To-night comes Santa Claus to fill the stockings or the Christmas tree."

It was always the stockings he used to fill. We knew very little about Christmas trees. And on the afternoon before Christmas we hung up, at the corners of the big fireplace, the brightest and longest stockings we had, and then walked about and looked at them, and spoke in whispers while we waited anxiously for night and supper-time, so we could hurry off to bed,

and to the sleep that would bring the morning quicker.

It is because of this memory that we have asked the young artists for drawings of "The Christmas Fireplace"; for out of the Christmas fireplace once came the inexpensive presents that made us glad for a whole year, just as the new and finer presents on the Christmas tree make us glad now, and are almost as well worth the year of waiting.

So the young poets were asked to write about "The Christmas Tree," and we hope their poems will be simple and fine, without any long words or lines hard to understand. All good Christmas poems are simple in form and words. In fact so are almost all good poems of any kind, but poems of Christmas especially. The very Christmas spirit is simplicity and tenderness, and the first Christmas, with the little Child lying in the manger of Bethlehem, was so simple and tender that through all these two thousand years men's eyes have grown dim remembering it.

In a magazine, not many years ago, there was a Christmas poem in which were these lines:

I know a spot where budless twigs  
 Bend over frozen snow.

Just two lines, so simple that you would not wish to add a word, and you could not take one away, but when we read them the

still Christmas forest is before us—pure, white, and holy—a place to come and pray.

When shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground,

is like that, too, and, of all the Christmas poetry ever written, will perhaps live longest.

Those who write prose, stories and essays, will tell us about the Old Year and the New. If they are wise, they will tell it simply and directly, too, using short Anglo-Saxon words as much as possible, and short, clear sentences. For all that has been said about verse applies to prose as well, and to pictures, and every form of art. It is only the puzzle-makers who are allowed to be intricate and abstruse. They may make us work and think and conjure our brains over what they mean as much as they like; but even with puzzles it is sometimes the simplest one that is the best—one that, when solved, makes us laugh and say, "Why, of course! Anybody ought to see that."



N twining the holly about our own homes and hearts, we will pause now and then to place a sprig of Christmas joy in the lives of those less fortunate. Because the girl who lives on the street just back of us has no parents, and is often without shoes even in cold weather, there is no good reason why she should not care

for the merry good will of Christmas, and for something good and warm to wear, with perhaps a bit of ribbon or turkey or sweetmeat thrown in for full measure. And because the man who shovels off our snow does not

pause often to look up at our Christmas wreaths in the windows, we cannot be certain that he does not care for them. On the whole, it is much more likely that he is too cold to do so, and too busy trying to get money, not to buy sweets or toys, but plain food enough to keep some little folks at home from going without their suppers. It does not cost much to add a great deal of happiness to these lives. We can have no idea without trying it how far a small investment will go toward bringing some of the brightness of Bethlehem into homes where one day is a good deal like another and where nearly all the days are lived without the pretty comforts that brighten and beautify most of our firesides.

But before we get too deeply interested in Christmas joys and preparations we will have the December prize competition. The gold and silver buttons will be the same in number as last month, and awarded for the same accomplishments; but the subjects will be different, and perhaps some of those who tried hard in the first competition, and will be disappointed that they did not succeed, will try for the December prizes and win.

## DECEMBER PRIZE COMPETITION.

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF SUBJECTS.

NOTE.—The December prize competition will close December 10. Contributions received after that time cannot compete. The prizes awarded in this competition will be announced, and prize contributions published, in February St. NICHOLAS.

Subject for prize poem (not more than twenty-four lines) must contain the word "Valentine," and may be "A Valentine," "His Valentine," "My Valentine," or any similar title.

Subject for prize school composition (story or essay of not more than four hundred words), "When Washington was Young."

Subject for pen drawing (black ink on white paper, and may be an indoor or outdoor view), "In Winter-Time."



Subject for photograph (not smaller than  $3 \times 4$ , nor larger than  $5 \times 7$ , and may be city or country scene), "December Byways."

The prize puzzle may be of any sort, but must contain some word or words relating to Washington or to some victory of that general.

The prize puzzle-answers will be the best and neatest set of answers to all the puzzles in this (December) issue.

All work should bear the contributor's name, age, and address, and to compete must be *original*.

and indorsed as such by the contributor's parent, teacher, or guardian. This and other rules will be found on the instruction leaflet mailed with the button, and all should be carefully looked over each month to make sure that work is properly prepared before it is sent.

And now, with a Happy Christmas all round, we will say good-by until we are ready for a Happy New Year.

Always address

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York City.

#### TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League, as explained in the November number, is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a *written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.*

### A PRIZE-WINNER?

"I 'd like to win a prize," said Sue—

"I 'd like to, and I 'll do it, too.

I 'll write a poem, first," said she,

"And then a tale in prose you 'll see,

And then a drawing I will make,

And then a photograph I 'll take,

And then a puzzle I will write,

And send them all by mail to-night,

And puzzle-answers, too; and so

I 'll surely win one prize, I know."

The rules she did n't pause to read,

But wrote with diligence and speed

A poem and a story too,

And then, forthwith, a picture drew;

A photograph and puzzle next,

And then, alas! poor Sue was vexed

O'er "answers" harder far (for her)

Than poems, prose, and pictures were.

Still, she got *some*,—or thought she had,—

And sent them, and her heart was glad

Till, when the prize-

list Susie read,

"I have n't got a thing!"

she said.

If Susie had but read with care  
The rules and all that 's printed  
there

Twice through, at least, from  
end to end,—

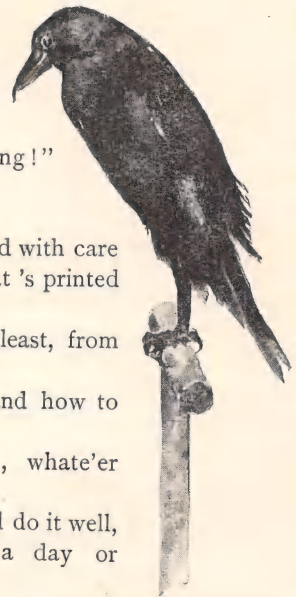
On what to send and how to  
send,—

And then resolved, whate'er  
befell,

To do one thing, and do it well,  
And taken time—a day or  
two—

To think, and then as long to *do*,  
It might have been—I cannot say—  
Sue *might* have had a prize to-day.

A. B. P.



# BOOKS AND READING

W.H.M.

## WHAT CHRISTMAS BRINGS.



and rejoice in an atmosphere of love and peace and good will.

First to serve us are our poets: Milton, who gave us his "Ode to the Nativity," Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Whittier, and others who have given us exquisite verse, to say nothing of the hymns and carols which ring through the world. And we must not forget one tender poem in prose, told as a story for children, with a pathos which belongs peculiarly to Eugene Field. It is called "The First Christmas Tree," and may be found in "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," which the author has left as a legacy to his child-friends.

If all the Christmas lore could be gathered from various parts of the world, we should be amazed, not only at the quantity, but the quality, of the material; for it is always the best work, produced in the happiest moments, and therefore the most lasting. Especially is this the case when we remember the painters and musicians who have so gloriously celebrated the birth of Christ; for these were poets, as much as those who put their thoughts into words. The old masters used this theme constantly, and Tissot, the living artist, has used it to his lasting fame. Handel, the great composer, made it the foundation of his magnificent oratorio, "The Messiah"; and Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven lent their music, over and over, as a setting for Christmas hymns and anthems.

These hymns are without number, such a host of them!—from "A Hymn for Children for Christmas," by Martin Luther, the great church reformer, down to the modern hymns, —some of which may be found in a volume called "St. Nicholas Songs," a dainty volume full of lovely melodies that breathe of children.

The carols usually sung on Christmas Eve were at one time more a feature of the holiday than they are now; the custom has died out in cities, though some country people keep it up. Many noted writers have attempted carols. One of the earliest was George Wither, a well-known Puritan of Cromwell's time. Bishop Hall and Robert Herrick, the poet, both tried carol-writing.

Of course we have many beautiful Christmas poems with no distinctly religious bearing —poems which tell of jollity and good cheer. Every one knows "The Night before Christmas"; indeed, most of us have it by heart, for it is full of merriment and pleasant anticipation.

As for the stories and the legends—who has not written them for us? Dickens, Thackeray, Washington Irving, Stevenson, Kipling, Louisa M. Alcott, Mary E. Wilkins, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others. Think of the books in your own libraries, of the Christmas scenes in the different chapters, and the beautiful traditions and customs which lend color to the sober side of the holy day; and remember also a few odd things about this same wonderful Christmas:

That mistletoe is never used for church decoration, because it was sacred to the ancient Druids, and therefore a heathen emblem; but its legends do not keep it out of merry households during the Yule-tide.

That in Devonshire, England, if the sun shines at noon on Christmas Day, a plentiful



apple crop may be looked for in the following year.

That even as late as 1753 there was some doubt as to the exact date of Christmas; the old count bringing it to the 5th of January, the new count giving us the 25th of December, which is "the day we celebrate."

B. M.

HERE is a little reminder of school-days. But we are sure that any way of making it easier to learn dates will be a welcome Christmas present to many a puzzled young scholar.

#### LEARNING DATES.

In the study of history, many young folk think they never had anything so hard to learn as dates. Master Robert said the other day that he did not know whether the Pilgrims landed in 620 or 1620, but he knew the date was December 21; and Maria said that Elizabeth ascended the throne either in 1855 or 1558, but she could not tell which; and Tom says that, with all the pains he has taken, he has never learned but one date, viz., Columbus discovered America in 1492.

Now, you see it is not of much importance whether the Pilgrims landed December 20 or December 21, but there is a thousand years of difference between 620 and 1620, so I think that when Robert studied his lesson he merely looked at the words instead of thinking what they meant, and if you are going to learn numbers without thinking about them, "December 21" is just as easy to learn as "1620." Maria, too, remembered all the figures in the date she studied; the only trouble was she could not remember where to put the "8." Now, if she had been using her common sense, she might have thought that we are living in 1899, and that as she knew well that Elizabeth lived long, long ago, when habits and customs were very different from ours, it was plain that the famous Queen could not have ascended the throne in 1855.

Of course, you see at once how laughable these mistakes are. Still, you wrinkle your forehead and ask how you can do any better.

In the first place, do not try to learn a great many dates at one effort. Strive first of all to fix the century in which any event took place, and then notice in which half or quarter of the century. Elizabeth became Queen of England about the middle of the sixteenth century, but it is not of great importance, at least for beginners like you, whether she ascended the throne in 1558 or 1559, or even in 1558 or 1568.

Then try to group as many facts as possible around the few important dates which you do learn. For instance, Tom has begun well already. He knows one date perfectly—1492. Now, what queen sent out the ship in which Columbus sailed? Queen Isabella, you say. Very well. Then Isabella was Queen of Spain in 1492. Perhaps you know that Isabella was a very zealous Catholic, and that Pope Alexander VI. divided the newly discovered lands between Spain and Portugal. So you see Alexander VI. was Pope in 1492. Have you ever read how

Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors out of Spain? That happened in the same year as Columbus's voyage—1492. Perhaps your history tells you that Columbus applied to the court of Henry VII. in England for help in his outfit. So Henry VII. was King of England in 1492.

You know very well that the discovery of Columbus set all other mariners to try to discover something. Only five years afterward Vasco da Gama sailed south along the coast of Africa and found that the Cape of Good Hope was not the end of the world, but that he could sail round it and reach the East Indies in that way. If asked when Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope, you can recall the fact that it was five years after Columbus's voyage—or in 1497.

Again, you may be told that Florence was most famous under the Medici, or about 1520, and asked were any of the great Italian painters living then. You wonder when Raphael lived. Why, he was born in 1483, and Michelangelo was a few years older, and Holbein, the German painter, was a few years younger. Have you not read that Holbein went to England and painted Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and many others of the court? Then Henry VIII. was reigning in the first half of the sixteenth century. His daughter Elizabeth must have reigned about the middle of that century. You see how we have come around to that date again without the trouble of learning it.

Of course we might go on indefinitely in this way, but I do not mean to teach you dates—simply to show you how to teach yourselves. Perhaps you will think this a hard way, because you have to learn so many events. That is true, but I am talking only to those who want to study and who are willing to learn the events, but are troubled by dates.

V. Q. S—.

WE thank our many friends for their letters; and we wish to give especial acknowledgment to these correspondents:

*Mary Dow*, who sent an exceedingly well-chosen list of nine books of permanent value and a pleasant letter of comment.

*Warren J. Keeler*, who also sent an excellent list in his welcome letter.

*W. Wheeler*, a boy of nine, whose list was finely chosen, containing nothing but really good books.

*Willie Coburn*, who sent a list of works that would interest boys of eight.

*M. B. Sidward*, an English correspondent, whose list of English books was interesting.

*Dulcie Pearse*, another English friend, who tells the ten books she likes best.

*Marguerite Rogers*, whose letter from Indiana was especially welcome.

*Leontine Arista Richardson*, who is fond of "Sesame and Lilies" and Miss Alcott's books.

*Edith Emerson*, one of a family of ST. NICHOLAS readers.

*Z. Chafee, Jr.*, who has read "Lorna Doone" three times, and Miss Edgeworth's books four times.

*E. Breitenfeld*, eleven years old, who says he has read all the books he knows of, and does not know what else to read, and so is writing a book himself.

*Richard H. W.*, a Boston boy whose family has taken ST. NICHOLAS for thirteen years.

*Cecilia R.*, whose list is very creditable to a twelve-year-old.

*Marguerite Niven*, whom we thank for another good list.



18. FREDERICK MC CORMICK-99

SANTA CLAUS  
LETTERS

## THE LETTER-BOX

### ABOUT SANTA CLAUS.

OUR "affectionate reader," Pendleton King of Augusta, Ga., sends us the following letter of distress:

AUGUSTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want so to know something about Santa Claus. I asked my papa, and he has looked in all his cyclopedias, but can't find anything. He tells me to write to you; for if anybody knows anything about Santa Claus it will be ST. NICHOLAS.

Your affectionate reader,

PENDLETON KING.

Bless the child! Why, we don't know nearly so much about Santa Claus as he does. We are grown-ups. Santa Claus does n't care much for us, as compared with the little folks. He has no ill will toward any one in the whole wide world, of course, but it is his business to look after the youngsters. Of course there must be grown people to earn the bread and butter, and to pay the rent, and to look after children's clothes, and do such things. But there must also be somebody to see that at Christmas-time the children's needs are looked after. That is Santa Claus's particular business. He likes it, too, or else he would n't do it. He lives somewhere near the North Pole, so he can't be interfered with. It is the only place where he can be sure of not being overrun with callers, who would take up all his time, and prevent him from getting his Christmas budget ready—by no means a light piece of work. As to how he makes up his load of toys, it is certainly curious; but it is his business, not ours. He uses reindeer to draw his sleigh because no other animals can endure the climate in which their master must live. Just what the Saint looks like is not altogether certain, but there is a belief among the children who have sat up to receive his visits that he is not so big but that he can get through an ordinary chimney; that he is compelled to dress in furs because of the cold ride through the long winter night; that he looks good-natured because no one that loves young folk can help looking so; and that

his beard and his hair are white because he is older by some years than he was in his younger days. He must be a jolly and kindly old gentleman, for otherwise he would n't be giving out his toys in that sly, queer way of his—after the little ones are fast asleep and snug in their beds. Oh, we can tell quite a number of things about his tricks and his manners! but as to having seen him—you can be sure that no one has seen him, for all they may try to make you think they have. Why, even the watchman has n't seen him, and the watchman sits up all night. Just think how fast he must travel! and, dressed in white fur, he looks like a big ball of snow whizzing through the air—at least, he is *supposed* to go through the air. He could go anywhere he chose, for no officer of the law would dare interfere with *him*, you may be sure.

Don't sit up for him; he does n't like it. He loses valuable time when he is compelled to dodge the prying eyes of little Susan Sly and Master Paul Pry, and so kindly an old fellow should not be bothered. Just go to bed, close your eyes up good and tight, and—see what you will find in the morning!

Oh, by the way, we nearly forgot to say that some persons have said they doubted whether there is any Santa Claus; but that is their misfortune. Be kind to such, but do not waste time in arguing with them. Just smile and change the subject; there is no law compelling them to think as you do. Leave them to do the talking while you go on emptying your stocking.

When Santa Claus stops coming to your house, you may begin to inquire whether he has ceased to exist.

Till then hang up your stocking, and here 's wishing you all a very Merry Christmas!

DA-LAEN-SAEN, CHINA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Ruth and Madorah have taken you for six years; and we all like you very much. There are eight children in our family—four boys and four girls. Ruth is the oldest. Our real home is in Ningpo; but we are spending the summer up here, forty miles away.

We had a long, hard journey up here. On Wednesday afternoon, July 19, the cook and most of the baggage left in two house-boats. We intended to leave the following afternoon; but when we woke the next morning the wind was blowing very hard, and the river was very rough. About 7 A. M. it began to rain, and rained hard all day. The boats did not come, and we could not go. Our yard was flooded that night, and for three successive ones. It stormed all Friday and Saturday. Thursday night was very bad. The wind and rain blew down trees and houses, and broke a great many window-panes.



We picnicked, and got along pretty well, though, owing to the strong tides, we could not go till Tuesday, July 25. Then we started. The boats left at midnight; but at 5 A. M., July 26, they stopped for the tide, having rowed ten miles. It was a long, hot morning. At 1 P. M. we left the village, arriving at Nying-kong-kyiao at 5 P. M. We had gone half-way to Da-laen-saen. We went on shore. When John was coming back he slipped, and fell. The boatman saved him. This was an unusual thing; for Chinese are so afraid of the river-god that they sometimes let their own people drown.

We spent the night at Nying-kong-kyiao. At 6 A. M., July 27, we got into the rapid-boats. The scenery was fine. We went over sixty-seven rapids in seven hours. When we arrived at Da-tsiao, we got into eight chairs, and had an eight-mile mountain ride. The road was very bad. Two bridges were broken down. In one place the chair-coolies carried us pickaback. We reached here at 5 P. M., July 27. We found the cook safe; but some of the baggage was spoiled. On ordinary occasions it takes us less than twenty-four hours to reach here.

With best wishes, we remain your sincere friends,

RUTH B. SMITH,	JOHN J. SMITH,
MADORAH E. SMITH,	FRANCIS S. SMITH,
JAMES A. SMITH,	EDWARD M. SMITH,
MARY L. SMITH,	HELEN K. SMITH.

LONG HILL, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and my aunt and uncle gave you to my brother and me. This is the first letter I have ever written to you.

My papa is a milk-peddler, and gets up at twelve in the night to start. We have two horses and one of our uncle's.

We have had the ST. NICHOLAS given to us over three years, and the stories I like best are "Denise and Ned Toodles," and "The Story of Betty," and I thought the Goops were cunning.

I have a little kitten; it is black all over.

I must close, because I am going to take care of my little baby sister.

I am hoping to see this printed.

Yours truly reader,

MABELLE COLE.

HERE is a pleasing piece of verse by a young poet not yet in her teens:

#### THE THRUSH.

SWEET songster of our Northern woods,  
Thy song so sweet, so mellow,  
We hear when forth the sun doth come  
Across the silent meadow.

Oh, thrush, 't is from thy song so sweet,  
So full of lovely meaning,  
That many a lad and many a lass  
A harvest rich is gleaning.

For from the morning to the night  
This bird is ever working,  
Now singing songs, now picking worms,  
But ne'er a duty shirking.

LORRAINE.

Grace D. Hollis, a little Texan, has a great many books, but does not enjoy any of them so well as ST. NICHOLAS.

Hattie C. Paul of Maine is the daughter of a first lieutenant who went to Cuba, and she is much interested in war, and the army and navy.

Christine, Louise, and Jacqueline are three friends in Pennsylvania who are interested in animals, and who persuaded one old negro driver to be kind to his horse "Pete."

Follett Bradley writes from Manila Bay and tells many interesting experiences in the Philippines.

Elizabeth Deeble sends a charming letter, and some riddles, one of which is, "What do you put in a barrel to make it lighter?" The answer is, "A lamp."

Herrick Hopkins Harwood writes from Carrollton, Ill., and says Abraham Lincoln used to play ball in that town.

S. Smith writes a very good letter from Sydney, N. S. W.

Esther Dorothy Roehm describes a visit to a pin-factory near Detroit, Mich.

Donald Munro thanks ST. NICHOLAS for the prize won by his book-list, and says he will spend it on books.

Florence M. Flint assures us of the popularity of ST. NICHOLAS in Montana, and describes the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol of Helena.

Frances Sheridan says, "My pets and my books I like best of all."

Dwight Taft's letter comes from Peitaiho, China.

R. C. Newbold of Ridley Park, Pa., sends a clever amateur paper, "Our Boys and Girls," and is interested in the amateur press.

Jessie G. has taken ST. NICHOLAS three years, but never had a chance to write to the magazine. Surprising! Josie and Caroline Auchincloss went aboard our warships in Bar Harbor, Me.

Miner Raymond explains a form of lettering on signs in which only the shaded part of the outline is drawn.

Margherita E. Welling gives an interesting account of a trip in the Southern States.

Audrey Marsden Gibson is a little English girl who is very happy, but wants to go to America. She will be very welcome.

Janet Townsend writes to say that she likes best the story, "A Famous Lacrosse Struggle," as she saw the game there described.

M. W. Heald sends love from all the children in her house.

Mary Chapman's letter comes from a stock-ranch in Wyoming, and she says, "Remember me as a faithful reader of ST. NICHOLAS."

Maida McDonald writes that she lives in New Brunswick and praises the scenery.

Elizabeth Morrison lives in Providence, R. I., and, when she went on her vacation, visited her grandmother on Cape Cod.

Agnes and Rita W. send a cheery note from Scotland.

Pearl Lida Kingsley owns seven bound volumes.

James Russell Manning lives so near Minot Ledge Lighthouse that from his bedroom window he sees it flash "1, 4, 3," its number.

Anna Louise Irwin has a pleasant home, with sixty-five acres of ground to play in.

Louise F. Robinson likes the story of "Arkichita," and tells how her cousin taught a horse to jump.

Lenora Roeder sends a list of books she enjoys.

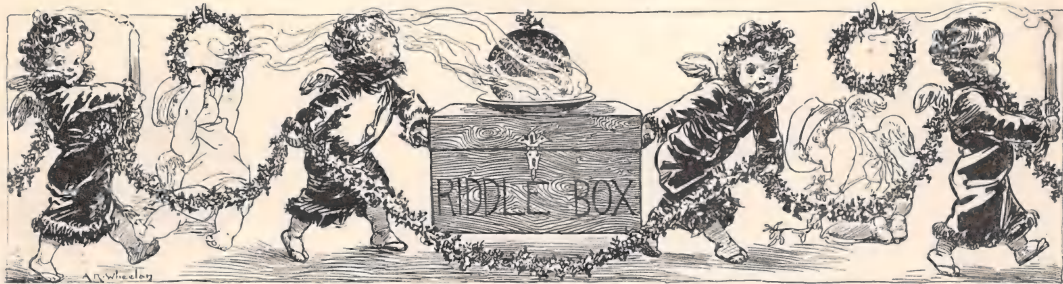
Wilfred Puttkammer is the happy owner of a bright dog.

Judith M. L. describes a visit to Lake Placid in the Adirondacks.

Frank L. Miller, a girl of thirteen, tells of the beauties of Lookout Mountain.

Flora Towne lets us see some verses which we do not find available for the Letter-box, though they are creditable to a young writer.

We also send our thanks to Polly Goff Holmes, "Helen and Ruth," A. E. C., Helena Ross, and to Elsie Nicoll, who says, "I do not think any other magazine can hold a candle to you!"



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

### RIDDLE. Craft.

AN ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Rest. 2. Star. 3. Arno. 4. Node.  
5. Desk. 6. Skep. 7. Ephra. 8. Hare. 9. Rear. 10. Arch.  
11. Chap. 12. Apex. 13. Exit. 14. Item. 15. Emir. 16. Iron.  
17. Only. 18. Lyre. 19. Rest.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

The crowning fact,  
The kingliest act,  
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Erato. 2. Relap. 3. Alike. 4. Taken. 5. Opens.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Helen C. McCleary—Joe Carlada—"Dondy Small"—"Peggy and I"—Marjorie and Caspar—C. C. C.—Hildegard G.—Mabel Miller Johns—"Allil and Adi"—Jack and George A.—Elizabeth Tappan.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Alice M. Rogers, 1—Marion Carleton, 1—Helen K. Baker, 1—Angus M. Berry, 5—Jennie L. Colley, 1—"An Interested Reader," 3—Perry H., 3—Paul Reese, 7—Thomas Reath, Jr., 2—Alice R. Bliss, 2—S. Jean Arnold, 6—May Putnam, 1—"Chiddingstone," 5—John Gould, 2—Mabel Hanaway, 6—Florence E. Bruning, 6—Mary B., 6—Rose Terry, 2—Helen Harman, 3—"Delta," 2—J. E. S. et al., 6—"Venio and G'an'pa," 6—Frederic Giraud Foster, 7—Joyce and Roswell, 7—Alice H. and Dorothy D., 5—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—M. P. Dunlap, 7—Katharine Forbes Liddell, 6—Theo and Mama, 7—Sadie Schnierle, 6—Irene and Marjorie R., 5—Marion, Phoebe, and Julia Thomas, 7—E. A. Lyon, 7—Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 6.

### DOUBLE ADDITIONS.

MAKE the following changes by adding the same letter at the beginning and at the end of each word described. Example: Change consumed to one who estimates. Answer, r-ate-r.

1. Change healthy to large waves.
2. Change a jump to stores.
3. Change an exclamation to a little child.
4. Change a measure of length to bright looks.
5. Change a kind of pastry to beginnings.
6. Change a preposition to a shade.
7. Change to be indebted to an oarsman.
8. Change a measure of length to wear away.
9. Change devour to a moor.

A. I. HAZELTINE.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

COME, boys and girls, your voices lift  
To hail with joy December's gift.

### CROSS-WORDS.

1. When from his pockets stuffed with dimes  
His cash escaped a dozen times,
2. Tom Traddles felt his courage sink;  
His face became a roseate pink,
3. While quick he made, with keen regrets,  
A total estimate of debts.

FOOT-GEAR PUZZLE. I. 1. Dutch. 2. Eskimo. 3. Norwegian. 4. Turkish. Dent. II. 5. Chinese. 6. Oxford tie. 7. Indian. 8. French. Coif.

### CHARADE. Ani-mates.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. From 1 to 2, Rosa Bonheur; 3 to 4, Fra Angelico. 1. Rebuff. 2. Poetry. 3. Sesame. 4. Kraals. 5. Unrobe. 6. Ghetto. 7. Learns. 8. Pelham. 9. Theist. 10. Lunacy. 11. Rococo.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Pilgrims. 1. Paper. 2. Feint. 3. Tally. 4. Ought. 5. Merit. 6. Hoist. 7. Lamed. 8. Arson.

4. With eyeballs starting from their sockets,  
He found that cash in eighteen pockets
5. Would not avail his debts to pay;  
They did not hold enough that day.
6. He searched them each a second time,  
And found some holes, but not a dime.
7. To play erratic games with fate,  
When pocket-holes are out of date,
8. And make believe the game is jolly,  
Tom Traddles says, is arrant folly.

ANNA M. PRATT.

### A TALE OF THE CID.

(Fill the blanks with words made up of the letters used in Roman numerals.)

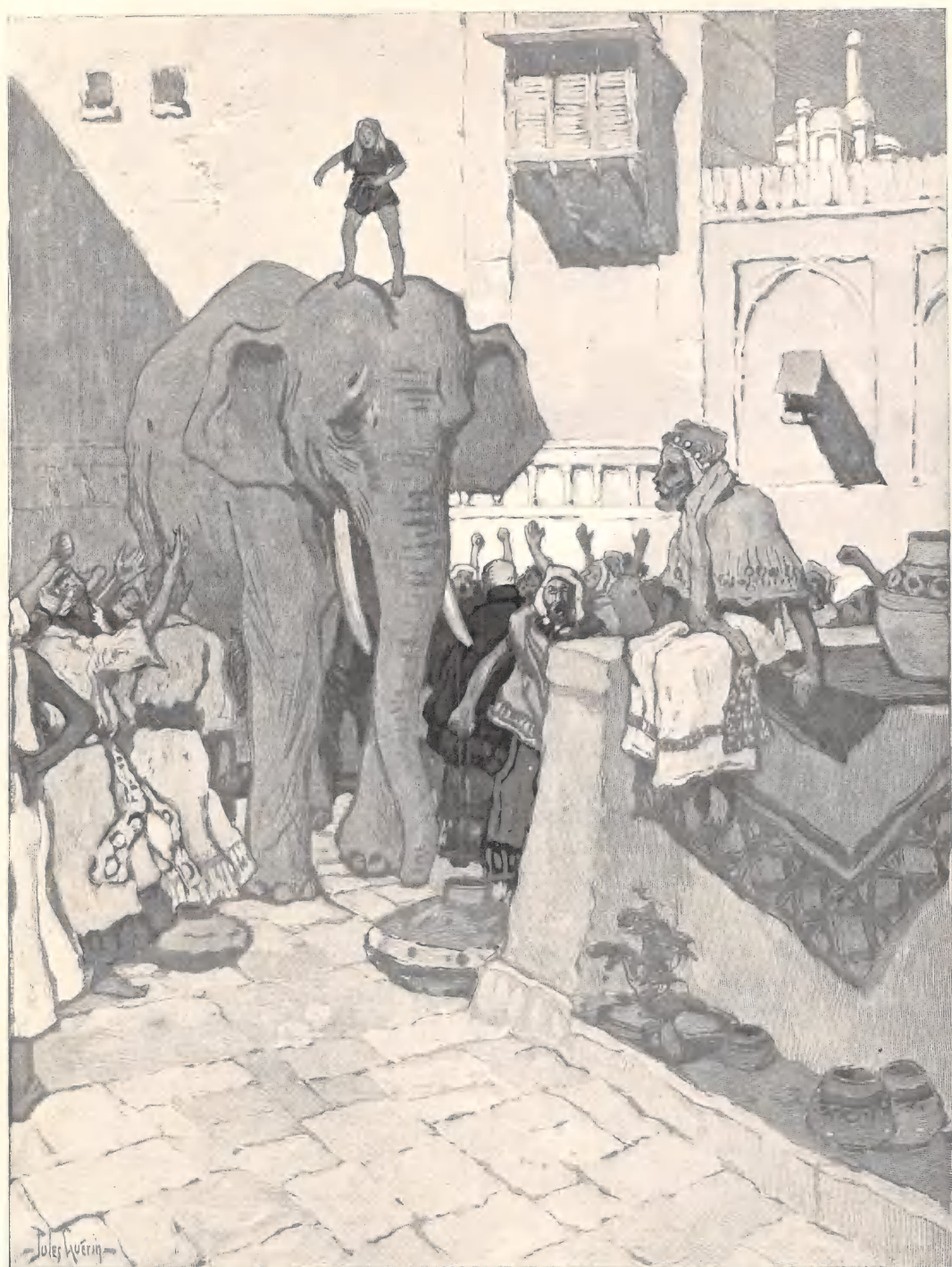
The \* \* \* who was \* \* \* and \* \* \* even \* \* \* his \* \* \* duties, at home grew \* \* \* with rage \* \* \* the cook forget to send daily to \* \* \* for fresh meal; or fail to lift the \* \* \* of the soup-kettle and \* \* \* a sprig of \* \* \* in the broth just before serving.

His sight, so \* \* \* in youth, was now \* \* \*; and so \* \* \* was he that he had no \* \* \* left for even \* \* \* war. Yet he took for his motto two thirds of Caesar's famous saying, "\*\*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\*\*."

LIZZIE E. JOHNSON.







"THE CHILDREN'S ELEPHANT, THE GREATEST OF ELEPHANTS,  
HAS COME BACK!"

(SEE PAGE 195.)



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 3.

## THE LITTLE BOY AND THE ELEPHANT.

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"MAMA!—mama!" cried a little boy.

But she could not hear him, nor could he see her; but what he did see, and it frightened him very much, was a big crocodile. The little boy hardly had time to be in real danger before he saw a large elephant come from the bushes. Coiling its trunk around the tail of the crocodile, the elephant flung him into the air.

The little boy—Prince Nooro was his name—forgot his fright, and jumped up and down, laughing and clapping his hands to see the reptile go up, turn over and over, and come down splash! into the water.

It was on the bank of a beautiful river, and they stood looking at each other, little Nooro and the noble elephant that had saved his life.

The elephant gently wound its trunk around the body of the little boy, and, taking him up, went away through the thicket into the deep jungle.

Nooro had seen tame elephants, and was at first not afraid; but as he was carried along through the forest he became uneasy.

"I want to go to my mama!" he cried.

Of course, the elephant did not know what he meant. Besides, he had his own notions of what he ought to do with the boy; and so he went on.

Over high hills and across deep valleys went the elephant with long, swinging steps.

By and by he set the child down, because he wanted to eat the leaves of some young palm-trees. Nooro started to run away; but the elephant took him up and placed him high up in the fork of a tree, and then Nooro began to cry.

The elephant paid no attention to his crying, and while eating would reach up to him a bit of the fodder; but Nooro only cried the louder.

When he had eaten all he wanted, the elephant took him down from the tree and went onward till they came to a spring, where he took a good drink, after having again put Nooro in a tree. Then taking up the hollow husk of a large nut lying on the ground, he dipped up some water and lifted it to Nooro, and the little fellow, being very thirsty, drank heartily. This pleased the elephant very much.

Leaving the spring, it was not long before they were under some tall trees bearing fruit. Nooro knew the fruit quite well, and was fond of it. The elephant, too, liked sweet fruit, and reaching high up with his trunk, brought some of it down, which he ate with great relish. He did not forget the little boy, again perched aloft in the fork of a tree, and to him he gave fruit as fast as he could eat. And now more than ever was the elephant pleased—not so much because he was eating

what he himself liked, but because the child ate also. Besides fruits, they also had nuts of several sorts.

When the sun went down and the darkness came on, Nooro began once more to think of his mother, and that made him cry; but at length he fell asleep.

Then the elephant spread on the ground some large palm-leaves and soft, dry grass, making Nooro a kind of bed.

When he awoke in the morning the little boy again thought of his mama and cried; but as each day passed, he cried less and less.

The elephant had placed him in a large pelican's nest, made of a great many sticks, and so high up in the branches of a tall tree that he could just reach it with his trunk and put Nooro into it. But when it rained very hard the elephant would take Nooro from his nest and place him under his body, closing his huge legs around him, and setting up great, broad palm-leaves on each side of him, and it was a rare thing that a drop of rain fell into the snug shelter where Nooro was cozily nestling.

Sometimes these heavy showers lasted for hours. While the rain came down in torrents, he would peep out to see the monkeys and the squirrels running for shelter among the trees and branches.

With these creatures he soon was on the best of terms. The monkeys grew very fond of him, and when he was up in his nest they would come to him with choice fruits and nuts, on purpose to see him eat. Besides, they brought the little baby monkeys to play with him; and nothing afforded them greater sport than to see him try to climb after the young monkeys as they bounded from limb to limb; and, out of sheer joy, the older ones themselves would scamper up and down among the branches.

Certainly this was not the best society for a child to grow up in; but if he did not learn his letters, he grew strong and active.

Nooro had by this time quite forgotten what few words he had learned when at home with his mother; but he naturally fell into a kind of language of his own, and he had names for the different foods. The fruit he liked best of all he called "keekee." His

good friend the elephant, who took such good care of him, he called "Popo." He would say to the elephant: "Popo,—keekee!"

And well did the elephant know what he meant; for when night came he would go away, and early the next morning come back with a big bunch of the fruit. Nooro, with his eyes hardly open, would hear Popo snort, and, looking down, would see his favorite fruit held up on the elephant's trunk. Then in his own strange language Nooro would say, "Thank you, Popo!"

The monkeys often gathered round and wanted some, too; and as Nooro was generous, he gave them all some, and down they all sat in a ring, with Nooro in the center. And a happier set of creatures never were seen; while on the ground below Popo was browsing, or fanning himself with bunches of grass.

All this time Nooro was growing fast; and as he grew bigger, stronger, and smarter, he learned to jump up on Popo's back as the elephant bent down on his fore knees to receive him. Then up over his head and down on the trunk he would clamber; then up he would be lifted, on the tip of it, as far as the elephant could stretch it. Then old Popo would gently fling him up in the air, and down would come Nooro as true as a top, and light right on the top of the elephant's head. And again, when Nooro happened to be on the ground, and wanted to get on the elephant's back, he would grasp Popo's trunk, go sailing up on the end of it, and then glide down and over his head to his back. But the drollest of all was when he wanted to get off the elephant,—all he did was to slide down his back to the ground.

The monkeys, seeing this sport, thought they would do the same. So they began by taking hold of the elephant's trunk, jumping on his back, and other saucy capers. But Popo, although he never hurt anything, did not care to have a parcel of monkeys scampering over him, so he sent one monkey reeling in the air, and swung half a dozen others aside; and so, gathering themselves up, the chattering fellows limped up the trees the best they could, and, creeping cautiously out on the branches, sat grinning and snarling at



Popo, who only fanned himself quietly in the shade.

Nooro could n't help laughing at his friends the monkeys, who in turn looked round snappishly at him, no doubt feeling very much inclined to play him some trick; but as Nooro never served *them* any tricks, they thought better of it and let him alone. It was some time, however, before they could be brought to their senses and stop pestering poor Popo with their impudent pranks, and it was only after some very bad bruises that they learned to behave themselves and attend to good manners.

But with his Nooro it was otherwise, and Popo was never so much pleased as when he could play with Nooro. He would take him up in his trunk and place him on his tusks, or he would hold him aloft in the air up to the very noses of the envious monkeys, where Nooro sometimes even caught them by their tails, and, thus carrying them away, let go, when they would go sailing to the nearest branch. This they took in good part, and enjoyed it much; but as for jumping on

the elephant's back, or meddling with him in any way, that they dared not do, and they always jumped clear of him.

It was when Nooro was about eight years

old that he saw, one day, while aloft in his tree, a lot of elephants not far off.

"Popos! popos!" he cried out, in his queer invented language. "More popos! I thought there was only one Popo!"

And while he was so much excited up in the tree, Popo below was stamping the ground with his big feet, his trunk stretched in the direction of the elephants, and trumpeting.

The elephants came on slowly, nearer and nearer; and Nooro, seeing they had no tusks, but only short tushes, cried out in surprise.

When they got within a stone's throw they halted. They seemed to be afraid to go any farther. But they kept swinging their trunks round in a dreadful manner, as if they meant mischief.

Popo uttered another loud cry, which was taken up by the other elephants, and the forest rang with the strange noise.

There they stood, with their trunks stretched



NOORO IS FED BY THE ELEPHANT.

out ominously toward Popo; but he was now quiet, and seemed not to heed them, but leisurely fanned himself with a bunch of leaves.

All at once a single elephant bore down upon Popo, who dropped his fan and stood ready to meet him. When he came near, Popo, suddenly lowering his head, rushed fiercely toward the other, who, frightened by the very sight of those dreadful tusks, turned and fled.

The other elephants, terrified, broke and fled also, and soon were out of sight, while Popo playfully twirled off the leaves within easy reach or brushed away the flies that were troubling him.

Nooro was glad to see the elephants run away, for he had begun to fear that his dear old Popo might be badly hurt or even killed. But Popo was very strong, and much larger than any of that herd of elephants, and was, withal, armed with powerful tusks, while they were not; and for these reasons they feared him, much as they might have wanted to hurt or to kill him.

Nooro and Popo lived in the deepest seclusion of the forest, and after the elephants were gone all was peaceful for a long time. But one day, toward evening, the little boy said to the elephant, in his own queer language:

"Popo, you have n't brought me any keekees for a long time. Keekees, Popo!"

That evening, in the early twilight, Popo was already on his way; for he meant to bring an extra fine bunch.

About midnight, when it was dark and still, Nooro was awakened by a faint rubbing noise against the edge of his nest, and felt a puff of air in his face. What could it be? He looked. Why, it was the trunk of an elephant! The tip of it was just up to the nest. At first he thought it was Popo; but Popo had never disturbed him at that hour of the night. He was about to take hold of the trunk, and was saying, "Brought the keekees already, Popo?" when, looking over the edge, he saw some large, black-looking things moving about on the ground below. He looked again, keener than before. He saw their trunks. He was sure they were elephants.

"Bad popos! The bad popos again!"

In his trouble he thought of calling on his friends the monkeys. But they, lively fellows, were sound asleep. Besides, what could they do against all this throng of big elephants? Quickly he climbed farther up the tree, and got out of the way. It was well he did, for the biggest of the elephants was reaching up and trying to get hold of him, and seeing that he could only just touch the nest, one of the other elephants knelt down at the foot of the tree that the larger one might place his fore feet on his back, so that he could reach quite over into the nest and take Nooro out. The elephants, with their little eyes, did not see Nooro escape; so the elephant felt all around the nest, and then broke it to pieces in fierce anger. Down went the sticks, rattling and crashing. The monkeys dreamed the world was coming to an end, and the elephants, baffled, stamped the ground with their big feet.

Now what was to be done? They were determined to have the boy. So they coiled their trunks round the tree, as many as could crowd in; and as they stood all around it, some pulling one way and some another, they pulled against each other. Of course they could not bring down the tree in that way; but by and by some of them on one side, being tired, let go; the tree began to bend, and at last down it came, *crash!* Nooro—ah, Nooro!—where was he? Why, he was up in another tree! For, wise as the elephants were, he was wiser than they. When the tree began to shake he had sense enough to clamber by the branches to another that grew by the side of it; and indeed, he passed over three or four before he stopped, which he did when he heard the crash.

The elephants began poking their trunks all around among the branches of the fallen tree, hoping to find Nooro; but soon they stretched them aloft toward the tree to which he was holding fast. They scented but could not see him. Then they all went over in that direction, and began pulling, not at the tree to which he was clinging, but at one next to it; for it was not possible for them in the darkness to make out which of three or four trees he was really in. These were all large and very strong, and all night long they pulled



away by turns at each one of them; but while they were working at a tree on which he might happen to be, he would easily know it by the shaking, and off he would go to another.

At last the day broke. Nooro, looking down, could distinctly see the elephants; and how surprised he was to behold among them four little ones!

"Little popos! Little popos!" he exclaimed in his made-up words.

These were the young elephants; and although he stood in such fear of the big ones, he could not keep his eyes off the little ones—they looked so pretty, with their tiny trunks, when they played with one another.

Suddenly all the elephants stood together with their faces one way and trunks outstretched. Nooro looked in the direction they were pointing, and lo! there was Popo coming afar off. He knew him by his tusks. Suddenly Popo stopped, and reached high up in a tree with his extended trunk.

Again he was on the move, coming faster and faster; and, blowing through his trunk a fearful cry of rage, he ran with such fury into the midst of the herd of elephants, shoving and poking with his mighty tusks, that they fled like frightened sheep, leaving him master of the field.

He trotted back, but soon returned, and this time with a glorious bunch of the fruit Nooro had asked for.

Popo knew very well, far better than the little boy himself, that children needed shelter; and as Nooro had no longer any house, he took him to a tall tree having a very large trunk, from which a bough branched out far from the ground, and as Popo held him up on the end of his trunk, he could but just reach it with his hands. On to this he raised himself, and climbing farther up among the branches, came to a pelican's nest, much larger and yet higher than the one he had occupied before. This, however, was not so well sheltered as that; but on looking down, Nooro saw Popo already reaching up a big, broad palm-leaf, and slipping down, he took and carried it up over the nest, where he fastened it as best he could with sprigs of the climbing vines; for, boy as he was, he knew well enough it would protect

him from rain and sun. Popo passed up to him a good many more, which he wedged and jammed in among the branches overhead and all around, afterward binding them all together with strips of bamboo.

It was not so far from the old nest but that the same monkeys were still his companions, so there was no lack of company, such as it was.

Popo might have taken him to another part of the forest; but he knew very well that there was no spot so safe as this, as it was rarely that a man, or even an elephant, came near it. So here they lived in peace through a round of seasons; but though all was calm, Popo did not therefore cease to be watchful. He knew only too well the covetous nature of elephants, who, like men, want to get that which others have; and as that wicked herd had seen him amusing himself so finely with his beautiful pet Nooro, he was always on the alert lest they might come and snatch him away.

One night, coming back with keekees, the day just breaking, Popo, ever on his guard, scented elephants. They were not far off, and had already seen him with his bunch of fruit. They, however, stood in such awe of his great size and formidable tusks that they dared not molest him; but he could see them rubbing their trunks together meaningly, and knew very well that there was something on foot in those heads of theirs, and that they were the same herd that had tried to steal Nooro.

They had been on the watch for Popo, and, having seen his bunch of keekees, knew just where he got them, for there was but one spot in the whole country where such fine fruit was found.

Popo stood looking at them threateningly as they slowly moved off, and then trotted on gaily to hand over to Nooro the fruit he was so fond of.

A whole moon passed away before Popo went after keekees again. On his way he seemed to exercise unusual caution. He reached in safety the place where the keekees were growing, and, boldly taking off the finest bunch of all, hurried back. All went well this time until, coming to a very narrow pass between high rocks, Popo stopped and looked

round, extending his trunk in every direction and sniffing the air. At last, scenting no danger, he went on.

But at the other end of that narrow pass were the other elephants lying in wait for him. They knew he would have to come that way,

up to him two men; but flee from them he could not, he was so weak. The people of that country were kind to elephants, and prized them highly. These two men took pity on him, dug up certain roots, pressed out the juice, and with it washed his wounds and



"POPO, THE ELEPHANT, WAS ADMIRERED WHEREVER HE WENT."

and stood ready to fall upon him the moment he got there. He was already almost there when he took alarm, but now the passage was so narrow that he could scarcely turn. Boldly he pushed forward, when out from either side sprang a dozen elephants, seized him by the legs, and held him fast, while twice as many more rushed upon him from the front, crowding upon him so thick he could not move. Savagely they attacked him from the back, and would, no doubt, have killed him, but suddenly they all fled. They had placed sentinels to give warning of any danger, and these had sounded the alarm. Away they all sped, and were lost in the jungle.

Poor Popo alone remained. There came

bound them up. They tied a rope to one of his legs, that he might not get away from them; but he was ready to follow, for their kindness made him already love them; and this elephant, by far the largest and shrewdest that had ever been seen in that part of the country, whom no traps could catch, no fences could hold, and no drums, sticks, trumpets, or fires could frighten, was now led captive to the town.

As they went along the men said he was a "rogue"—one of those elephants that no herd whatever would have anything to do with, getting somehow separated from his own family, and never allowed to join any other. They said that these rogues were very vicious.



Now, the truth is that Popo was one of the gentlest creatures in the world, and that very herd which had fallen upon him so cowardly and so savagely, and which had tried to steal Nooro, once owned him for a faithful and noble leader. But years before, having, with other elephants, been surrounded and driven into a corral-trap, he was made prisoner, and while in captivity, exciting the admiration and gaining the love of everybody, became deeply attached to a little child. That child died. He grieved, fled to the wilderness, and once more led a life of forest freedom, until one day, happening to be where Nooro was lost in the woods, and almost in the jaws of the crocodile, he saved him, nursed him with care, and saw the little boy grow up to be a healthy, strong, and beautiful lad.

As he was led into the town everybody flocked to see him. All gazed in astonishment and clapped their hands for joy. One and all cried, "Boobooroo! Boobooroo!" which meant "The biggest of the big."

The town was the royal residence, and the sovereign was a good, wise queen. She was called the Daughter of the Sun and the Sublime Ruler of Elephants.

Popo was led before the queen. On seeing him her large and beautiful eyes sparkled with delight. She rose from the throne and, speaking not a word, stood wondering.

"Glorious elephant!" at length she said; "thou art indeed the King of Elephants!"

Orders were immediately given that Popo should at once receive the best attention of the highly skilled elephant-doctors of the royal household, and by the care of those renowned physicians he soon recovered.

The royal stables, splendid as they were, were not deemed worthy of so grand an elephant. Therefore a magnificent structure, ornamented with gold and precious gems, was built for him in the choicest spot of the royal gardens.

He was arrayed in robes the most costly, and was admired wherever he went.

Popo, now "Boobooroo," might have felt some pride living in such fine style; but certain it is his mind went often in search of that secluded forest where he and Nooro had lived

so peacefully, and there can be little doubt that he would have liked that free life far better than all the pomp of royalty.

Yet was he not unmindful of kind treatment. His keepers were very fond of him, and to them he yielded grateful obedience. He was all gentleness, and yet was there not an elephant so knowing as he. As at first he had astonished all by his great size and handsome tusks, so now he gained the love and admiration of all by his docility and wonderful powers. His sagacity was extraordinary, and in nothing was it more charmingly shown than in the respectful manner in which he always saluted the queen. But what people liked in him above all was his love of little children, always amusing them, never growing weary of them, ever caressing them. And this gave the queen even more joy than any of the people. She bestowed upon him the title of the "Children's Elephant." It became very well known, too, that there were times when a little child could lead this giant elephant and no grown man could.

Popo, however, never forgot the little boy, and the pleasant place in that lovely forest where Nooro, on the day that Popo had been waylaid by the wicked elephants, anxiously awaited his coming. Nearly the whole morning Nooro thought only of the delicious fruit; but when the day began to wane he thought only of Popo. As the sun went down the full moon rose, and Nooro, high up in his tree, saw an elephant coming. His heart beat faster.

"Popo! Popo!" he cried.

But there were no tusks. Then came another elephant, and all at once appeared a whole herd. They were the same that had troubled them before. There were the same four young ones.

"Those bad popos again!" he thought.

They stood all night under the trees, but did not try to break them down, knowing them to be altogether too large for their strength. The next morning Nooro was afraid to come down, and all that day he waited for them to go away, hoping every moment to see Popo coming. But the elephants knew that Popo had been caught and was in the hands

of men; so, now they no longer had anything to fear, they were come to capture Nooro.

And there they stayed. For two or three days Nooro was distressed for want of food and water, and, had it not been for his friends the monkeys, would have been forced to come down from his tree the very first day; but they seemed to know just how he was placed, and brought him not only food, but water also, in cup-shaped shells. Besides, they detested those meddling elephants as much as Nooro feared them, and from high up in the trees pelted them with sticks, of which they could get plenty by pulling the pelicans' nests to pieces.

But the elephants, although they would have liked to punish those saucy creatures, were not to be driven away by any such paltry warfare, and bided their time. They knew that Nooro would have to come down, which, indeed, he did about midnight of the fourth day, the moon being above an hour high. He let himself down by long strips of vines he had tied together, and tried to run past, thinking the elephants might be asleep. But straightway one of them seized him with his trunk; at the same time there was a twittering noise, as of birds, made with their lips, and of a sudden a dozen or more came running up, and, gathered together in a body, they made off, full speed.

It was daylight before they halted in a beautiful grove of tall palms, which had grown up in the depth of the wilderness, where no man for years upon years had set his foot.

Here the elephants put Nooro down. He could not run away, for they were ready for him on every side, and having seen Popo play with him so prettily, they thought they would have their sport, too. So one of them raised him on his trunk. But Nooro was both afraid and sullen, and would not stand on the end of it. Then another elephant took and reached him over to a third; and so they passed him round. Even the four little young ones took part in this play, and enjoyed it more than all the rest. Placing a guard around him, they presently brought him sweet fruits, which they could easily pluck with their trunks. He ate with relish, and naturally began to be pleased

with such good elephants; and the more he ate the better humor he was in. When the little ones came and gracefully swung their trunks toward him, he pulled at them playfully, and they, growing bolder, placed him on their backs, and were delighted with his skill in riding them.

Nooro and the little elephants at once became the best of friends, and the more he played with them the more he forgot his good and trusty friend, old Popo.

At night the elephants placed him within the herd, with the four young ones in the center, on whom he lay down and slept, while the older ones stood guard all round, and not the fiercest wild beast of the forest would have dared to venture near.

The next day, bright and early, Nooro was ready for play. The little ones brought him his breakfast; the old ones strolled around, plucking up grass or twirling off leaves. The monkeys overhead peeped out from their hiding-places, butterflies fluttered, birds piped and sang, and in the breeze was the sweetness of flowers.

After he had eaten of the good fruits, the elephants took him up and passed him round to one another; and he, now all activity and gladness, climbed on to the ends of their trunks as they held them up, and running down over their heads and sliding along their backs, slipped off by their tails to the ground, to the great delight of the whole herd, young and old, who frisked about like little kittens, big elephants though they were.

Yet in all these gambols they were mindful of every danger, and never hurt him in the least.

But there were witnesses of all this sport. And who were they? Surely the monkeys. They looked out from behind the bunches of fruit, high up in the trees, then scampered among the leaves, twigs, and branches, chasing each other, shrieking, squealing, and chattering, and then looked again, more astonished than before.

Nor was it many days before Nooro got on the best of terms with them. He climbed up the trees and played with them among the pretty flowers and the golden fruit.



Thus the days were beautiful, and life was even brighter and more glorious than the sun itself. Yet would Nooro sometimes think, as the elephants were lazily fanning themselves, or the monkeys happened to be quiet for a moment, of his good old friend Popo. There were times, too, when the elephants would go away and be gone for several days. It was then that Popo would be almost sure to come to his mind.

One day while the herd was away, he saw an elephant afar off, and thought one of them was coming back.

"But he has tusks!" he shouted.

The elephant came nearer.

"Here he comes with his big tusks!"

He clapped his hands for joy.

"It's Popo! it's Popo!"

Nooro clambered down the tree and ran toward him.

Popo made a joyous bound, fondled him a moment with his trunk, took him up, and fled at full speed.

It was time. The elephants, ever on the alert, had scented him all that day, and there was a race for the possession of the boy.

Popo outran them and carried off the prize.

This time he had the wind in his favor. He scented them coming, and, holding Nooro fast, turned far out of their way.

That afternoon and all night Popo kept going. They were then in a dense forest, and all that day, because it was very hot, rested in the shade of the tall trees. Not an animal was to be seen, scarcely a bird; only, there was a dreamy hum of countless insects. Nooro would say sometimes:

"Popo, where have you been all this time?"

The elephant, of course, could not understand nor answer such a question, and yet Nooro noticed that every time he asked, Popo would point with his trunk.

Before the sun had set they were again going fast through the forest, Nooro riding on the elephant's back; and when it grew dark he had to cling close to his neck to keep clear of the branches and vines that hung in the way.

But Popo picked the way well, and when the morning came Nooro awoke from a good sleep, without a scratch on his body.

It was scarcely day when they came to the edge of the town, and Nooro, seeing houses, wondered what they could be; but great was his astonishment, a few minutes later, on beholding two women, who were coming to the wells for water. They had just come from behind a hedge, and were so close that he could well see their faces. They, surprised at seeing the large elephant, whom everybody supposed to have fled, never to come back, dropped their big pitchers, threw up their arms, and shrieked:

"Booboaroo! Booboaroo! The King of Elephants!"

They were so excited, and turned and fled so quickly, that they did not see Nooro, who was hidden behind the elephant's head.

Away they ran into the town, crying:

"The King of Elephants has come back! The King has come back!"

Then the people ran out of their houses and flocked to the highroad, where Popo was coming at a good pace. The throng soon grew so dense that he could no longer go ahead, while around him they were shouting:

"He has brought a boy!"

Everybody was astonished, and nobody knew what to make of it, the boy looked so very strange on the elephant's back; while he himself was more astonished than any of them, for never before, so far as he remembered, had he seen any people. He clung with fear to his good old friend Popo, who was now led to the queen, just where he was bound of his own accord.

As they approached the palace cheers after cheers went up. The queen came forth, wondering what it all meant. As soon as she was seen, all shouted:

"Make way! Make way for the great, good queen!"

The royal guards made a wide opening through the crowd, and Popo, with Nooro still clinging to him, advanced through the passage and presented himself before the queen; and she, surprised at seeing the noble elephant, whom she had given up for lost, exclaimed in a loud voice:

"The Children's Elephant, the greatest of elephants, has come back!"

But when she saw the boy on his neck she was more astonished than ever.

"What! A boy? A strange-looking boy! You have brought a child with you!"

Popo, bending his fore knees, knelt down before the queen.

"But who is this that you have brought with you?" she asked, and stepped toward Nooro; but he, afraid, clung still closer to old Popo.

"Why, my lad, you are not afraid, are you? Tell me who you are, and from what country you come!"

The queen's kind words were to Nooro's ears the sweetest music he had ever heard, and losing a little of his fear, he now looked up, when he saw her beautiful face lighted up with all the charm of noble goodness. So now his eyes were greeted with an image more beautiful than all the world beside.

And she, on her part, thought she had never seen so beautiful a boy. Of fine proportions, with hair long and flowing, eyes sparkling like morning dewdrops, in action graceful and manly, Nooro stood before her in all the beauty of his youth.

She took him by the hand, and asked him many questions; but he did not understand a word. Nor could any one understand him. The learned men—men who could speak many languages—were called to make out what language he spoke and what country he came from, but not one could tell.

"Then," said the queen, "he must have dropped from the skies, and our big elephant caught him as he fell. He shall be called the 'Son of the Clouds.'"

And as she said this Popo took Nooro in his trunk and held him aloft, and Nooro, mounting, stood upon the end of the trunk.

Then a shout went up from the people. The queen, like the rest, astonished, feared he would fall, and cried out to the elephant:

"You will kill the beautiful boy!"

Hardly had she said this when Nooro sprang high in the air, and when he came down, Popo caught him upon his trunk and tusks.

Then went up from the people a greater shout than before, and the queen said:

"That is the way he fell from the clouds, and that is the way the elephant caught him."

Popo, kneeling, then set Nooro down before the queen; and she, placing her royal hand upon his head, said:

"Welcome, Son of the Clouds! You have fallen to us like a beautiful thought from heaven. The palace shall be your home, we shall be your friends, and my children shall be your playmates."

He was dressed in royal garments, and the queen, calling the princesses, her little daughters, said to them:

"This is the Son of the Clouds. He has fallen from heaven like a beautiful dream. He is a bright, good boy. Shake hands, little children. There, now; be good friends."

They shook hands and looked into each other's eyes. Then the younger of the little girls stepped up and, grasping Nooro by the arm, said:

"Oh, we've been playing such a nice play! Come!"

And long before the sun went down they were playing hide-and-seek in the palace corners.

When children play they learn—learn fast and well. Scarce a year rolled round, and Nooro learned all that his little playmates knew, and could speak almost as well as they.

And now that she could talk to him and he to her, the queen loved him still the more, and more than ever did he seem not only like a beautiful dream, but like a bright reality fallen from heaven.

One day she took both his hands in hers, saying to him:

"Once we had a little boy—a lovely child. That child, seven years ago, was lost to us. We called him Nooro. He would be your age now, and we shall call you Nooro in his stead—Nooro, Son of the Clouds."

When he heard the name "Nooro" the sound was like the echo of a forgotten dream. His eyes were full of thought, and on his lips was the play of innocence. He knelt before the queen and wept.

Then did she raise him, and, in all the joy of a mother's fondness, kissed him tenderly.

"Oh," she said, "maybe you are my Nooro!"

And he, forgetting that she was a queen,



placed his little arms around her neck, and sobbed the only word of love he remembered: "Mama!"

From that time they loved each other as mother and son. Sometimes she would say to him:

"I do not know that you are my son; neither can you know that I am your mother: but we will believe, Nooro, we will believe!"

And the love which was between them grew yet deeper by the charm of mystery.

The wise men of the court taught him good and useful knowledge, and early childhood not having been forced with too much learning, he grew up a healthy, strong, and active man. Like the queen, he was loved by the whole people, and the princesses, his younger sisters, by their modest bearing and womanly goodness, won the hearts of all.

Peace, good will, and happiness reigned in the land for many years.

One day the queen, now old, called Nooro and said to him:

"My son, death will come ere long to take me away from you all. The crown shall be yours. The people wish it."

But Nooro answered:

"We do not know that I am your son. I do not desire to be king. The wise and beautiful princess, your eldest daughter, ought to be queen. The people honor and love her. I

like the palace because in it live my dearest friends; but I love the sweet wild woods. There, in that beautiful forest, where the faithful Popo cared for me so long and well, I long to end my days."

Then the queen said:

"I wished you to be king; but I know that you love the freshness and beauty of nature better than all things on earth, and that you do so love them because there dwells in you a noble and exalted soul. It shall be, then, as you wish."

The good queen died. The people wanted Nooro for their king; but when they saw that he would in no wise wear the crown, they said:

"The princess, the eldest daughter, will be to us a good ruler, and give us peace and happiness."

Nooro, with his good friend Popo, went to that old forest where nature was yet as charming as when he was a child, and building with his own hands a modest shelter from sun and rain, he dwelt for many happy years in unison with nature's truth and glory.

Popo lived there with him, and when Nooro, full a hundred years, sank sweetly into the repose of death, the faithful elephant stood by his side.

And daily at sunrise, Popo, bringing flowers, knowing that Nooro had loved them, would spread them on his grave.

*Gustavus Frankenstein.*

## THE SECRET OF IT.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

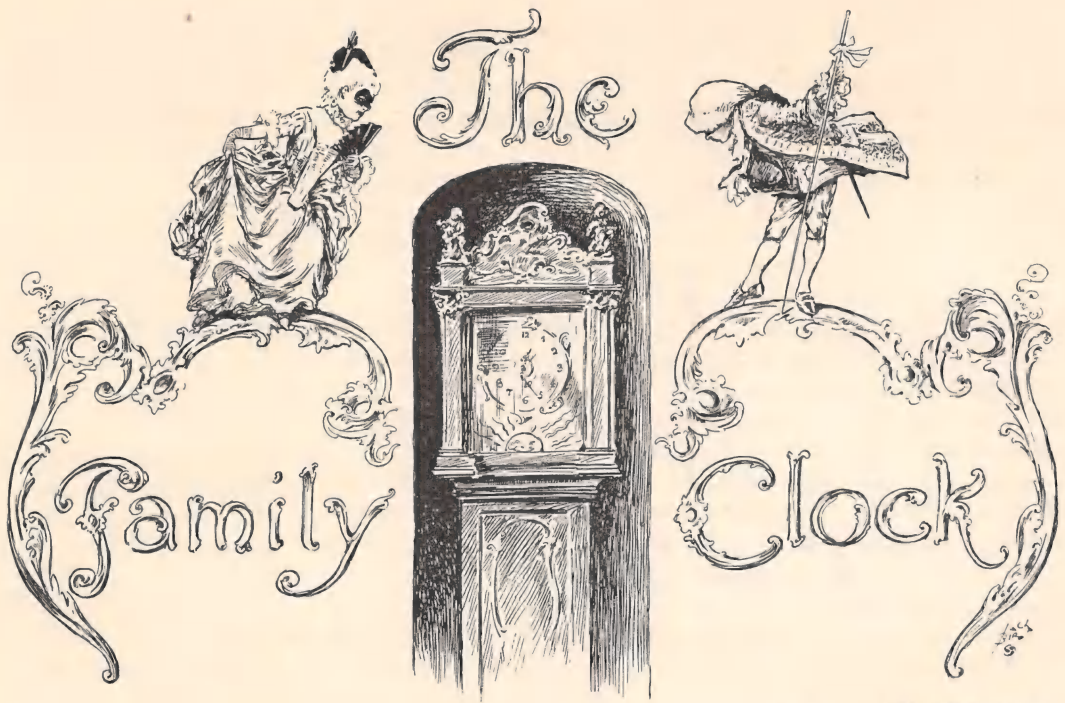


HERE does the clerk of the weather store  
The days that are sunny and fair?"

"In your soul is a room with a shining door,  
And all of those days are there."

"Where does the clerk of the weather keep  
The days that are dreary and blue?"  
"In a second room in your soul they sleep,  
And you have the keys of the two."

"And why are my days so often, I pray,  
Filled full of clouds and of gloom?"  
"Because you forget, at the break of day,  
And open the dreary room."



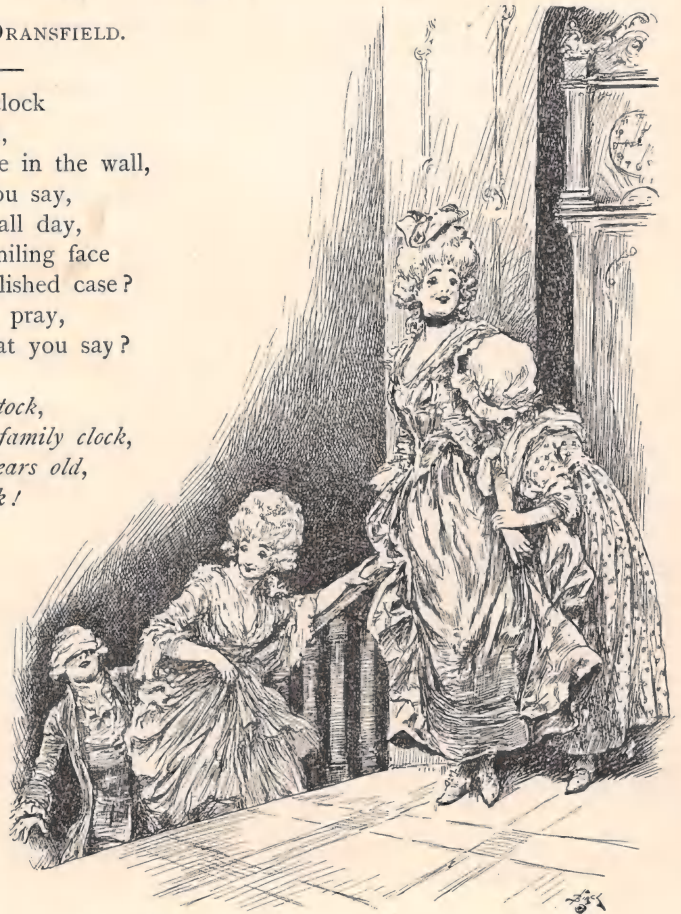
BY JANE DRANSFIELD.

OLD clock  
So tall,

In your niche in the wall,  
What is it you say,  
As you tick all day,  
With your smiling face  
And your polished case?  
Tell me, I pray,  
Is this what you say?

*"Tick, tock,  
I'm the family clock,  
A hundred years old,  
Of good old stock!  
Tick, tock,  
Good old stock,  
A hundred years old,  
The family clock!"*

Old clock  
So tall,  
In your niche in the wall,  
Have you memories faint  
Of dear ladies quaint,  
With high powdered hair,  
Who tripped up this stair?





Tell me, I pray,  
Is this what you say?

“*Tick, tock,*  
*I’ve seen many a frock,*  
*And the witchery fair*  
*Of a gleaming lock!*  
*Tick, tock,*  
*Many a frock,*  
*And the witchery fair*  
*Of a gleaming lock!”*

Old clock  
So tall,  
In your niche in the wall,  
Do you never feel affright  
In the dead of the night,  
When winds howl drear,  
And strange noises you hear?  
Or tell me, I pray,  
Is this what you say?

“*Tick, tock,*  
*I’m a doughty old clock;*

*I know no fear;*  
*Let them rage and knock;*  
*Tick, tock,*  
*Rage and knock;*  
*I know no fear—*  
*A doughty old clock!”*

Old clock  
So tall,  
In your niche in the wall,  
Will you still tick away  
A hundred years from to-day,  
With your smiling face  
And your polished case?  
And then, I pray,  
Is this what you’ll say?

“*Tick, tock,*  
*I’m the family clock,*  
*Two hundred years old,*  
*Of good old stock!*  
*Tick, tock,*  
*Good old stock,*  
*Two hundred years old,*  
*The family clock!”*



# ELIZABETHAN

## BOYS.

BY L. H. STURDEVANT.



Some to the wars, to try their fortune there,  
Some to discover islands far away,  
Some to the studious universities.

**T**HESE were some of the manifest destinies of the Elizabethan boy. What sort of lad he was who waited impatiently for the time to come when he, too, should go out into the world and try his fortune, is not so easy to find out. Elizabethan chroniclers do not "waste their time" in talking of children! Even Harrison, who writes at length of most things, from the High Court of Parliament to the brewing of beer, scarcely mentions boys and girls. He might so easily have given us a chatty chapter on them, and he so evidently thinks it not worth while, for he "pads" his book now and then with far less interesting matter.

He does complain that the poorer sort of women do not sufficiently correct their children, "wherein their husbands are also to be blamed," says the old canon, very fairly, and "by means whereof very manie of them . . . doo oftentimes come to confusion . . . which

might have proved good members of their commonwealthe and countrie." This same Harrison whipped his own children conscientiously until his mastiff "essaies to catch the rod in his teeth" for the preventing of further punishment, which, in his master's opinion, "is not unworthie to be noted."

That kindly mastiff should be known and remembered of all children, though the years be so many since, moved by his big, loving heart, he interceded for the little Harrisons.



Certainly lack of discipline was not a failing of the sixteenth century, and we know that chil-



dren were brought up austerely and made to study hard, whether they had tutors at home or were sent to the excellent grammar-schools of the time, where such a quantity of Latin was crammed into them, for they profited much, and were packed off to the universities early indeed, as we shall see.

They were carefully trained in all courtesy of speech and hearing, but repressed and kept in the background in a way that would be

been much esteemed for all men, and Harrison tells us with pride of "the great silence that is used at the tables of the honourable and wiser sort, generallie all over the realm."

The fathers of that time sent their sons to travel on the Continent when they could, for they believed that "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and that "he cannot be a perfect man, not being tried and tutor'd in the world." So let him go, said these wise fathers,



"BEARING THE LATEST NEWS FROM SCOTLAND OR FRANCE OR THE LOW COUNTRIES." (SEE PAGE 203.)

little relished by boys of to-day. They were advised to be "checked for silence, but never taxed for speech," or, as Sir Henry Sidney puts it in a very noble letter to his son Philip, then twelve years old, "rather be rebuked of light fellows for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Tell no untruth; no, not in trifles," he goes on; "there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman than to be accounted a liar."

An Elizabethan boy was not likely to be a babbler, and, in truth, silence seems to have

"practise tilts and tournaments, hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen"; he will be the more ready to go out in the world and take his place with other men.

The carefully guarded boyhood was soon over, and they were marvelously young when they sprang from the quiet and seclusion of childhood into the glow and dazzle of that wondrous age—those noble Elizabethans who were soldier and sailor, courtier and councilor, in turn; taking time now and then to write a mask or a group of sonnets, or to give a help-



"STORIES OF STEADFAST RESISTANCE, UNFLINCHING BRAVERY, AND PATRIOTISM." (SEE PAGE 204.)

ing hand to some struggling genius—to Spenser or that promising actor-manager Will Shakspeare, perhaps. Francis Bacon entered Cambridge at twelve, so did Lord Southampton (Shakspeare's friend and patron); Spenser went at sixteen; Philip Sidney was sent to Oxford at thirteen, from there went to Cambridge, traveled and won golden opinions from all men before he was eighteen, and was sent on an important embassy at twenty-two. George Herbert, who was an Elizabethan for the first ten years of his life, went to Cambridge at fifteen, "having spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of



his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or tutor."

The mothers and tutors and grammar-schools did good work, whether their pupils were sent to the universities, or sped away to the "military academies of the times" in Flanders or Ireland, or took ship and sailed to the Spanish Main and fought Spaniards, which was a habit of the times.

What was he like, this boy who was kept so sternly and taught so well, and blossomed so early into the flower of noble manhood? There are some heroic boys in Shakspeare: Arthur, who was beloved even of his jailer; the gallant young Prince Edward, and forward little York, who asks for his terrible uncle's dagger, and jests with him as one who plays with a tiger; and little Mamilius, who is so young as to be little more than a plaything, yet who droops and dies at his mother's disgrace, so sensitive and honorable is his spirit. Were they drawn from English boys as gallant and daring as they? And little William Page, who hung his head, and spoke only when he was spoken to, and was of a "good sprag memory," was he some Elizabethan school-boy straight from life, or a reminiscence maybe of little William Shakspeare, who once went to Stratford grammar-school, and was of a "good sprag memory" too?

But boys have studied hard and been trained severely before and since. Never has a nobler band stood in the forefront of a nation than the men who glorified that time: Raleigh, Sidney, the Gilberts, Frobisher, Drake, Grenville, Cecil, Walsingham, Bacon; and that other group, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson, Marlowe—there is no end to the names. One would like to know just what made them what they were; what futures they planned and dreamed through the long days of childhood; what they heard and saw in the talk and example of the men about them—ever the thing that most influences a boy.

It was an age of learning, of increased refinement and courtesy. England had never been so prosperous, never advanced so rapidly in comfort and even in luxury. Houses were built of brick or stone, chimneys abounded, rooms were "large and comelie"; there was "great

profusion of tapestry, Turkey worke, pewter, brasse, fine linen, and therto costly cupbords of plate" in gentlemen's houses; nor did it stop there, for "even the inferiour artificers, and many farmers" learned to "garnish their cupbords with plate, their joined beds with tapestry and silke hangings, and their tables with carpets and fine naperie," and even a poor man had "three or four feather beds, and a dozen of spoones," and pewter platters in place of wooden ones.

With all this, and the talk of older men, who looked back to the plainness and hardships of an earlier day, no doubt the Elizabethan boy thought there never had been such times or such a queen, and over his Latin and Greek fretted and chafed for the day when he would be free and see it all for himself.

Those were great, heroic, terrible days—the days of the Dutch Republic, of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, of the Spanish Armada. A boy must have heard wonderful things in his father's hall, as he stood respectfully by, or carried wine to the gentleman who had ridden down from London through the mire, bearing the latest news from Scotland or France or the Low Countries. Perhaps it was a kinsman, an uncle or an elder brother, who had been fighting by sea or land, and had come home to nurse a wound, and be glorified and honored by the whole household and neighborhood.

How the boy must have admired and envied him, followed him about, waited on him, longed to go back with him into that heroic world where men won name and fame so quickly!

England must have been full of such wide-eyed listeners by the fire, and there were stories enough for them to hear, as the news filtered slowly through the land, from town to town and hall to hall, losing nothing in the transit, one may be sure: stories from Scotland of the beautiful young queen—pretty tales, at first, of her charm, her gaiety, her popularity, growing gradually more somber, until men told, with a shudder, how her husband was slain,—it was said, by her own plots,—how her subjects had risen against her and imprisoned her on an island in a lake, like a fairy queen, how she escaped and fled to

their own England, where she was fast captive again—and “Best keep her so,” said the stern narrators, doubtless; stories from the Low Countries, where some of the best blood in England was fighting—stories of persecution and cruelty and wrong, of steadfast resistance, unflinching bravery, and patriotism, of the Spanish Fury, when blood ran like water in Antwerp streets, and no horror of murder and flame and violence was spared.

Did he set his teeth as he listened, that eager boy, as he saw his father's face darken, his mother and sisters shiver and turn white? No man knew when such a fate might come to his own in those days, for the Armada was not yet, and the power and cruelty of Spain overshadowed the whole world. Did he not resolve to die at his own threshold, if need were, fighting for his own people, and grow a man in thought and purpose, in the resolve?

Is it any wonder that at sixteen or seventeen, finding books and study no longer endurable, he flung himself into the conflict, like Raleigh, who was no sooner entered at Oxford than he broke away, and was across the Channel fighting for the Huguenots when he was barely seventeen?

Not all the tales were bloody ones. Think of the boys who listened breathless as that wonderful romance of Drake's voyage sounded through England like a trumpet-call in the autumn of 1580! What a dream of dreams it was—to sail around the world, fighting the Spaniard as a matter of course whenever one saw him, to struggle with wind and wave and danger for three long years, and to come triumphantly home at last, with a shipload of gold-dust, silver ingots, pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, the hero of England and of the world! Was there a boy in England who did not swear that he too would circle the globe and bring back treasure untold?

There were rare adventures toward, only waiting for the doing: cruising and fighting, gold and silver, honor and fame and glory, for brave men and true; and if God sent death instead, who feared it? Not boys who had been told of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who cried out from the deck of his ship, the “Squirrel,” as she disappeared in night and storm, “We

are as near heaven by sea as by land”; of that immortal speech of Sidney's to the dying soldier, as he gave him the water his own lips craved, “Thy need is greater than mine”; of Grenville, who fought fifty Spanish ships with his own “Revenge” from afternoon till the following daybreak, and was carried aboard a Spanish ship to die, saying, “Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his queen, for honor and religion.” Such deaths were triumphs; who should fear them?

An Elizabethan boy heard much of his queen, of her wit, her glory, her wisdom, her love of her people and care for their welfare; and he was loyal with the passionate, personal loyalty peculiar to the time. He heard much of religion, for upon the maintenance of the national religion depended the national existence, home as well as heaven. He was brought up in a time when God's interposition and help were constantly sought and recognized, not only by individuals, but by the nation. The words of his queen when she was told of her accession to the throne, “It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes,” were stamped on the gold coinage throughout her reign for him to see and remember. “The Lord blew with his wind and they were scattered,” was graven on the Armada medal. He could no more forget that acknowledgment of God's direct protection than he could forget the fearful peril that summoned it. Strengthened and clenched by a hundred attacks and dangers, his religion could not but be earnest, deep-seated, and vital.

He had a fine spirit, the Elizabethan boy, a somewhat turbulent one, if the truth be told, when he was not allowed to work it off fighting and privateering, but was kept to his book at the university. One hears with pain that he and his fellows there “ruffle and roist it out, and for excuse, when they are charged with breach of all good order, thinke it sufficient to saie that they be gentlemen's sonnes, which greeveth manie.” The spirit of the people was as high, and Rathgeb says “the



street boys and apprentices collect together in immense crowds, and strike to the right and left unmercifully, without regard to persons." Stowe tells us how one Shrove Tuesday for most offenses then and later, and Busino saw a lad of fifteen led to execution for stealing a bag of currants. One wonders about the very many young boys who should have



THE DEATH OF SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE, COMMANDER OF THE "REVENGE."

"many disordered persons of sundry kinds, amongst whom were very many young boys and lads, assembled themselves," and did many riotous acts, and even "despitefully used and resisted the Sheriffes of London."

They were not over-gentle authorities that were so defied. The gallows was the penalty

been safe at home at their ages instead of trifling with death in that fashion.

One would like to know what kind of homes they had in that crowded, bustling little London of scarce one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and why their fathers and mothers did n't keep them out of riots. It seems as

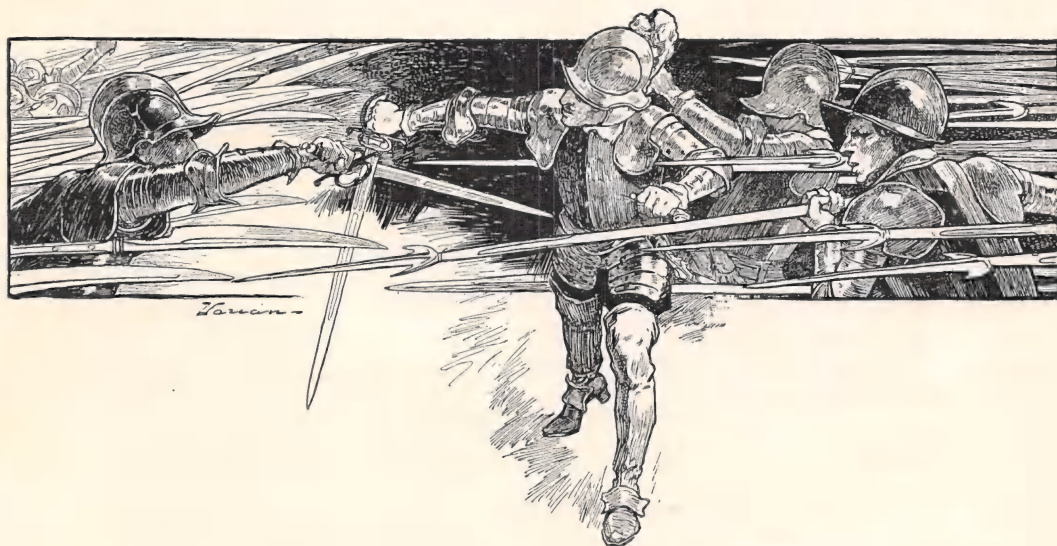
if Canon Harrison was right when he blamed their lack of discipline.

Shakspeare gives these boys a mention or two: these were "the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples"; these the lads that, when street fights took place were likely to be found throwing pebbles at their quarrelsome elders, while remaining somewhat in the background. The great dramatist has sketched such scenes for us in his historical plays. Insubordinate, riotous little lads, these—what did they come to later on? Were they food for powder in the Low Countries, or jolly mariners, or boisterous apprentices?

Doubtless they were brave men, and did a man's work somewhere, and very likely made good citizens in spite of their unruly boyhood, and prospered, and died full of years and honors, some three hundred years ago.

Take him for all in all, we may guess the Elizabethan boy to have been a fine fellow, and peering back through the centuries, we see him, fearless, honorable, faithful, learned beyond his years, religious with the deep, per-

sonal religion that is won by those who have to fight for their faith. When we seek to look into his heart, there seems to be no limit to the hopes of such a boy, in such a time, with the world before him. What shall he do who might do anything? Shall he sail the seas with Drake, capture the Plate Fleet, loot rich galleons, discover gold-mines in Peru? Shall he fight manfully in the Low Countries, where was little gold, but much glory and noble companionship? Shall he go to the court, win favor with the queen, stand a trusted councilor at her right hand, and sway the realm? Shall he, being an ambitious boy, choose to do all these things in turn, as other men had done, and come gloriously home at last to the old hall, where his heart had been all the time, and end his days there in honor, like his father before him? It was likely enough. Boys lived out their dreams in those days oftener than not, in heroic life or death, and made great names for themselves in peace and war, and were faithful over a few things as over many, if need were; wherefore their works do follow them unto this day.





## THE DOUBTFUL MEMBER.\*

(A long story, complete in this number.)

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

### PART I.



ARTHA REDFIELD came home from school in a little flutter of happy excitement.

"We are busy planning something delightful, mother," she began eagerly, "and I want you to say that you will consent to it."

"Who are 'we'?" asked Mrs. Redfield.

"Some of the girls in my class; our set, you know. We've been discussing preliminaries for a week. Now we're springing it on the mothers, and I want to report to-morrow that *mea mater* agreed *instantly*. She *does*, does n't she?"

"She's apt to, on general principles," her mother answered, smiling, "for you seldom want unreasonable things."

"Oh, you must n't be too sure of that! I may not always ask for them, but there are lots of unreasonable things that I *want* awfully!"

"I hope your 'nice plan' is n't in that list."

"I don't think we can call it unreasonable, but it will give you some trouble, mother."

"I'll try to bear it with Christian fortitude."

"And it will be some expense," Martha continued.

"Possibly that can be borne, too."

"Well, you are a darling little mother, anyhow! And it will not be a great extravagance, because we have agreed to take it in turn, and to have very simple refreshments."

"It is a club, then?" Mrs. Redfield inquired.

"A reading-club. Is not that something nice and sensible? We all feel as if we ought to know more about general literature. So we are to meet every Friday afternoon, and one will read aloud while the others sew."

"That sounds pleasant," said Mrs. Redfield. "It will give you a chance to get on with your embroidery."

"Well, I don't know. We thought of fancy work at first, but Mildred Darrow thinks we might do something more useful."

"Mildred Darrow?"

Mrs. Redfield lifted her eyebrows, and Martha made an outcry:

"Now, mother! You never will believe that she is anything but a butterfly, but I tell you that is unjust. If you had seen the little aprons that she made for 'Sister Sarah's' orphans—"

"I've seen the aprons that she wears herself."

"You've seen something pretty, then," returned Martha, a quick color brightening her cheeks,—"*almost as pretty as she is!*" When did you see her in an apron, mother?"

"Once when she came here to do some bead-work with you. I think you did the work, and she played with the beads; but she brought her apron, and put it on with an air of business. It was all lace and frills and ribbons—a 'charming confection,' as the fashion articles say. I wondered who made it."

Martha laughed.

"She has a married sister who loves to make pretty things for her. And I like to see her wear them."

"I saw her at school once, when I had an errand for you," continued Mrs. Redfield. "Miss Mildred was at the blackboard, and she wore a silk apron that might have been made

\* "Cousin Jane's Mistake," by the same author, and telling how Martha Redfield received her pearl-ring, was published in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1897.

for a fancy party. It did not look quite suitable, to me."

"Now, mother, *don't!*" protested Martha. "You know I love Milly Darrow; and what's the harm in her wearing pretty things?"

"I was only wondering if she made silk aprons for Sister Sarah's orphans."

"No; they were blue gingham with long sleeves, and Sister Sarah was glad enough to get them. She's glad to get anything for those poor children. So Milly suggested that we should sew for them, and she offered to bring the stuff for a dozen aprons. That shows the sort of girl she is, I should think! But because she is pretty, and likes pretty clothes, you think—"

"That my Martha loves her," interrupted her mother, affectionately. "And that's enough to prove she is worth loving."

"Now you *are nice!*" exclaimed Martha, her eyes shining with pleasure. "And it's true, mother. She is well worth loving, in spite of being a sort of butterfly. But, for my part, I don't see why butterflies should be despised. They must be good for something, or God would n't have made them; and you may say what you like for busy bees—butterflies are pleasanter to look at, anyway, and *much* pleasanter to have around! They never sting you, and Milly is like them in that. You never hear her say mean things. She does n't know how to sting."

"In short, she is Mildred Darrow, and you love her! But if you will stop to consider, you will see that I never called her names at all," said Mrs. Redfield. "So, instead of defending her, suppose you tell me more about the club. You are to read, you are to sew, you are to have tea?"

"Yes; or, more likely, chocolate, with sandwiches or biscuits, and something sweet, I suppose. But it need n't bother you, mother. I can make everything myself."

"And who are the other members? How many have you?"

"A dozen, all together. The Appletons are two; then, Edith Barton and Clara Canfield are four; and Milly and I make six," said Martha, counting them off on her fingers; "Florry Woodley and Mabel Ford are eight;

the Elliots and Fanny Grey are eleven; and Hilda Morrison is the twelfth—but she's doubtful."

"Doubtful?—why?"

"Because we are not sure that we want her. She is n't just the girl we should have thought of, but she proposed herself as a member; that is to say, she told Milly Darrow that she would like to be in the club, and Milly said she would ask the others, because she did n't want to hurt her feelings."

"What's the objection to her?"

"It's a case of Dr. Fell, I fancy. 'The reason why I cannot tell!'" replied Martha. "Nobody seems to care for Hilda Morrison, and she never seems to care for anybody. I wondered at her wanting to join."

"Perhaps she would like to be cared for," suggested Mrs. Redfield. "It may be a chance to do a kindness."

"So Milly said when the others objected. Some of them were unwilling to have her, but she thought it would be unkind to refuse."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I voted with Milly, of course. I don't like Hilda Morrison," added Martha, frankly. "She's a kind of a clam—never has any enthusiasms; never seems to care whether the world goes round or not."

"Still, she wants to join the club?"

"Yes; and I suppose we'll have to let her! I do hope she will get a new dress, however, and not wear that long-suffering brown serge to the meetings. It's too shabby for endurance."

"Is she shabby from choice?" asked Mrs. Redfield; and Martha blushed, for there was a significant tone in her voice.

"I suppose not," she answered. "And I suppose I ought to sympathize with her necessity, if that's what you mean by shaking your accusing locks at me! But really and truly, mother, that old frock is horrid. She has worn it all winter, and it looks as if it was made in the Ark, to begin with."

"Poor girl!"

"But she has n't the air of a 'poor girl' that one can pity," objected Martha. "She never seems to consider her looks; and though Milly admires her for that,—it's a pitch of self-



control, she says, that is quite above *her*,—I think it is very stupid. A girl *ought* to know how she looks, and care, too."

"She probably does both," said Mrs. Redfield, "and is too proud to show it. If I were you, I think I would take pains to make that girl welcome, in spite of the old frock."

"Oh, I mean to," cried Martha, twisting her ring round her finger, and laughing mis-

pitable; the chocolate was served with whipped cream; the éclairs were delicious; and finally—" *Mirabile dictu!*" spouted Martha (who was "doing" Latin that year, and rather vain of it), "Hilda Morrison had a new frock. It was not a dream of beauty, and I'm not sure that it was really *new*; but it was not the old brown serge, at any rate."

"Then your 'doubtful member' is accepted?"



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE READING-CLUB.

chievously. "If we take her in I'll try to be *pearl-y* to her. But it's funny, ma'am, to see that you and The Butterfly have just the same opinion!"

It was not long after this before the new club was organized, and the first meeting—alphabetically decided—was held at the house of the Appleton sisters. Martha came home radiantly satisfied with everything. The girls had been prompt and harmonious; the reading was interesting; Mrs. Appleton was most hos-

"Oh, yes. Milly settled it somehow. You ought to have seen *her* to-day. She was a picture."

"Did she have a new apron?"

"You are always laughing at her aprons, mother! But she did; it's her fad, you know. Because no one else wears them nowadays, she chooses to have bewitching ones. To-day it was a pink China silk, with ruffles and bretelles, and she wore it over her green poplin. She looked as sweet and dainty as a wild rose," said Martha, with enthusiasm.

"And how much sewing did you do for the orphans?"

"Not a great deal," Martha confessed. "Milly brought some gingham, and Mrs. Appleton cut out two little Mother Hubbards. I made a pair of sleeves."

"Well, I am glad the meeting was a success," said Mrs. Redfield, "and I hope Hilda Morrison enjoyed it."

"I don't know whether she did or not," was the careless answer. "She's such an indefinite article, you know. But she's harmless enough, at all events. She'll not be in our way."

There was apparently little more than this to be said of "the doubtful member" for a month or more of pleasant Fridays. The meetings followed each other in orderly succession, and every one was reported as only "nicer" than the last, until the day came for Mildred Darrow to entertain the club. Martha had looked for this occasion with only the happiest expectations; but instead of bringing home the usual beaming countenance, she came in with a very sober face—so full of trouble, indeed, that her mother cried out anxiously:

"What is the matter, dear? You look as if something had happened!"

"Something *has* happened," was the grave reply; "a very serious something, mother. I have lost my ring."

"Why, *Martha!*"

"Yes, mother,"—her lips were trembling, though she tried to speak with composure,— "my ring has disappeared—vanished from the face of the earth, apparently! An hour ago I had it. Now it is nowhere."

"But, my dear! that is impossible. What do you mean me to understand? What has happened to it? You are not Cleopatra!" exclaimed Mrs. Redfield, in bewilderment.

"No, I did n't dissolve it in vinegar," said Martha, forlornly, "and no one else did, to my knowledge. But I'll tell you all I know about it," she continued, sitting down with a desolate air that made her mother clasp the ringless hand with quick tenderness. "It was at the club, of course, and we had finished reading. I was folding up my work, and clearing the table for the tray that was coming

presently, when Edith Barton said, 'Let me take your ring a minute, Martha. I want to show it to my cousin.' That was Maud Erwin, a cousin from Philadelphia who is visiting her, and Edith brought her to-day as a guest."

"Well," said Mrs. Redfield, "and you took the ring off?"

"I took the ring off," said Martha, "and handed it across the table to Edith. Several of the girls were standing with her, and they all wanted to look at it. Just then, while it was being passed from one to another, the tray was brought in, and Milly asked me to help her serve the chocolate. Of course I did it, and being busy with cups and saucers, I paid no attention to the ring. Moreover, while I was still pouring chocolate, the maid came in again with another tray, and a message: 'Some one had called for Miss Hilda Morrison, and would she please come directly, for her mother was very sick.' Naturally this made a commotion. Hilda was standing near Milly, who sat behind the tray, putting whipped cream in the cups. She had just given one to Hilda, who started so at the message—and no wonder!—that she dropped it right into Milly's lap. Then she cried out, and snatched a napkin to wipe off the hot chocolate that was streaming over everything. And her awkward hands (she's a clumsy thing, mother!) only made it worse; and though Milly begged her not to mind, she was so excited that she began to cry. So it was all fuss and flurry for a minute or two, and what with clearing up the mess, and trying to comfort Hilda and get her started for home, I never thought of my ring till after she had gone."

"But then?"

"Then," said Martha, reluctantly, "the ring was gone, too."

"You do not mean—" Mrs. Redfield began to speak, and stopped herself as if too shocked to finish her sentence.

"I don't know what I mean, mother. I've told you what happened."

"But the others? Did you ask them? Did no one know anything? The girl who borrowed it should have known where it was."

"I thought she would, of course; but she





"HILDA DROPPED THE CUP OF CHOCOLATE RIGHT INTO MILLY'S LAP."

said that she gave it to Maud, and Maud passed it to Kate Appleton, and Florry Woodley took it from her. Clara Canfield had it next, and gave it to Mabel Ford, and all the girls say that Hilda asked for it last, and that Mabel gave it to her."

"Is Mabel sure that she did not return it?"

"Perfectly, and so are the others. Indeed, Edith remembers seeing it in Hilda's hands just as the chocolate was brought. She suggested that she might have laid it down somewhere, which would have been like her absent-minded ways! So we searched the room, every nook and corner. We emptied everybody's work-bag; we even upset the sugar-bowl, and poked in the cake-basket among the crumbs. I simply could n't believe it would n't be found *somewhere*, so we hunted high and low; but all to no purpose."

"And the upshot of it all—"

"Is that every one thinks Hilda carried it away, whether she meant to or not. She might have done it unconsciously."

"Which seems to me the solution of the mystery," said Mrs. Redfield, looking suddenly relieved. "She probably slipped it on her finger without thinking. I have known

such things to be done in perfect innocence. In fact, something like it happened to me once. You remember the time that my gold thimble was missing for a month, and it was all the time in the pocket of Aunt Hannah's traveling-dress?"

"I remember, mother; and if girls had pockets in their dresses nowadays—"

"It would be very sensible, and they would not lose so many small articles," said Mrs. Redfield, who had old-fashioned notions about pockets. "But never mind that. Take my word for it, Martha, your ring was carried off unconsciously; and if I were you—"

"I know what you are going to say," interrupted Martha, with a faint smile. "Mildred had the same idea; and although it seemed a heartless thing to do, when Hilda had gone away in such trouble, we decided to do it."

"To follow the girl home, you mean?"

"Yes, mother. Milly said—putting herself in Hilda's place—it was what she would rather have us do, for it was the quickest way of finding out. She felt sure that it was all accidental, and that Hilda would be glad of the chance to return the ring immediately. For my part, I felt that I *must* find it as soon as

possible. So we went to Hilda's house together."

"Well? And did not you see her?" asked her mother, eagerly.

"We saw her," Martha replied, with a rueful look; "but I almost wish we had not. She knew nothing about the ring, was sure she had returned it to the girl who gave it to her, and thought we were very unkind to come

full of pity for both girls. And Martha echoed the words drearily.

"It is dreadful, mother! It makes me feel like a wretch to care for anything else in the face of such trouble. But still—my ring, my dear, beautiful pearl! How can I bear to lose it? And how can I ever tell Cousin Jane of the loss?"

"She would never blame *you*, poor child!"



"COUSIN JANE WANTED TO KNOW EVERY DETAIL." (SEE PAGE 219.)

and torment her about such a thing at such a time. 'What did she care for pearl-rings when her poor mother was dying?'"

"Dying? Is it as bad as that?"

Mrs. Redfield looked shocked, and Martha sighed mournfully.

"That was what she said. I hope it may not be true! But there were two doctors in the house, and Hilda looked as if she had been crying her eyes out. We could only beg her to forgive us, and hurry away."

"This is dreadful!" cried Martha's mother,

said her mother, tenderly. "I cannot see that you were in fault at all."

"I suppose I ought to have kept my eyes upon it when it was going the rounds," sighed Martha. "But there was Milly wanting me to help her, and I never dreamed but that Edith would look after it, and bring it back to me all right."

"Which she ought to have done," rejoined Mrs. Redfield, more severely than she was apt to speak. "I consider that she is the one who is responsible for the whole matter."



There was a certain satisfaction in being able to blame somebody; and Edith was clearly in fault for carelessness, and still more, Mrs. Redfield thought, for her readiness to accuse Hilda. It was she who had insisted upon having seen it last in Hilda's hands, and Martha could not help agreeing with her mother that it was an easy but not quite generous way of shifting responsibility, seeing that Hilda was not there to speak for herself.

In spite of this, and of her pity for the girl, and of the fact that her mother was inclined to defend her, Martha had a haunting suspicion. She did not put it into words; she would hardly let herself think the dreadful thing: but it was like "the one persistent fly"; she could not get rid of it. Not only Edith, but most of the other girls, were positive in their assertion that Hilda had the ring last. She could not doubt their testimony, and she knew how carefully the room had been searched. Things could not vanish without active agency, and all the circumstances favored Hilda's agency. It might have been a sudden temptation; it might have been purely mechanical and unconscious: but, one way or the other, she must have done it.

All Martha's ponderings ended with this conviction; but she kept it to herself very carefully. When the reading-club (with one exception) came in a body next day to reiterate sympathy, and, on Milly Darrow's part, to say that her mother had had the house swept from top to bottom, and every dust-pan sifted, in a vain hope of finding the ring, she begged them to say no more about it.

"It's a mystery that we can't explain, and the more we talk of it, the more puzzling it grows. Just forget, please, that I ever had a ring."

"That's very sweet of you," said Edith Barton; "but if your mother had read you such a lecture as mama gave *me* last night, you would n't talk of forgetting things. According to her, I'm the Jonah, and throwing overboard is what I deserve."

"Nonsense, Edith!"

"Words of wisdom, you mean! She did make me feel guilty of the whole thing. And you have a right to think so too, for I cer-

tainly should have been more careful. But I never dreamed of any danger—"

"Of course you did not," Martha hastened to say, touched by Edith's self-accusation, and eager to comfort her. "How could you? It is no one's fault; it is only my misfortune. I must just bear it as well as I can."

"Well, you are lovely to take it so! It's more than I could do," returned Edith. "In your place I should want to make it hot for somebody. As for Hilda Morrison—"

She stopped with a significant expression, that was reflected in the faces of most of the others. After a pause one or two murmured assentingly:

"Hilda Morrison!"

But Martha asked quietly:

"Just what—as to Hilda Morrison?"

"Oh, you know!" Edith exclaimed impulsively. "What's the use of pretending? You know as well as we do that she took the ring."

"I know nothing of the kind," said Martha, promptly.

"And neither do I," added Milly Darrow. "Leave *me* out when you say 'we.' I don't believe she had any more to do with it than you or I, or Martha herself."

"Besides, it is not fair to accuse a person who is not here to answer back," said Martha, with emphasis. "She assured me yesterday that she had *not* taken the ring. And since her mother is dying,—maybe dead, for all we know,—it seems cruel to be saying such things of a poor girl in such trouble. If any of you think that *my* feelings ought to be considered in this matter, you will never say them again."

Martha's little speech was made quietly, but it produced an impression.

The girls exchanged meaning glances, and no one spoke until Edith said bluntly:

"If that's the way you feel, I can hold my tongue, for one. It's little enough to do."

"That's the way I feel," answered Martha, bravely.

"As to Mrs. Morrison," continued Edith, "she's neither dead nor dying. She had a bad attack of 'angina' something or other,—the thing with a Latin name, you know,—and very likely she would have died if the doc-

tors had n't come in time. But she is out of danger this morning."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. My father was one of the doctors."

"Well! that 's a great relief." Martha gave a sigh of satisfaction as she answered. "I lay awake last night, thinking, and wondering, and *hoping*. I am truly glad!"

"You are a funny girl!" said Edith, looking at Martha with a puzzled expression.

But Mildred put both arms round her neck and kissed her. *She* understood.

It was nearly a week later before Hilda came back to school. She did not appear, in fact, till the next Friday morning. And, except for a chance meeting on the street with Mildred Darrow, no one had seen her meanwhile. Taking her seat in the usual place, and with the usual listless air, no one would have suspected that she had had any disturbing experiences in the interval. She went through the ordinary routine of the class without seeming to notice that curious glances were turned toward her from time to time, and no one but Martha saw that her eyelids quivered now and then, and that a curious spot of color came and went in her sallow cheeks.

Martha watched her with sidelong glances, half pitiful, half suspicious, and she fought a silent battle with herself before she went to her, as she sat alone at recess, and held out her hand with a cordial greeting.

"Glad to see you back, Hilda. Is your mother all right now?"

"All right?" Hilda looked up with a start. "Oh, yes; right as she ever is. She 's always ailing. Did you find your ring?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose they all think that I took it," said Hilda, with blunt bitterness. "I saw them looking at me as if they did, and you are the only one of them that has spoken to me."

"You have n't given them a chance," said Martha. "You came in late, you know."

"There has been chance enough since, if they wanted it! But I don't care. All I mind is what *you* think—you and Milly!"

She searched Martha's face with anxious, questioning eyes, that sent a pang to the kind heart.

"If you had heard what Milly said the other day,—what we both of us said," she exclaimed impulsively,—“you would have been satisfied, Hilda.”

"Would I truly, Martha? *Oh!* that makes me happy!"

The girl's voice shook, her eyes filled with tears, and all at once she dropped her head on the desk before her with a burst of silent but irrepressible sobbing. Martha was beside her in a moment, and her arm round her neck. A sudden illumination seemed to come to her. She did not know how or why, but the cloud of suspicion, the doubt that haunted her, the fear she had fought against, fled before it.

"Forgive me, Hilda!" she whispered in her ear, penitently and entreatingly. "Do try to forgive me!"

"For what?" Hilda lifted her wondering face, and Martha's handkerchief brushed away the tears that stained it.

"The girls are coming; don't let them see you crying," she whispered hastily. "Just tell me something before they are here: will you go to the reading-club this afternoon?"

"Will anybody want me?"

"Of course they will. Milly, come here, please; and you, too, Mabel!"—as a group of girls appeared at the door. "I 've just been telling Hilda that we all are expecting to see her at the club to-day. It meets at your house, so you can speak for yourself."

Mabel hesitated for half a moment, but Martha's bright, confident look compelled an answer.

"Why, certainly; we are expecting—all the members," she replied.

And Milly Darrow added cheerfully:

"To be sure we 're expecting her. We have n't had a break in the ranks yet, and I hope we 'll keep on so. I 'll call for you as I go, Hilda. It is right in my way."

Hilda's face flushed, and she looked about her with a bewildered air. "I was not sure," she faltered, turning to Milly,—“I mean I expected—” But whatever she was going to say was cut short by the monitor's bell; and



linking arms with her familiarly, as she had never done before, Martha hurried her back to the class-room.

Mabel lingered for a whispered word to her companion:

"Did you ever see such a girl? Does she mean it?"

"Yes, she does. And so do I. If we want to keep Martha in the club, we'll have to be nice to Hilda; I can tell you that."

"Well!" Mabel drew a long breath full of surprise. "It's very queer. But no one wants to get rid of Martha!"

Queer or not, Martha had made up her mind, and she was not a girl to do things by halves. Once convinced that she had wronged Hilda by an unjust suspicion, even though she had never expressed it, she could not do enough to make amends. And she was at once too positive and too popular a character for the girls to oppose her.

"Let her have her way," they said, "if *that* comforts her for losing her ring!"

## PART II.

So, instead of turning the cold shoulder to Hilda Morrison when she appeared at the club-meeting, the girls followed the example set by Mildred and Martha, treating "the doubtful member" with especial consideration.

Mabel, as hostess, welcomed her graciously, and the others, following her lead, were careful not to leave her out of the general conversation. No one alluded ever so distantly to the unpleasant scene of the last gathering, and Mabel had even omitted the favorite chocolate lest it should be a reminder. Tea-cups in hand, when refreshments were served, they discussed the characters of the book they were reading, and asked Hilda's opinion of their historical accuracy. "Because history is your strong point, you know"—which was quite true. And to her own amazement, Hilda found herself saying things that were worth saying, and being listened to with polite attention.

It was altogether a very polite assembly indeed. Hilda went home thrilled with the excitement of the unexpected, and with a sense of sudden expansion in her horizon.

Martha, too, was conscious of a thrill in her own sensations. It had cost her an effort to meet Hilda cordially; but the effort had brought its distinct reward. She had not felt so light-hearted since her loss, the mystery of which was quite as mysterious as ever—more so, if anything. But the charity that is kind, and thinketh no evil, had entered in and brought a host of compensations.

So days and weeks went by, throwing no new light upon the mystery, but bringing no change in Martha's determination to "make up" to Hilda for her brief injustice.

Milly Darrow came, one afternoon, with a tempting proposition. There were new humming-birds to be mounted at the Museum of Natural History. "About fifty thousand," Milly said,—“but maybe it was only five thousand!” At any rate, they were wonderful, and her uncle was one of the curators, and he would show them everything, and make it *so* interesting.

"Put on your things, Martha, as quick as you can. We'll have a lovely time!"

But Martha shook her head. "I can't do it, Milly. I promised Hilda to go there this afternoon."

"Oh, what for? You'll see enough of her to-morrow, when she has the club."

"The club is just the reason," said Martha. "I promised to help her get ready."

"Well, I never did! Has n't Hilda got a mother?"

"I suppose so. I've never seen her, though."

"Nor I. Do you suppose she is sick all the time, or is it just laziness?" said Milly, crossly. "I'm downright disappointed, Martha. I wanted you this afternoon!"

"Don't you think I'm disappointed, too?" sighed Martha. "It's a temptation, Milly."

"But you're going to resist it; I see it with my eyes and hear it with my ears, Henny-Penny! So I may as well take myself off without you."

And she did, snatching a kiss as she went, to which Mrs. Redfield, who had overheard the little colloquy, added another.

"I think your ring must have been a sort of talisman," she said, as Martha passed by her.

"Why, mother?" asked Martha, curiously.

"It made you so happy when you got it, and now that you have lost it, it makes you so sweet. The 'pearliness' stays."

From her mother, who never said any more than she meant, this was so much that Martha felt richly rewarded for her little self-denial, and Hilda was never told that anything pleasant had been renounced for her sake.

It was an anxious time to Hilda, this first

lessons to study and then went to bed. But the reading-club, and the chatter of the other girls, and the discovery of how things were done at other houses, had been an education.

When the time drew near for her to undertake the simple entertainment herself, she began to grow nervous and to make mental comparisons. Martha discovered, one day, how much she was dreading it, and thereupon made the



"MILLY DARROW HERSELF BURST IN UPON THE MEETING." (SEE PAGE 220.)

club-meeting at her own house, for she had no aunt or sister or intimate friend who "knew how to do things," and her mother's health had always been uncertain. Hilda never could remember her as active or energetic; and there had never been children's parties, or holiday merrymakings, or music and dancing at their house. She loved her mother dearly, and did not think of complaining. She had always been used to the silent house, where her mother lay on the sofa, and her father read his newspaper in the evening, and she had her

offer of assistance, which was accepted with a fervor of gratitude that seemed absurd to the other girl, to whom household accomplishments were a matter of course. But when she came to keep her promise she understood it better.

The dreary look of the parlor, the careless ways of the kitchen, and Hilda's ignorance of the most ordinary "housekeeping" knowledge, were all amazing. In their own little home, where a servant had not been afforded for years, everything was neat, bright, cozily com-



fortable. But in this house the mistress was an invalid, the maid was slovenly and wasteful, the daughter so helplessly ignorant that Martha could not comprehend it; and, naturally, the results were visible in what to Martha seemed an appalling state of things.

"The waste in that kitchen would pay for all the new dresses that Hilda does n't have," she said to her mother, afterward. "Think of pounds of butter left melting on the kitchen table all day, and the breakfast-dishes not washed till dinner-time, and the cats in the back yard fighting over the best half of a leg of mutton! We should be in the poorhouse if we wasted our substance like that. But Hilda says her mother never goes into the kitchen, so it's no wonder. She was perfectly amazed at seeing me do things as if I knew how, and the servant-girl just stood and gaped at me. But I gave her something better to do," added Martha, laughing at the recollection. "I stirred her up to something like work, and it made a difference in the looks of things, I promise you!"

"In a strange house, my dear? Were n't you rather officious?" asked Mrs. Redfield.

"Oh, no! Hilda begged me to tell her what to do; and the girl was good-natured, if she *was* stupid. And the parlor and hall were disgraceful with dust and cobwebs. I set her to sweeping, and I think she really liked it. While I made cake and jelly downstairs, she swept and dusted, and washed windows in the parlor. Then Hilda and I moved the furniture about, so that things would n't look so stiff, and the girl was delighted. 'Sure, it's you for knowing how!' she said. 'This place never looked so dacent before.' And I doubt if it ever did," concluded Martha. "At any rate, it will be respectable to-morrow. I shall go round early, and see that the trays are in order, and help Hilda to receive. I guess she will get through all right."

"Thanks to my busy bee," said her mother. And Martha laughed, and said she did n't know but it was better fun than the museum and the humming-birds.

"We have n't kept a servant since I was a little girl, you know, and I felt rather pompous giving orders to this maid—which her

name it is Delia, of course!—just as if I had a houseful under me. I positively enjoyed it."

"Which is a compensation, perhaps, for not having the houseful."

"Just so, *mea mater*! Because, if I had, I might be as ignorant as Hilda, you mean? Knowledge is certainly power," laughed Martha, "even in baking cake. You ought to have seen how nicely mine turned out, and how pleased Hilda was!"

"There's a compensation somewhere for every sort of trial, I think," said Mrs. Redfield, thoughtfully. "You are learning some of them, Martha."

And she did not say so, but she thought that unselfishness and charity and cheerful effort to help others were pearls worth more to Martha than the one she had lost.

Time passed, and brought no trace of that one, either with April showers or May flowers. Tulips and daffodils gave place to lilacs and honeysuckles and June roses. Then all at once summer was at hand, and Fourth of July, and the long vacation, which meant holiday trips to sea-shore and mountain for many of Martha's schoolmates, but for her rather a dull time in their absence. The Darrows always went away immediately; and though Mildred's letters were precious, the time was long till she returned to the girl who was left behind in the lonesome city. Martha said good-by to Milly and the rest of the happy crowd, who were starting off for one charming spot or another, with some wistful yearnings. And when Hilda came, all in a breathless excitement, to tell her that *she* was going with her mother to a sanitarium in the Pennsylvania hills,—“a lovely place that looks like a castle built on a cliff,”—Martha felt as if she was deserted indeed.

A year ago she would have laughed at the idea of its making any difference; but now Hilda was a person to be missed. From being simply one to whom to be kind, she had grown one of whom to be fond; and glad as she was that pleasant things were coming to Hilda, it made the long stretch of summer in town seem more lonesome than ever for herself.

Happily, it occurred to Cousin Jane, just as she was about leaving for Newport, where Mary Rutherford was to spend the summer with her,

that here was an opportunity to do something for "little Martha." Cousin Jane had been "lovely" about the lost ring. She had written the kindest letters in reply to Martha's mournful history, and had even offered to give her another as nearly like it as possible. More than this, she had "understood" when the offer was gratefully declined. She knew (as Martha said) that it would not be the same thing, and she certainly did not think less of the girl to whom the pearl meant so much more than a mere ornament that she could not bear a substitute.

One sultry July day, then, when Martha and her mother were pretending not to mind the sultriness, but were secretly minding it very much indeed, there came a letter from Cousin Jane which inclosed a check. It also inclosed an illustrated circular, not of a fashionable hotel, which they would not have liked, but of a delightful old house on Cape Ann, where summer board was reasonable, and where rocky meadows, shady trees, and charming roads that led everywhere to the glorious sea were thrown in for nothing.

Needless to say that no time was lost in reaching this paradise! As to the happy weeks they spent there, any girl who has climbed the rocks, and frolicked in the surf, and gathered the wild roses of Cape Ann will need no one to tell how days flew on that enchanting coast. Martha wrote rapturous letters to Cousin Jane, to Milly Darrow, to Hilda Morrison, got answers more or less rapturous in turn, and came back in September, sunburnt and sturdy, to compare experiences and exchange trophies of sea and land with the other wanderers. Then came school again, with wholesome work after play, and autumn leaves in the parks, and autumn colors in one's ribbons, till at last the windy sunsets and withering frosts of November came, and Thanksgiving was in the air.

"I've a great mind to do something rash," said Martha, one day. "If you don't object, mother dear, I want to ask Cousin Jane to spend Thanksgiving with us."

"Do you think she would come? She will have a dozen invitations, I dare say, that she is more likely to accept," was the answer.

"The only way to prove that is to ask her. We never have asked her—for obvious reasons," said Martha. "They are just as obvious as ever, you will say; but I would like to give her the chance to refuse us, at all events."

"I suppose you remember that you have the reading-club next day?"

"Certainly. That's one reason why I want Cousin Jane to come and stay over Friday. I want her to see Hilda—and my Milly."

"Well, just as you like," said Mrs. Redfield.

She was a little dubious about entertaining Cousin Jane, who was used to such a different style of living. "But we'll do our best," she said, seeing that Martha really wished it. So the invitation was sent, written in a hearty way that pleased Cousin Jane, and a letter of acceptance came back by return mail. Martha clapped her hands at this.

"I knew she would come!" she cried triumphantly, "and she will enjoy it, too. You need n't be nervous, mother. It will be all right."

"We can't give her a course dinner and French dishes," said Mrs. Redfield; "but, just for once, she may like something simple and old-fashioned. Your father used to tell me about Thanksgiving dinners at Grandmother Chapin's when they were children. He liked her best of all the cousins, and they had many a romp together in the old homestead."

"So much the better. We'll give her a New England Thanksgiving, with a genuine, far-famed Yankee pumpkin-pie!"

And whether that was achieved or not, Cousin Jane found the homely dinner very much to her taste, when she sat down to it. The little house was shining with sweet cleanliness; the table was bright with chrysanthemums; and there was something in the savor of the turkey that carried her back to childhood days, when Thanksgiving at Grandmother Chapin's was the event of the year.

It was a long time since she had thought of those days. There were few people left to recall them. But she enjoyed Mrs. Redfield's remembrance of things her husband had told her, and delighted Martha, in turn, with reminiscences of her father's boyhood. The old-



fashioned dinner was thoroughly pleasant to them all, and afterward, when they sat round the fire with nuts and apples and cider, there were deeply interesting things to talk about. Cousin Jane wanted to know every detail concerning the loss of the ring, with all the history of the reading-club since, and with Martha's candid opinion of every individual member.

"It is such an unaccountable disappearance," she said, "that I can't help thinking *somebody* must know more than she chooses to tell. Do you really feel sure of all those girls? And how is it about the maid who brought in the trays?"

"*She* could not have touched it," was Martha's answer. "Florry Woodley owned to having it herself after the maid went out. And *she* was seen to give it to some one else. In fact, even if any of them ever could have been suspected, it was proved by each one in turn that some other girl had it after her."

"And the last girl was Hilda Morrison?—leaving you and your friend Mildred out of the question, of course."

"So they all agree," admitted Martha. "And I was mean enough to believe horrid things of poor Hilda for a week."

"But not afterward?"

"Never afterward, Cousin Jane."

"Three words from Hilda were enough to convince Martha of her innocence," Mrs. Redfield added. "The others, it must be confessed, were not so easily satisfied. Hilda would never have been taken into favor again if Martha had not stood by her so bravely. But I think she was right."

Cousin Jane smiled, and stroked the slim, ringless hand that lay on her knee. She was not quite certain of the right, but she liked the generous spirit.

"My own idea," continued Mrs. Redfield, "is that Hilda really had the ring last, and that she lost it on her way home. She probably had it in her hand, or it may have dropped into some fold of her dress, and hurrying home in such an excitement, it might easily have slipped from her before she remembered having had it."

"Or it might be still lurking in some corner of the room where it was last seen," suggested

Cousin Jane. "I have known of small articles being hidden for years in a big cushioned chair, and coming to light after they were forgotten. But of course a thorough search was made of everything."

"Oh, everything!" sighed Martha. "Milly and I hugged that delusion for weeks, till Mrs. Darrow said her furniture would be ruined, between us, and we really must stop prodding the sofas and chairs."

"Well, I am to see this famous reading-club to-morrow, am I? I shall have to put on my spectacles and play private detective. Perhaps I can pick out the transgressor."

"I give you leave to try," said Martha, fearlessly. "But it will not be Hilda."

"Nor your best friend?" asked Cousin Jane, with a smile,—"*your chum with the pretty name?*"

"Mildred Darrow?" Martha answered the smile with another, that was very bright and confident. "No, Cousin Jane; Milly Darrow will not be the transgressor."

But next day, when the meeting-hour arrived, and every one else appeared promptly, Martha was the first to find fault with the lag-gard Milly.

"She knew I wanted her to come early," she complained. "She knew that Cousin Jane would be here."

And as one after another arrived, till hers was the only vacant place, the young hostess grew restlessly impatient. She wanted to get through with the reading and the sewing, that she might introduce the girls to Cousin Jane. She particularly wanted to introduce Milly. What could be keeping her? She wandered about, listening at the door, watching at the window, till the punctual members began to feel ill used.

"Do sit down, Martha, and begin to read. What's the use of waiting for Milly Darrow all the afternoon?"

So Martha had to take up her duty; but she attended to it with a divided mind. "Why does n't she come?" was the worrying thought that seemed to run across her pages like an active interrogation-point. And she barely kept herself from reading the question into a thrilling scene where it did not belong at all,

and would have made utter nonsense. As it was, Edith Barton exclaimed presently:

"Do read that sentence again, Martha. I can't make head or tail of it."

"No wonder!" laughed Mabel Ford. "She has turned over two pages."

"Oh, how stupid!"

Martha began again, with a red cheek, but was stopped once more by a burst of merry laughter.

"You have turned too far back now. We've heard all that before."

"Well, I seem to have lost my wits," cried Martha, laying the book down in confusion. "Somebody else had better read in my place."

"If Milly Darrow would be good enough to put in an appearance," suggested Mabel, laughingly.

And as if the laugh drew her, there was a commotion in the hall at that minute, with a sudden rush at the door, and Milly Darrow herself burst in upon the meeting, tearing off hat and cloak as she came, and presenting a figure that was hard to recognize for that dainty young person's. Her dress was disheveled, her hair tumbled, her face stained with tears; and instead of the usual silk apron with its pretty frills and furbelows, a discolored rag, all stains and tatters, hung from her waist.

At such an apparition there rose a cry of dismay, as with one voice: "Why, Milly Darrow! What have you been doing to yourself?"

But Martha sprang before them all, and threw protecting arms round her.

"Milly! My own darling! Tell me!" she entreated.

"Oh! oh! oh!"

Mildred threw out her arms with a tragic gesture, and wailed like a Greek chorus:

"Send me to a dungeon-cell, Martha! Put me in solitary confinement where I can hide my face forever. But don't ask me to tell you!"

"I'll tell her!" exclaimed Hilda Morrison, her eyes shining like stars. "I see it all, Martha. She has found your ring!"

"It was she that lost it!" sobbed Milly, dropping on her knees and hiding her face in

Martha's skirts. "She's the wretch who made all the trouble!"

And then came a tempest of tears and hysterical crying that could not be controlled. The girls gathered round with frightened faces. Martha clung to her friend with passionate entreaties and caresses; Hilda ran for a glass of water; and in the midst of it all Mrs. Redfield and Cousin Jane came hurrying down to see if fire or flood or an earthquake had overtaken the meeting!

By this time it was hard to tell whether Martha or Hilda or Milly herself was responsible for the disturbance. They were all on the floor together, and Hilda was clutching a disreputable rag, chocolate-stained and mouse-eaten, as if it were a treasure of treasures, while Martha, utterly regardless of the pearl that shone once more on her finger, was dabbing water over Milly's face with one hand, and tilting the full tumbler upon her neck with the other.

Cousin Jane's mildly astonished look, as she took the tumbler from Martha, had a reviving effect; and Mrs. Redfield's soothing tones and touches as she raised the weeping Milly acted presently like oil upon the waters. The sobs subsided, the incoherent exclamations resolved themselves into intelligent speech, and the history of the ring, its losing and its finding, was presently clear to everybody.

It was another instance of a mystery with nothing mysterious in it. Just the accident of a trembling hand and a tilted cup; and then, though everybody was right in the premises, for Hilda *did* have the ring last, everybody was wrong in the conclusions. Held in her unconscious hand, the ring had fallen with the falling cup and been caught, with the thick stream of chocolate, in Milly's apron pocket. Of course the ruined apron, hastily rolled into a damp wad and thrown aside, was stuffed into a rag-bag afterward by careless Milly, and never remembered again. Mrs. Redfield thought, and Martha knew she was thinking it, that such a thing could not have happened in a well-regulated family. Fancy damp wads left in one of *her* rag-bags, undiscovered for months, until they became nests for mice! But such accidents do happen sometimes, even



to charming people, and, at all events, the mice were important agents in this little drama. Unmolested through months, a time came when rag-bags were emptied; and who but Milly herself should put her hands upon the forgotten apron, and feel the little squeaking baby mouse inside the bundle?

Let us drop the curtain over the scene that followed! But Martha's ring as well as the mouse dropped out in the scramble, and it was no wonder that Milly's sense of the fitness of things became a little melodramatic. Martha would certainly have preferred to introduce her friend to Cousin Jane in a more conventional manner; but, after all, what did anything signify when the blessed fact remained that her ring had returned to her? And Cousin Jane was not so much shocked as she might have been. There was a look in her face, as she watched the two girls, that seemed to have come from some far-away sweet land of youth.

Martha had a sudden intuition that somewhere in that bygone region was an forgotten girlish face that had once made sunshine in shady places.

At all events, nothing could be lovelier than her treatment of Milly—of the whole club, in fact—when the grand commotion had subsided to comparative calm. By some mysterious agency, which neither she nor Mrs. Redfield chose to explain, a charming little feast appeared, as if by magic, just at the right moment. There were ices that might have been molded after the fairy fruits in Aladdin's garden; and peaches that must have grown from the tree the little god Shinto

planted; there were delicate cakes, too, of bewitching, incomprehensible flavors; and for each girl of that happy reading-club a box of candy, whose ribbons were as ravishing outside as the sweets were delicious within. Add to this that Cousin Jane seemed to know just how to talk to them all; that she told them amusing experiences of her own *Kaffee-klatsches* in Germany, and ice carnivals in Russia, and grape-gatherings in Italy; and put them so much at their ease while she entertained them that every member of the club fell promptly in love with her, and went home breaking the tenth commandment hopelessly in their coveting of Martha's Cousin Jane.

"She 's perfectly lovely!" was the unanimous cry when the club went to put on its hats and cloaks for a reluctant departure. "You are more than welcome to your ring, Martha; but oh, we 'd like to steal your Cousin Jane!"

"Ah, no one could do that!" cried Martha, proudly. "She 's too close to my heart."

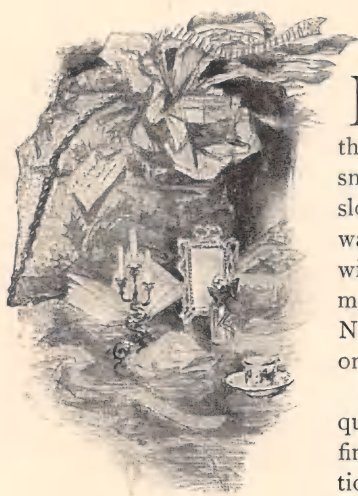
And Cousin Jane heard the girlish chatter which was not intended for her hearing, and knew it was sincere. In spite of her white hair and her sixty years (for these need not chill one's heart), a flush of pleasure rose to her withered face. Her summer at Newport with Mary Rutherford had been entirely satisfactory, Mary being still and always Cousin Jane's ideal of a "lily maid."

"But Martha has a sweet, wholesome nature," she thought, "and it is pleasant to drop into such a rosebud garden of girls. First and last, I think I never made a better investment than that pearl-ring!"



## A CHRISTMAS BAG.

BY CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL.



EDITH wheeled her chair to the window. The snow was falling slowly; the ground was already white with it. The wind moaned drearily. No one was in sight on the road.

The house was quiet. Norah had finished her preparations for the Christmas dinner on the morrow and had gone upstairs, and father had not yet come in. Edith sighed a little.

It was more than two years since the day when she fell and hurt her back, and she thought she was quite used to being tied to her chair, but sometimes even yet her helplessness seemed a little—just a little—hard.

You see, Edith was only eighteen—young enough still to love to run and skate and dance; but she had the bravest and cheeriest spirit that ever blessed a girl and a girl's friends, and when she found that it would be years before she could walk again, and possibly—possibly—she could never do so, after the first dreadful shock she made up her mind to be happy herself and to make everybody else happy. She had succeeded so well that she was the most popular girl in the village. Everybody ran in to tell her everything. She knew all the details of every party and picnic when as yet they were only planned. She read every new book which was bought. She had the first and choicest of everybody's fruit and flowers. And as she sat in her pretty sitting-room, surrounded by proofs of loving thought, she said over and over to herself that she ought to be the happiest girl in the world.

But, in spite of all this, Christmas Eve was somehow a little sad. Her father had been even busier than usual these past weeks, and she had scarcely seen him. Two of her best girl friends had left town early in the winter, one to teach in a distant city, and the other to be a trained nurse, and she missed them every day. Somehow the young people were all leaving Norton, she thought. One and another of the girls married and moved away, and as the boys grew up they went to the larger towns to go into business, and the friends of Edith's own age were fewer every year. She could not help pitying herself just a little as she sat in the dusk thinking of it. If she had been one of a large family things would have been easier, but she and her father were all alone.

And then, such a queer thing had just happened. The postman had been by the house and had not stopped. Last year he brought her a whole armful of packages with every mail for two days before Christmas. Every one she had ever known remembered her then; girls whom she had never been intimate with had sent her cards and pretty little gifts; and this year—nothing! No wonder Edith had to wipe a small tear out of the corner of her eye as she thought about it.

Norah came in presently and drew down the shades and stirred the fire and lighted the lamp.

"It's more snow we're goin' to have, miss," she said brightly; and Edith replied, "Yes, Norah," as cheerfully as she could.

Christmas morning came, cold and clear. The sleigh-bells rang merrily across the snow, but no one stopped to wish Edith a Merry Christmas. What could be the matter? Her heart grew heavier and heavier. She tried to be as gay as usual as she and her father and Norah exchanged presents, but she was much depressed, and she wanted to cry every moment.



At last the door-bell! She listened eagerly for the voice as Norah opened the door, but all she could hear was a loud exclamation, a subdued giggle, and then all was silent except for a heavy tread coming toward the sitting-room.

"Do hurry, Norah," she called impatiently. "I know it's something for me!"

Slowly the door opened, and Norah stood on the threshold bearing an enormous and heavy bundle.

"Sure, it's a cookin'-stove, I'm thinkin'!" she said as she lifted it to a chair by Edith's side.

In a moment the wrappings were off, and a bag was disclosed, a huge cretonne bag, of a dark color, with holly leaves and berries for a pattern, its sides knobby and distended, and its top overflowing with long narrow ribbons of every brilliant hue.

A paper was pinned to its side which read:

OUR DEAR EDITH: This is a Christmas bag prepared for you by your loving friends. You are to draw from it, by the ribbons, ten packages a day until it is empty and the holidays are past. None of the gifts are to be acknowledged.

Edith gasped. And she had thought herself forgotten!

She untied the broad scarlet ribbon which fastened the top and opened the bag to its full width. Then she gently pulled at a long blue ribbon. Out came a little parcel done up in white tissue-paper, and carefully tied. A card said, "To Edith, with loving Christmas greetings, from Helen." Inside was a dainty gold pen.

"Oh, Norah, Norah," she exclaimed, "just look! From Helen, in New York. Is n't it lovely?"

Norah smiled appreciatively. "There's lots more," she suggested, pointing to the bag.

"It's too, too much," murmured Edith, happily, drawing a pink ribbon. A book appeared promptly—a volume of short stories, and the words, "To be read on dark days. With the love of your friend Grace."

The next package held a pretty cup and saucer; then came a wrought-iron candlestick, a photograph-frame, a box of candy, a

bottle of perfumery, a package of note-paper, another book, a delicate knitted wrap, and—

"Stop, Miss Edith," laughed Norah. "Ain't ye gettin' more 'an ten?"

"Oh, Norah, I forgot," Edith exclaimed. "I'm so excited I don't know what I am doing. Is n't it perfectly lovely of everybody!"

Norah chuckled as she began to fold the papers and roll the ribbons which strewed the floor.

"It's a Merry Christmas ye'll have for sure," she said.

Edith surveyed her treasures lovingly.

"It's the sweetest thing I ever knew of," she said.

Later in the day one and another of her friends slipped in. No one was surprised to see the bag.

"Did n't you notice no one had been in to see you these last few days?" asked May. "We simply did not dare come for fear we would let the cat out of the bag—the Christmas bag, you know. Everybody is in the secret, you see—the minister, and the doctor, and little Tommy Shields, and old Auntie Chloe—"

"You don't mean that they each *bought* me a present?" said Edith, distressed to think of the poor old cripple whom May had named last.

"Bless you, no," said May, laughing. "You need n't worry a bit over that. Aunt Chloe put in a big red apple—some one sent her a basket of them. It's on top, so you will draw it soon and it won't spoil. And Tommy whittled you a—but mercy! this is telling. I'd better go home."

"Not yet," exclaimed Edith, clutching at her dress. "Not till you've told me all about it. Whose idea was it?"

"Nell wrote us about it three months ago, my dear, and we've been at it ever since. As soon as people heard of it they just rushed to give us things to put in, and we had eighty—it's to last till after New Year's, you know—before we knew it. And don't forget, you are not to acknowledge a thing. It would spoil it all if you had to write eighty notes of thanks to eighty persons about it!"

"But I must thank everybody," said Edith, thoughtfully. "It would certainly spoil it all for me if I did n't."

"Well, then, write to the minister and the doctor and the girls who are out of town, and put down the names of the others and keep the paper on the table here and thank them as you see them, and then mark the names off."

"Yes, that will do," sighed Edith, gazing delightedly at her treasures. "What a happy, happy Christmas it is! I really believe that there never was a girl to whom everybody was so good."

That is the story of the Christmas bag, but it has a sequel, or rather sequels, for the day

after New Year's Edith wrote down the names of the people in Norton who ought to have bags, too, and all that year her wheeled chair made constant trips to the closet where hung a row of them. Into one went substantial things for Aunt Chloe; into another toys and picture-books for Tommy and his little sister; into a third little dresses and some warm, soft flannels for a little baby down in the village, and so on.

As the neighbors heard of the row of bags, they, too, slipped bundles in, and when another Christmas came around the bags which were carried out of Edith's room must have bent Santa Claus's back nearly double.

## BELINDA.

BY ERIC PARKER.



"BELINDA TOLD ME SO!"

BELINDA was the smallest cat  
That ever you did see.  
One day Belinda met a rat  
Quite twice as big as she.  
Now, what are you to do  
When a rat 's as big as you?

Belinda said: "I 'm not afraid  
Of any rat alive.  
I 'd swallow any rat that 's made,  
Or two, or four, or five."  
Now, how could she do that—  
Such a very little cat?

The rat replied: "I never knew  
A cat as brave as I.  
But as for such a cat as you,  
I 'll make you into pie."  
Did you ever see a rat  
Dine off a pussy-cat?

Belinda said: "Superior cats  
Think fighting only fun.  
Just call a lot of other rats;  
I 'll eat them, every one."  
Now, don't you think that *that*  
Was a most courageous cat?

Then other rats joined in the fight.  
Big, little, short, and tall,  
Gray, brown, and brindled, black and  
white—  
Belinda ate them all!  
D' you wonder how I know?  
Belinda told me so!





A VERY long while ago, perhaps as many as two hundred years, the little Provençal village of Sur Varne was all bustle and stir, for it was the week before Christmas; and always, in all the world, no one has known better how to keep the joyous holiday than have the happy-hearted people of Provence, the southeastern corner of France.

Everybody was busy, hurrying to and fro, gathering garlands of myrtle and laurel, bringing home their Yule logs with pretty old songs and ceremonies, and in various ways making ready for the all-important festival.

Not a house in Sur Varne but in some manner told the coming of the blessed birthday, and especially were there great preparations in the cottage of the shepherd, Père Michaud. This cottage, covered with white stucco, and thatched with long marsh-grass, stood at the edge of the village; olive and mulberry trees clustered about it, and a wild jasmine vine clambered over the doorway, while on this particular morning all around the low projecting eaves hung a row of tiny wheat-sheaves, swinging in the crisp December air, and twinkling in the sunlight like a golden fringe.

For the Père Michaud had been up betimes, making ready the Christmas feast for the birds, which no Provençal peasant ever forgets at this gracious season; and the birds knew it, for already dozens of saucy robins and linnets and fieldfares were gathering in the Père's mulberry-trees, their mouths fairly watering with anticipation.

Within the cottage the good dame, the Mère Michaud, with wide sleeves rolled up and kirtle tucked back, was hard at work making all manner of savory goodies, while in the huge oven beside the blazing hearth the great Christmas cakes were baking, the famous *pompou* and *fougasse*, as they were called, dear to the hearts of the children of old Provence.

Now and then, as the cottage door swung open on the dame's various cookery errands, one might hear a faint "Baa, baa!" from the sheepfold, where little Félix Michaud was very busy also.

Through the crevices of its weather-beaten boards came the sound of vigorous scrubbing of wool, and sometimes an impatient "Ninette! Ninette!—thou silly sheep! Wilt thou never stand still?" Or else, in a softer tone, an eager "Beppo, my little Beppo, dost thou

know? Dost thou know?" To all of which there would come no answer save the lamb's weak little "Baa, baa!"

For Ninette, Beppo's mother, was a silly old sheep, and Beppo was a very young little lamb, and so they could not possibly be expected to know what a great honor had suddenly befallen them. They did not dream that, the night before, Père Michaud had told Félix that

was the greatest honor and glory that could possibly happen to a Provençal sheep, and so little Félix was fairly bursting with pride and delight. And so it was, too, that he was now busying himself washing their wool, which he determined should shine like spun silver on the great night.

He tugged away, scrubbing and brushing and combing the thick fleeces, and at last,



THE CHRISTMAS EVE PROCESSION.

his Beppo (for Beppo was Félix's very own) had been chosen by the shepherds for the "offered lamb" of the Christmas Eve procession in all its festival splendor in the great church of the village.

Of the importance of this procession in the eyes of the peasant folk I will tell you more by and by; it is enough to say now that to be the offered lamb, or indeed the offered lamb's mother, for both always went together,

after much labor, considered their toilets done for the day; then, giving each a handful of fresh hay to nibble, he left the fold and trudged into the cottage.

"Well, little one," said the Mère, "hast thou finished thy work?"

"Yes, mother," answered Félix; "and I shall scrub them so each day till the holy night! Even now Ninette is white as milk, and Beppo shines like an angel! Ah, but I shall be proud



when he rides up to the altar in his little cart! And, mother, dost thou not really think him far handsomer than was Jean's lamb, that stupid Nano, in the procession last year?"

"There, there," said the Mère, "never thou mind about Jean's lamb, but run along now and finish thy crèche."

Now, in Provence, at the time when Félix lived, no one had ever heard of such a thing as a Christmas tree; but in its stead every cottage had a "crèche"; that is, in one corner of the great living-room, the room of the fireplace, the peasant children and their fathers and mothers built up on a table a mimic village of Bethlehem, with houses and people and animals, and, above all, with the manger, where the Christ Child lay. Every one took the greatest pains to make the crèche as perfect as possible, and some even went so far as to fasten tiny angels to the rafters, so that they hovered over the toy houses like a flock of white butterflies; and sometimes a gold star, hung on a golden thread, quivered over the little manger, in memory of the wonderful star of the Magi.

In the Michaud cottage the crèche was already well under way. In the corner across from the fireplace the Père had built up a mound, and this Félix had covered with bits of rock and tufts of grass, and little green boughs for trees, all to represent the rocky hillside of Judea; then, half-way up, he began to place the tiny houses. These he had cut out of wood and adorned with wonderful carving, in which, indeed, he was very skilful. And then, such figures as he had made, such quaint little men and women, such marvelous animals, camels and oxen and sheep and horses, were never before seen in Sur Varne. But the figure on which he had lavished his utmost skill was that of the little Christ Child, which was not to be placed in the manger until Christmas night itself.

Félix kept this figure in his blouse pocket, carefully wrapped up in a bit of wool, and he spent all his spare moments striving to give it some fresh beauty; for I will tell you a secret: poor little Félix had a great passion for carving, and the one thing for which he longed above all others was to be allowed to appren-

tice himself in the workshop of Père Videau, who was the master carver of the village, and whose beautiful work on the portals of the great church was the admiration of Félix's heart. He longed, too, for better tools than the rude little knife he had, and for days and years in which to learn to use them.

But the Père Michaud had scant patience with these notions of the little son's, and once, when Félix had ventured to speak to him about it, had insisted rather sharply that he was to stick to his sheep-tending, so that when the Père himself grew old he could take charge of the flocks and keep the family in bread; for the Père had small faith in the art of the carver as being able to supply the big brown loaves that the Mère baked every week in the great stone oven. So Félix was obliged to go on minding the flocks; but whenever he had a moment of his own, he employed it in carving a bit of wood or chipping at a fragment of soft stone.

But while I have stopped to tell you all this he had almost finished the crèche; the little houses were all in place, and the animals grouped about the holy stable, or else seeming to crop the tufts of moss on the mimic rocky hillside.

"Well, well!" said the Père Michaud, who had just entered the cottage, "'t is a fine bit of work thou hast there, my son! Truly 't is a brave crèche!"

But here the Mère called them both to the midday meal, which she had spread smoking hot on the shining deal table.

When this was finished Félix arose, and, as the Père wished, once more went out to the fold to see how the sheep, and especially his little Beppo, were faring.

As he pushed open the swinging door, Ninette, who was lazily dozing with her toes doubled up under her fleece, blinked her eyes and looked sleepily around; but Beppo was nowhere to be seen.

"Ninette!" demanded Félix, fiercely, "what hast thou done with my Beppo?"

At this Ninette peered about in a dazed sort of way, and gave an alarmed little "Baa!" for she had not before missed Beppo, who, while she was asleep, had managed to push open the

door of the fold and scamper off, no one knew just where.

Félix gazed around in dismay when he realized that his lamb, the chosen one, who had brought such pride and honor to him—that this was gone!

“Beppo!” he shouted at the top of his lungs, “Beppo! Beppo-o!”

But no trace could he see of the little bundle of fleece he had scrubbed and combed so carefully that morning.

He stood irresolute a moment; then, thinking that if Beppo really were running off, not a second was to be lost, he set out at a brisk pace across the sheep-meadow. He had no idea in what direction the truant lamb would be likely to stray, but on he went, calling every little while in a shrill voice, “Beppo!” Now and then he fancied that he saw in the distance a glimpse of white; but once it proved the *Mise Fouchard*’s linen hung to dry on a currant-bush, and again it was a great white stone—but no Beppo; and all the while Félix kept on, quite forgetting that Beppo’s weak, woolly legs could not possibly have carried him so great a distance.

By and by he had left the village meadows far behind, and was skirting the great marsh. Sometimes he shaded his eyes with his hand and looked far across this low wet land to see if perhaps Beppo had strayed into its uncertain foothold; but nothing could he see but the waving rushes and the tall bitterns wading about on long, yellow legs.

And still he pressed heedlessly on farther and farther, till, after a while, he found himself thrusting through a thick coppice of willow boughs. “Oh,” thought Félix, “what if poor Beppo has strayed into this woodland!” And tired as he was, he urged himself on, searching among the trees; and it was not until he had wandered on and on, deeper and deeper into the wood, that he realized that the dusk had fallen, and that he must be a very, very long way from *Sur Varne*.

Félix then began to grow uneasy. He stood still and looked anxiously about him: the dark forest trees closed around him on all sides, and he was quite unable to remember from which direction he had entered the wood.

Now, Félix was really a very brave little fellow, but he fairly quaked as he peered through the gathering darkness; for in those days the forests of Provence were known to harbor many dangerous animals, especially wild boars and wolves. He pricked up his ears, and now and then thought he heard in the distance the stealthy tread of some four-footed forest prowler, and once he was sure he caught the deep howl of a wolf.

That ended his hesitation. He looked quickly around, and grasping the low boughs of a slender sapling, managed to swing himself up into a tall chestnut-tree that grew close by; and there he clung, clutching the thick branches with might and main, feeling very cold and hungry and miserable, his heart all the while sinking clear down into his little peasant shoes.

And indeed he had cause for fear, for, not a great while after he had thus hidden himself, a gaunt wolf really did pass close by, sniffing and peering, till poor Félix fairly gave up all hope of escaping from the tree; but, luckily, the wolf did not see him, and at last slowly crept on through the underwood.

How long the little boy stayed in the perilous shelter of the chestnut-tree he never knew, but it seemed untold ages to him. After a while the moon rose, and shed a faint light through the close-lapping branches; and then, by and by, Félix’s ears, strained to listen for every lightest sound, caught the echo of distant tramping, as of horses’ hoofs, and presently two horsemen came in sight, pricking their way cautiously along a narrow bridle-path.

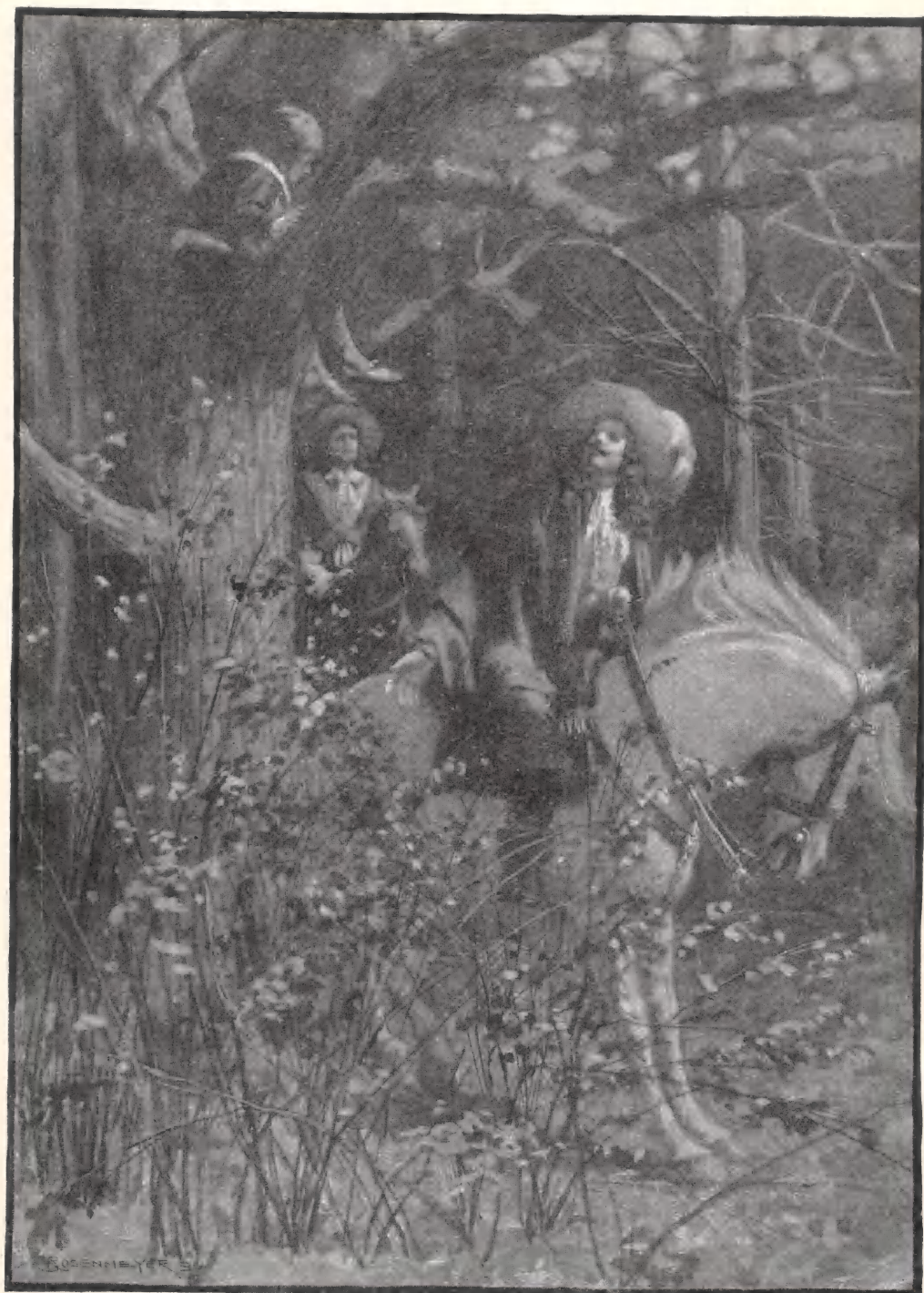
He did not know whom they might prove to be, but wisely thinking that anything would be better than staying in a tree all night at the mercy of hungry wolves, he waited till the first rider came quite close, and then he plucked up courage to call out faintly: “Oh, sir, stop, I pray thee!”

At this, the rider, who was none other than the noble Count Bernard of Bois Varne, quickly drew rein and, turning, called to his companion:

“Ho, Brian! Heardest thou aught?”

“Nay, my lord,” answered Brian, who was





"'HEIGH-HO!' EXCLAIMED THE COUNT. 'WHAT ART THOU—BOY OR GOBLIN?'" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

some paces behind, "naught save the trampling of our own horses' hoofs."

The count looked all around, and seeing nothing, thought himself mistaken in the sound, and began to pace on. Then Félix, in terror, gave another shout, this time louder, and at the same moment a little twig he was pressing with his elbow broke away and dropped, striking against the count's stirrup; for the bridle-path wound directly under the tree where Félix was perched.

The count instantly checked his horse again, and, peering up into the boughs overhead, he caught sight of Félix, his yellow hair wet with dew and shining in the moonlight, and his dark eyes wide with fear.

"Heigh-ho!" exclaimed the count, in blank amazement. "Upon my word, now! what art thou—boy or goblin?"

At this Félix gave a little sob, for he was very tired and very cold. He hugged the tree tightly, and, steadying himself against the boughs, at last managed to falter out: "Please thee, sir, I am Félix Michaud, and my lamb Beppo, who was to ride in the Christmas procession, ran off to-day, and—and—I have been hunting him, I think, ever since—since yesterday!" Here poor Félix grew a trifle bewildered; it seemed to him so very long ago since he had set out in search of Beppo. "And I live in Sur Varne."

At this the count gave a long whistle. "At Sur Varne!" he exclaimed. "If thou speakest truly, my little man, thou hast indeed a sturdy pair of legs to have carried thee thus far." And he eyed curiously Félix's dusty little feet and leathern leggings, dangling limply from the bough above him. "Dost thou know how far distant is Sur Varne from this forest?"

"Nay, sir," answered Félix; "but I trow 't is a great way."

"There thou art right," said the count; "'t is a good two leagues, if it is a pace. But

how now? Thou canst not bide here to become the prey of hungry wolves, my little night-owl of the yellow hair!"

And thereupon Count Bernard dexterously raised himself in his stirrups, and, reaching upward, caught Félix in his arms and swung him down plump on the saddle-bow in front of him; then, showing him how to steady him-

self by holding the pommel, he turned to Brian, his squire, who while all this was going on had stood by in silent astonishment, and giving the order to move, the little cavalcade hastened on at a rapid pace in order to get clear of the forest as quickly as possible.

Meantime the Count Bernard, who was really a very kind and noble lord, and who lived in a beautiful castle on the farther verge of the forest, quite reassured Félix by talking to him kindly, and telling him of the six days' journey from which he and his squire Brian were just returning, and how they had been delayed on the way until nightfall.

"And, by my faith!" said Count Bernard, "thou shalt sleep this night in the strong castle of Bois Varne, with not

even a mouse to fret thy yellow head; and, what is more, thou shalt see the fairest little maid that ever thou hast set eyes on!"

And then he told him of his little daughter, the Lady Elinor, and how she would play with Félix and show him the castle, and how on the morrow they would see about sending him home to Sur Varne.

And all the while the count was talking they were trotting briskly onward, till by and by they emerged from the forest and saw towering near at hand the castle of Bois Varne. The tall turrets shone and shimmered in the moonlight, and over the gateway of the drawbridge hung a lighted cresset—that is, a beautiful wrought-iron basket, in which blazed a ruddy torch of oil to light them on their way.



"BLESS THY LITTLE HEART, BEPPO!"  
FÉLIX MURMURED." (SEE PAGE 234.)



At sight of this the count and Brian spurred on their horses, and were soon clattering across the bridge and into the great paved courtyard. The count flung his bridle to a little page who hastened out to meet him, and then, springing from his saddle, lightly lifted Félix and swung him to the ground. He took the boy by the hand and led him into the great hall of the castle.

To Félix this looked marvelously beautiful. Christmas garlands of myrtle hung on the walls, and a great pile of freshly cut laurel boughs lay on a bench, ready for the morrow's arranging. But that which took his eyes most of all was the lovely carving everywhere to be seen. The benches and tables were covered with it; the wainscot of the spacious room was richly adorned; and over and about the wide fireplace great carved dragons of stone curled their long tails and spread their wings through a maze of intricate traceries. Félix was enchanted, and gazed around till his eyes fairly ached.

Presently in came running a little girl, laughing with delight. Bounding up into Count Bernard's arms, she hugged and kissed him in true Provençal fashion. Then, catching sight of Félix, "Ah, mon père," she exclaimed, "and where foundest thou thy pretty new page?"

"Nay, sweetheart," answered the count, looking down at Félix's yellow hair; "'t is no page, but a little goldfinch we found perched in a chestnut-tree as we rode through the forest."

Then, smiling at the Lady Elinor's bewilderment, he told her the little boy's story, and she at once slipped down and greeted him kindly. Then, clapping her hands with pleasure at finding a new playmate, she declared he must come and see the Christmas crèche which she was just finishing. She seized him by the hand and hastened across the hall, where her crèche was built up on a carved bench. The poor little Lady Elinor had no mother, and her father, the count, had been gone for several days; and while in the castle were no end of serving men and women and retainers, yet none of these presumed to dictate to the little mistress, and so she had put her crèche together in a very odd fashion.

"There!" said she, "what thinkest thou of it,

Félix? Of a truth, I fancy somewhat is wanting, yet I know not how to better it!"

"Yes," said Félix, bashfully; "it may be I can help thee."

And so he set to work rearranging the little houses and figures, till he succeeded in giving quite a lifelike air to the crèche, and Lady Elinor fairly danced with delight.

While placing the little manger he happened to remember the figure of the Christ Child still in his blouse pocket; this he timidly took out and showed the little girl, who was charmed, and still more so when he drew forth a small wooden sheep and a dog, which were also in the same pocket.

The Lady Elinor was so carried away with joy that she flew to the side of the count, and, grasping both his hands, dragged him across the room to show him the crèche and the wonderful figures carved by Félix.

"See, mon père!" said Elinor, "see this, and this!" And she held up the little carvings for the count's inspection.

Count Bernard, who had good-naturedly crossed the room to please his little daughter, now opened his eyes wide with surprise. He took the little figures she handed him and examined them closely, for he was a good judge of artistic work of this kind. Then he looked at Félix, and at length he said:

"Well, little forest bird, who taught thee the carver's craft?"

"No one, sir," faltered Félix; "indeed, I wish, above all things, to learn of the Père Videau, the master carver; but my father says I must be a shepherd, as he is."

Here a tear rolled down Félix's cheek, for you must remember he was terribly tired.

"Well, well," said the count, "never mind! Thou art weary, little one; we will talk of this more on the morrow. 'T is high time now that both of you were sound asleep. Hey, there! Jean! Jaques! Come hither and take care of this little lad, and see to it that he hath a soft bed and a feather pillow!"

The next morning the children ate a merry breakfast together, and after it Count Bernard took Félix aside and asked him many questions of his life and his home. Then, by and by, knowing how anxious the boy's parents

would be, he ordered his trusty squire, Brian, to saddle a horse and conduct Félix back to Sur Varne.

Meantime the little Lady Elinor begged hard that he stay longer in the castle for her playfellow, and was quite heartbroken when she saw the horse stand ready in the courtyard. Indeed, she would not be satisfied until her father, the count, who could not bear to see her unhappy, had promised to some day

take her over to see Félix in Sur Varne. Then she smiled, and made a pretty farewell curtsy, and suddenly snatching from her dark hair a crimson ribbon of Lyons taffeta, she tied it about Félix's sleeve, declaring, "There! thou must keep this token, and be my little knight!" for the Lady Elinor had many lofty notions in her small curly head.

Félix could only stammer out an embarrassed good-by, for in the presence of this lively little



"‘WELL, LITTLE FOREST BIRD,’ SAID THE COUNT, ‘WHO TAUGHT THEE THE CARVER’S CRAFT?’”



maid he found himself quaking more than when he feared the terrible wolves of the forest. In another moment Brian lifted him to the saddle, and, springing up behind, took the bridle-rein, and off they went.

When, after several hours' riding, they drew near Sur Varne, Félix showed Brian the way to the Michaud cottage, and you can fancy how overjoyed were the Père and Mère to see the travelers; for they had been fairly beside themselves with grief, and had searched all night for their little son.

Of course almost the first question Félix asked was about Beppo, and he felt a great load taken off his mind when he learned that the little truant, who had not really strayed very far from the village, had been found and brought home by one of the shepherds, and was even then penned up safe and sound in the sheepfold.

After a good night's sleep Félix was quite rested from his journey, and was busy the next day in helping garland the Yule log, in giving Ninette and Beppo an extra scrubbing and brushing, and in all the final happy preparations for the great holiday.

And so Christmas Eve came. It was a lovely starlit night, and on all sides one could hear the beautiful Christmas songs of old Provence that all the peasants and the children sang as they trooped along the roads on their way to the great church of the village; for thither every one flocked as the expected hour drew on.

Then presently the stately service began, and went on with song and incense, and the sweet chanting of children's voices, till suddenly from the upper tower of the church a joyous peal of bells rang in the midnight! And all at once, through the dense throng of worshippers nearest the door a pathway opened, and in came four peasants playing on pipes and flutes and flageolets a quaint old air made up three hundred years before by good King René for just such a ceremony as was to follow.

After the pipers walked ten shepherds, two by two, each wearing a long brown cloak, and carrying a staff and lighted candle; that is, all save the first two, and these bore, one a basket

of fruit, the melons and grapes and pears of sunny Provence, while the other held in his hands a pair of pretty white pigeons with rose-colored eyes and soft, fluttering wings.

And then, behind the shepherds came—what do you suppose?—Ninette! Ninette, her fleece shining like snow, a garland of laurel and myrtle about her neck, and twigs of holly nodding behind her ears, while bound about her woolly shoulders a little harness of scarlet leather shone against the white with dazzling effect; and fastened to the harness, and trundling along at Ninette's heels, came the gayest of little wooden carts. It was painted in the brightest colors. Its wheels were wrapped with garlands, and in it, curled up in a fat fleecy ball, lay Beppo! Tied about his neck in a huge bow was a crimson ribbon of Lyons taffeta, with a sprig of holly tucked into its loops.

Beppo lay quite still, looking about him with a bewildered, half-dazed expression, and just behind his cart came ten more shepherds with staffs and candles, while following them was a great throng of peasant folk and children (among them Félix), all carrying lighted tapers, and radiant with delight; for this was the Procession of the Offered Lamb, and to walk in its train was considered by all as the greatest honor and privilege.

And especially did the shepherd folk love the beautiful old custom which for centuries the people of Provence had cherished from year to year in memory of the time, long ago, when the real Christ Child lay in the manger of Bethlehem, and the shepherds of Judea sought him out to worship him, and to offer him their fruits and lambs as gifts.

And so on up the long aisle the procession slowly moved, the pipers playing, and Ninette marching solemnly along, only now and then pausing to thrust her nose between the Père Michaud and his companion, who walked directly in front of her. Ninette pattered on as if she had trod the floors of churches all her life; and as for Beppo, only once did he stir, and then he gave a faint "Baa!" and tried to uncurl himself and stand up; but just then the queer little cart gave a joggle which quite upset his shaky lamb legs, and down he sank, and kept quiet throughout the rest of the time.

After the service the players again struck up King René's tune, and the procession, shepherds, Ninette, Beppo, peasants, and all, once more moved on, this time down the outer aisle and toward the great open portal.

It took some time for the last of its followers to reach the doorway, for the throng was very great; but at length Félix, who had marched with the children in the last group, came to the threshold and stepped out into the starry night.

He stood for a moment smiling and gazing aimlessly ahead, overwhelmed with the glory of all that had passed within the church, when presently he felt some one pluck his sleeve, and turning round, he met the dancing eyes of the little Lady Elinor.

She gave a little peal of laughter at his surprise, and exclaimed: "Oh, I coaxed *mon père*, the count, to fetch me hither for this blessed night. Thou knowest he promised! I rode my white palfrey all the way by the side of his big brown horse. And I have seen the procession, and Beppo with my red ribbon round his neck." Here she gave another little gurgle of delight. "And oh, Félix, my father hath seen thine, and 't is all settled! Thou art to be a famous carver with the Père Videau, as thou wishest" (for the Lady Elinor had unbounded faith in Félix's powers); "and, Félix," she added, "I trow 't was the little Christ Child for thy crèche that did it!"

Then, with a merry little smile, she darted off to her father, the Count Bernard, who was waiting for her down the church path.

For a little while after she had gone Félix did not move, but stood as one in a dream. Presently a loud bleat close at his side startled

him, and looking down, he saw that Ninette, decked in her gay garlands, and still dragging the be-ribboned Beppo in the little cart, had broken away from the Père Michaud and come close up to himself.

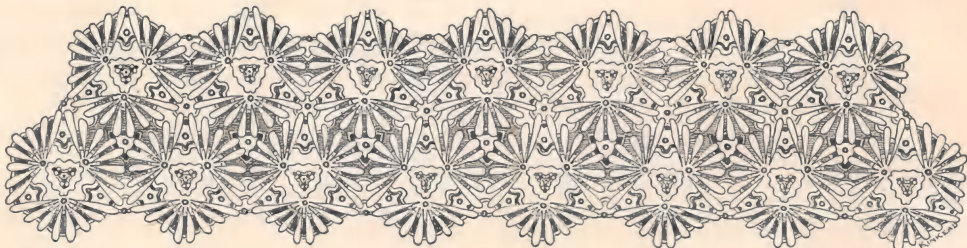
Then, with a sudden movement, he stooped over, and, seizing Beppo in both arms, hugged and squeezed him till poor Beppo squeaked with surprise, and opened his red mouth and fairly gasped for breath. But Félix only hugged him the harder, murmuring under his breath, "Bless thy little heart, Beppo! Bless thy little heart!" For in a vague way he realized that the truant lamb had somehow brought him his heart's desire, and that was quite enough Christmas happiness for one year.

And the little Lady Elinor was right, too. Years after, when Félix grew to be a man, he did, in very truth, become a "famous carver," as she had declared.

Far surpassing his first master, the Père Videau, he traveled and worked in many cities; yet never, through all his long life, did he forget that Christmas Eve in the little village of Sur Varne.

Those who knew him best said that among his dearest treasures he always kept a beautifully carved little box, and in it a bit of faded crimson ribbon from the looms of Lyons. While, as for Beppo—well, if ever some happy day you chance to visit the lovely land of Provence, perhaps you will see a certain grand old cathedral in the ancient city of Arles; and, if you do, look sharp at the figure of a lamb chiseled in white stone over the great portal. Look well, I say, for Félix, when he carved it, would have told you that he was thinking all the while of his little pet lamb Beppo.

*Evelleen Stein.*







# Lady Blunderpin's Family Coach

BY M. K. JESSOP.

[This game is like "stage-coach." The players are seated while one reads the verses. Whenever mention of a team is made, the players who represent that team must rise, trot around the ring after their leaders, and then resume their own places. Forfeits are exacted for failures to obey the rule in any particular, and the one who reads the lines shall be sole judge of whether a forfeit must be paid.]

Any number may play. If there are enough, have four players in each of the seven teams, besides a leader for each, who is called by the name of the day upon which the team is used. If players are few, have one player and a leader to each team.

Other players can be called by the names of characters or things mentioned in the verses.]

Come, ladies and gentlemen, watch the approach

Of my Aunt Lady Blunderpin's family coach!  
It's now but a relic of times passed away,  
But I've had it drawn out for your pleasure to-day.

It has big C-springs, and panels the hue  
Of a gingerbread loaf, picked out with dark blue.

CHORUS.

It was drawn by four horses. On Monday,  
four bays;

On Tuesday, four chestnuts; on Wednesday,  
four grays;

On Thursday, four piebalds; on Friday, four  
blacks;

On Saturday, browns; and on Sunday, four  
hacks.

The coachman, John Thomas, would never  
put in

His horses on Sunday—he thought it a sin.  
When I was a young thing, a small little girl  
With very short skirts and my hair all in curl,  
She asked me to visit—her message came  
Sunday;

She called with the coach for me early on  
Monday.

I was dressed in my best, but in spite of  
reproach

I wept when she came in her family coach,  
Which was drawn, etc.

While the wheelers kicked up to John  
Thomas's feet!

A crowd soon collected, blockading the street;  
My aunt became frightened and sent for the  
browns,

Which, she said, were much quieter passing  
through towns.

But the way was so long, and the browns  
were so slow!

They were whipped and were spurred, but  
they still would not go.

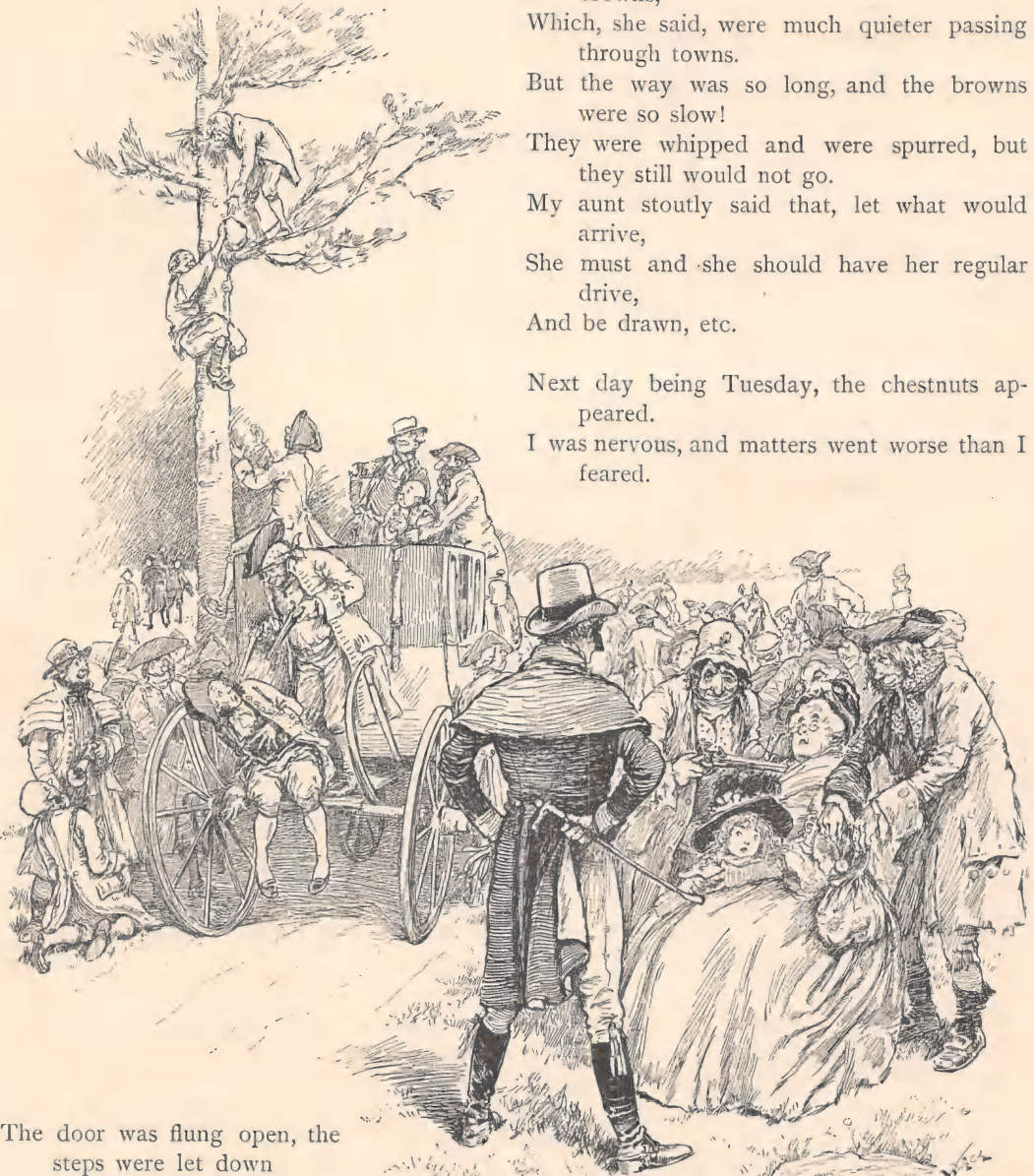
My aunt stoutly said that, let what would  
arrive,

She must and she should have her regular  
drive,

And be drawn, etc.

Next day being Tuesday, the chestnuts ap-  
peared.

I was nervous, and matters went worse than I  
feared.



The door was flung open, the  
steps were let down

By a footman called James and  
another named Brown.

The bays had not worked since the  
Monday before,

So the leaders turned round and looked in at  
the door,

"WE MET FORTY HIGHWAYMEN."



We met forty highwaymen out on the lea,  
And they dragged out my aunt, and they  
lifted out me.

They let the four chestnuts run loose on the  
plain,

They stole Lady Blunderpin's gold watch and  
chain.

In a lofty pine-tree, on the very top twig,

They fastened John Thomas's best powdered  
wig.

But though James was dismayed and Brown  
had a fit,

Aunt Blunderpin was not discouraged a bit.

She stoutly declared she did not care a fig;

She promised John Thomas a new powdered  
wig.

By her order they harnessed the chestnuts  
once more,

And when we reached home she paused at  
the door

To remark to John Thomas: "You must not  
suppose

I 'll be scared from my drive by such  
cowards as those.

I will drive my four horses," etc.

Next day the gray horses came round about  
noon;

But they did not come back till the full of the  
moon,

For we met a young couple for Gretna Green  
bound,

And they took my aunt's horses to cover the  
ground,

While we traveled home in a hired post-  
chaise,

And Aunt Blunderpin stormed at their impu-  
dent ways.

The horses came back before aunt was in  
bed,

So she steadied her voice and with dignity  
said:

"I am angry, of course, with these flighty  
young fools,

But I see no occasion to alter my rules.

I 'll be drawn by four horses," etc.

Next day being Thursday, as you will have  
guessed,

The four piebald steeds were in early request.

We drove a long way, going steady and slow,  
Till we chanced to encounter a traveling show.  
It was not a large circus,—indeed it was  
small,

And we would not have noticed the matter  
at all,

But the folks crowded round and we were  
not let go,

For they thought the four piebalds belonged  
to the show;

But the manager said we must "humor their  
whim,"

Or they 'd pull the tent down upon her and  
on him!

So Aunt Lady Blunderpin entered the ring,  
And they called for a dance and they forced  
her to sing.

At last we were free and drove off at full  
pace.

Poor Aunty looked terribly red in the face,  
And her mantle was torn, and her hair was so  
rough,

I certainly thought she 'd had driving enough;  
But she sternly remarked: "While I am alive  
I must and I will have my regular drive,  
And be drawn by four horses," etc.

Next day being Friday, we drove with the  
blacks,

John Thomas chastised them with manifold  
cracks

Of the family whip, for I 'm sorry to say  
John Thomas's temper was sour that day,

But that he drove badly I cannot quite say.  
We only encountered one trifling delay:

The horses were borrowed to draw a big  
hearse;

But they soon gave them back, so it might  
have been worse.

The horses were weary; our drive was post-  
poned;

My aunt said that horses should never be  
loaned,

"For my rule with my horses is, Monday,"  
etc.

John wrinkled his eyebrows and nodded his  
head;

But "Yes, sure, my lady," was all that he  
said.



"I AM GOING TO DRIVE EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR!"

So the next day we drove through the principal towns  
 Behind those slow plodders, the steady old browns.  
 It was perfectly safe, but we made a poor show;  
 Not one of the four was quite able to go.  
 One horse fell in front, and another behind;  
 One soon lost his shoe, and another was blind.  
 But at last we reached home, just as eventide fell.  
 Aunt Blunderpin said we had done very well,  
 But that evening I fancied she felt rather small,  
 Till she called out to John, as he passed through the hall:

"I have driven them all, browns, chestnuts, and blacks,  
 Bays, piebalds, and grays. It is time for the hacks.  
 I am not disheartened; I do not know fear;  
 I am going to drive every day in the year,  
 And be drawn by four horses," etc.

And indeed it was so: for while she was alive  
 My aunt every day took her regular drive;  
 And I found that whenever I traveled that way,  
 In sunshine or shadow, by night or by day,  
 That somewhere or other I'd see her approach  
 Sitting quite at her ease in her family coach,  
 Which was drawn, etc.



# JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

By SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER VIII.

A CALL TO VISIT THE KING—HE  
IS FRIGHTENED BY CANNON-CRACKERS.

"GOODNESS!" said the big ostrich, "that is a terrible thing; what shall we do?"

"Do as we 're told," said Dr. Monkey. "Why should n't we go when the king wants to see us?"

"He frightens me," said the big ostrich; "he roars so loudly and is so fierce."

But the birds knew that they must go when the lion called them, so they put Josey upon the back of the very biggest one, and set off slowly, so as not to make too much noise.

As they went on and on, they heard a terrible roaring that made the very earth shake.

"That is his Majesty getting his supper," said Dr. Monkey. "If we go slowly he will have finished, and then he will be good-natured."

The roaring became louder and louder, and then lower and lower, and at last stopped altogether.

"Now," said Dr. Monkey, "we can go on. He has finished, and a child might play with him."

the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus, and many others with such great, long names that it is not worth while to mention them. And there was the fox and the goat and the wolf and the bear and the zebra and the donkey and the giraffe and the hyena.

And sitting on a mound, with his legs crossed and his arms folded, was the lion. His hair was flying every way, just like the hair of Josey's big brother when he was going to play football. His eye was wild and rolling, and he growled away deep down in his throat whenever he tried to speak. In front of him was a big pile of bones, which the other animals had been carrying to him.

He fixed his eyes on Josey and cried, "Little girl, what is your name?"

"Josey, sir," she answered.

"Josey what? What is your papa's name?"

"My papa's name is just papa," she replied.

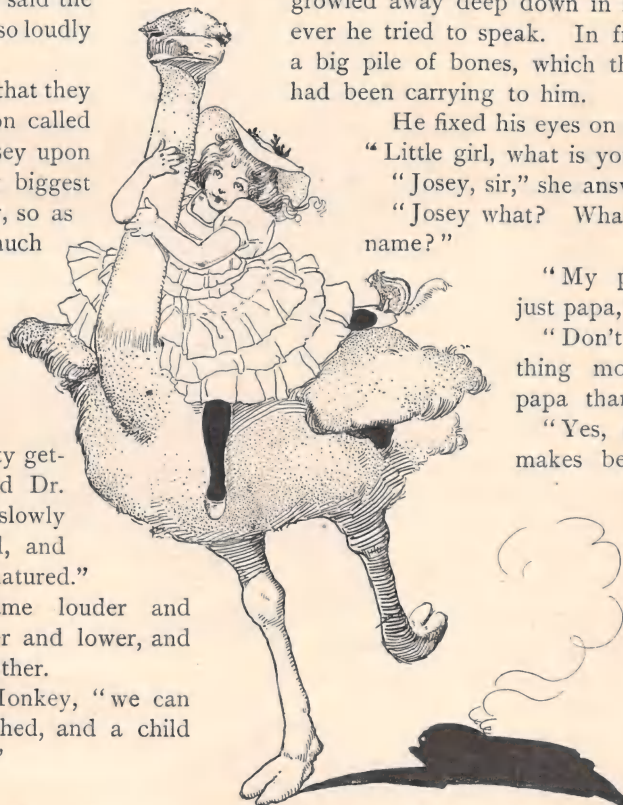
"Don't you know anything more about your papa than that?"

"Yes, sir. My papa makes beautiful songs."

"Let me hear you sing one of them."

"But the only ones I remember are about me, so I don't like to say them."

At this the lion gave such a terrible roar that all the



A VISIT TO THE KING.

JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK ON THE BACK OF  
THE BIGGEST OSTRICH.

Soon they came to a place where they saw trees shivered and shook, and the ground a lot of animals. There was the elephant and went up and down. It was terrible.

"Go on!" he commanded.

Josey was frightened, and clung to the big ostrich's neck with all her might.

"Don't be afraid," whispered Dr. Monkey. "He seems more cross than he really is."

So the little girl began to sing the songs she had heard her papa sing about her:

"Oh, rosy-posy Josey!  
You are my little queen;  
The only girl I ever loved  
Is rosy Josephine.  
Oh, rosy-posy Josey!  
You are my little queen;  
The only girl I ever loved  
Is little Josephine."

"I don't think much of that," said the king, who had been listening. "Sing me another."

"There is another one my papa sings to me that goes like this:

"Every one who knew her felt the gentle power  
Of Josephine, the prairie flower."

"I've heard that before," said the king; "but the name was n't Josephine. What else can you tell me about your papa?"

"He's the best man in all the world."

"How do you know that?"

"My mama says so."

"Oh, you have a mama too?"

"Yes, sir. She's the best mama in the world."

"How do you know that?"

"Because papa says so."

"Well, now, you must tell me a story, and then, perhaps, I'll let you go."

"That's right," said Dr. Monkey. "Every one who comes here must tell a story, or sing a song, or do a dance."

"What sort would you like?" asked Josey, for she wanted to please the lion.

He rested his head on his paw a moment to think, and then said: "Tell me a story about those things that the men have that go bang! bang!"

"Oh, Fourth of July!" said Josey. "I don't remember any story, but I can say a piece about it."

"Well, that will do," said the lion.

Josey got down from the ostrich's back, and, walking in front of the king, made a pretty

curtsy, and announced the name of the piece as "Little Johnny Jump-up." She said it like this:

"Little Johnny Jump-up on Independence Day,  
Early in the morning, sallied out to play;  
Little Johnny Jump-up in a nice clean frock—  
Everybody said he was the dandy of the block.

"Little Johnny Jump-up scorched his little nose,  
Went too near a bonfire, burnt his Sunday clothes;  
Papa gave him peanuts, mama gave a bun—  
Little Johnny Jump-up had a lot of fun.

"Little Johnny Jump-up played a clever trick—  
Fired a monster rocket and sat upon the stick.  
Something very, very queer went sailing through  
the sky—  
It was little Johnny Jump-up on the Fourth of  
July."

"What about the things that go bang?" asked his Majesty.

"Oh, Fourth of July is all full of them," said Josey.

"I've heard about them, but I never believed there were such things," said the king. "I've heard that men carry them, and point them at other creatures—even lions—and make them go bang! But I don't believe it. The other creatures are all terribly afraid. But I would not be. I'd like to see a man come and point anything at me and make it go bang! I'd fix him! But I don't believe there are any such things."

"But there are things that go bang!" said Josey. "I've heard them, and I think I have some that my brother gave me, if I can only find my pocket."

She hunted about in her dress, and at last found her pocket, and got out some cannon-crackers. They were bright red, and had long tails to them. The animals all began to back away.

"Oh, they won't hurt you," said Josey. "They won't hurt any one unless you put your face right down to them, the way my brother did when he got all his eyelashes burnt off."

"No, they won't hurt you!" said the lion. "I won't let them."

After he said that he tried to get around behind the elephant. But the elephant raised his trunk in the air and trumpeted. He was as much frightened as if he had seen a mouse.





"THE LION FIXED HIS EYES ON JOSEY AND CRIED, 'LITTLE GIRL, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?'"

"Now that 's silly," said Josey. "You must n't be afraid. Stand over here and watch the way I set them off."

She set fire to the cannon-crackers, and they went off, one after another, with terrible bangs.

The lion's mane stood up on end. He put his tail between his legs and shot off so fast that one could not see his feet going. The elephant tried to climb a tree; Dr. Monkey gave one spring and was gone through the tree-tops; the ostriches all scudded off at a great rate; and the hippopotamus, zebra, giraffe, and all, ran as fast as ever they could.

In a moment not one of the animals was left; Josey and the chipmunk were alone.

The chipmunk, who had run up Josey's sleeve, now came out and sat on her shoulder.

"The king frightened me with his roaring," said Josey; "but the crackers scared him."

"Yes," said the chipmunk; "lions make a great noise, but it is quite easy to frighten them. If he had tried to hurt you I would have fixed him very soon. Did I ever tell you what my grandfather did to a lion?"

"No," said Josey, who loved stories.

"My grandfather was a very brave chipmunk. He was not afraid of anything at all. He lived in a tree that spread its branches over a road. Men and horses used to come along that road, and my grandfather used to run out on the branches and sit up on his hind legs and make fun of them. He used to square at them with his fists, and ask them to come up and fight him. Not one of those men or horses ever came up the tree. Well, once a big lion came along. He lived in an iron house that was on wheels, and horses were pulling it. When he came to the tree where my grandfather was he gave an awful roar. My grandfather was not used to being talked to in that way, and it made him very angry. He jumped through the knot-hole into his house, and then turned and shouted, 'Come in here, lion!' But the lion did not dare go in that knot-hole after my grandfather!"

When the chipmunk had finished his story about his brave grandfather, the little girl turned herself round and round and round in the tall grass, and then lay down to sleep, all wrapped up in a beautiful robe of moonlight.

*(To be continued.)*





## THE LAST FIELD.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

ONE by one, all the others had been fleeced, and showed in the December landscape as patches of dreary brown, despite the occasional lily-like speck of a skipped boll, or a tardy one, opening since the going by of the pickers.

In the last field, too, was the dreary brown of frosted stalks and dying leaves; but here the white specks were thick as stars. At the first glance it seemed, beside the stripped patches, a spot of brightness. Yet how great the difference between its wintry aspect and its vivid face in the glowing September day when the ardent pickers went to the first gathering! Then all the hearts and all the bolls were feeling young autumn's fervid warmth. The husks opened wide; they folded themselves far back, out of the way of the eager fingers. The fleece seemed gushing forth in ten thousand snowy streams, delightful to the pickers' vision.

But these belated December bolls, feebly warmed, feebly answered. Scarce one opened wide. The chilled cotton, stained by winter damps, clung like glued stuff to the cramped, unwilling pods. It was not easy for the frost-stiffened fingers to haste at the picking. Yet how great the need of haste the pickers were soon to learn. Some of these had bent to the work without waiting the coming of the winter sun, or the kindling of the fires between the cotton-rows. In the feeble warmth and strong smoke of the fires, others of the slaves were hovering, sullen with the discomfort of the early winter morning, or boisterous with jest and song, feeling the Christmas spirit.

Unexpectedly, the master appeared on the ground, riding a large, bright sorrel horse, whose warm color, in the chill air, ought to have been agreeable. It was hardly this to the idlers about the fires, who had reckoned that

the master was in bed at this gray hour; they fluttered and scattered like a surprised covey of partridges, and began grabbing vaguely at cotton-bolls in their reach. But the man on the great sorrel had taken in the situation at a glance.

"You had better hurry to your picking, you good-for-nothings!" he cried. "Not an hour of Christmas shall you have unless all the cotton on this plantation is in the gin-house! Remember that if all the cotton's not picked there 'll be no Christmas on this plantation."

This was the most terrible threat that it ever entered into the heart of master to conceive. The Christmas week was the slaves' carnival—their time of fun. It was the time for their weddings and parties and dinners and quiltings, and for visits to distant friends. Christmas was the kernel of the year, the honey-drop in the tasteless comb, the vivid spot in the colorless life.

As the master spoke, the negroes remembered with heart-risings the brief time to the day of days: but then, this was the last field, and all the picking force was turned upon it.

"Get this cotton out," the master continued, "or spend Christmas Day in this field."

Then a tall mulatto woman, who had been steadily picking, stood erect, and turned her large brown eyes toward the horseman.

"Please, master," she said, "some of we-all wucks hard 's we kin; an' some of we-all don't wuck: an' it ain't fa'r tow make we-all as wucks pay what t' others lose."

"Dat 's so, master," said a black man, timidly, but venturing on the strength of being the foremost picker of the plantation.

All about there were words of assent.

"Well," said the master, "I 'll divide this field among you. I 'll set each of you a task to finish before Christmas."

He dismounted from the sorrel amid the approving buzz of the busy bees, while the drones were confounded. One black boy began to cry. It was Tony, and Tony was "Little Guinea." He was a broad-shouldered, short-bodied lad of thirteen. He was not as ill-looking as you might infer when told of his flat nose, thick lips, kinky hair, and eyes like a china doll's; for his appearance was helped by fine white teeth, a good broad forehead, and a general look of honesty. His mother had been brought from Guinea—hence his nickname. He was not a fast cotton-picker. It is not the strong body of heavy build that best succeeds at picking. Liteness, celerity, endurance, are the qualities that win in this work. There was not a boy near his age, hardly a girl, whose pickings did not, day after day, outweigh Tony's. No wonder, then, that this giving out of special tasks should alarm his heart. When his "rows" were named, he went stumbling over to them, crying aloud, both hands filled with cotton, which he used in wiping away the streaming tears.

"Before I'd blubber like that!" said Barbary Allen, his next neighbor.

She spoke better English than is usual with the slaves, since she was a "house-servant," being now and then turned into the field as some crop became a subject for attention. This year the crop had been large, and every "hand" possible had been impressed for the picking. In the details of housework and sewing, in the handling of china and plate, Barbary Allen had acquired a quickness of touch and a measure of delicacy by which she was enabled to adapt herself to cotton-picking. All the season she had been at this with especial success.

"If you don't stop blubbering," she continued to Tony, "I'll hurry out of you' company."

She seemed likely to do so as her fingers went fluttering from boll to boll, securing the cotton with a deftness that was grace.

But Little Guinea kept on crying in the face of Barbary Allen's mocking, in the face of all reasoning, all joking or blame—cried through that day, and through the next day,

and through several other days. He did not cry every minute of the time, be it understood, but by spells all along. The tears stopped when he went to sleep, which was early at night and sometimes during the day; they stopped when he ate; they stopped when a neighboring picker told a story; when the field sang a jubilee; when Sam banjoed a Christmas prelude; when the scrape of a fiddle in a cabin and the shuffling of dancing feet were heard, the promises of incoming festivities.

Little Guinea's crying was not all boisterous. Sometimes there would be an hour of sniffing, audible only to Barbary Allen, for his rows were next to the fence, and a picked strip on the far side of hers set apart these two people, in a measure, from the other workers.

At another time the weeping would be noiseless as dewfall, to be known only by one near enough to see the tears as they fell in his pick-sack or basket, or were wiped on locks of cotton.

"Cryin' into you' basket, wettin' you' cotton to make it weigh heavy!" Barbary Allen taunted. "Befo' I'd cheat that way! It's like goin' to the mou'ners' bench to pick the mou'ners' pockets."

But there were times when Little Guinea's crying burst all bounds. When a "hand," with shouting and hat-swinging, announced a task finished, Little Guinea would howl like a creature in real agony.

"Oh! oh! oh! I won't never git mine done!" he'd cry. "I can't haf no Chris'mus!"

Though the rows were half-mile rows, Barbary Allen was a swift picker; and while Little Guinea was carrying all his rows along together, she came and went beside him, leaving him behind—now with a curtsy, again with a "Good-by, Little Guinea!" Whenever he saw her passing him, he would cry in a despairing way, like a child being left alone on a desolate island, and sob the piteous refrain: "I can't haf no Chris'mus!"

"What if you can't?" she retorted, once. "'T won't pizen you to go without Christmas."

"But I can't go out r-a-b-b-i-t-huntin'," he



sobbed, with a tearful lingering on the word "rabbit," as if he were eating a boiled hind quarter of one.

"Good for the rabbits!" said Barbary Allen.

"An' I can't make me no pa'tridge-traps."

"Glad of it," said Barbary Allen. "It 's a sneaking way, to catch birds in traps."

"Doan' yo' reckon I wants somethin' to eat Chris'mus, 'sides bacon?" said Little Guinea, warming. "Yo' gits you' victuals from de white folks' table, an' yo' doan' haf no

"I can beat yo' cuttin' wood," Little Guinea yelled in retaliation. "An' I ain't gwine ter neber cut another stick fer yo' an' you' mammy, long 's I live."

"Lots of young gentlemen at 'the quarters' that 'll be happy to cut wood for me," shouted Barbary Allen.

"Let um do it, then," bawled Little Guinea, in return.

"When I pick this row down, I 'll be all done!" Barbary Allen called exultantly.



"I CAN'T SEE A SPECK OF WHITE BEFORE ME 'CAUSE YOU' COTTON IS ALL PICKED.'" (SEE PAGE 247.)

mussy on we-all what doan' haf no wheat-bread an' tuckey an' squince-cheese. Oh, mussy! An' I can't go ter town an' hol' hosses to yarn pic'unes."

"Sarves you right!" said Barbary Allen, with a head-toss which indicated to Little Guinea utter heartlessness, "for not workin'."

"I does wuck," he yelled, for she was rapidly picking away from him.

"You work? You mances and trances," she called back. "You poke roun' a cotton-stalk like a cow roun' a fodder-stack. You let me, a lady, beat you all to pieces. Ain't you shame' of you'self—say, ain't you?"

"Hush you' mouf!" Little Guinea fairly shrieked this. He wished he could find a hard clod to throw at the taunting girl, who had got to the hill-crest, over which the rows led down into the bottom-land. She was already disappearing down the hillside.

He was a long way from this hilltop; but then, he was carrying all his rows, while she was working hers one by one. He was looking forward to the brow of the steep; farther, the eye could not see the rows. How thick the white bolls were! With those on the down hillside and in the bottom, he thought there must be millions of them. He could n't

pick them before Christmas,—he knew he could n't,—for this was the afternoon before. He might as well stop trying, he thought. "But I'll do much 's I kin," he decided. The black boy had an element of fidelity in his nature.

It was a long time before Barbary Allen came back from the bottom-land back to the hilltop. Her basket was tense with the cotton she had crammed into it.

"I 'm done!" she said in a triumphant way, as she passed him. "I 've saved my Christmas!"

Little Guinea's answer was to cry louder and louder.

"If you 'll hush blubberin'," said Barbary Allen, "I 'll help you pick."

Little Guinea's crying was suddenly stopped. A gleam of hope brightened his face. Then the tears started. "'T ain't no use! We could n't git it done. Oh, my! oh, me! Mussy's sakes! I can't haf no Chris'mus in de mawnin'. My Chris'mus is los'! Oh, land! Oh, land!"

"Let 's try hard 's we can, Little Guinea," said Barbary Allen. "If you can tote two rows, I 'll manage these five—sho 's you bawn, I 'll do it."

With this, her fingers began flitting from boll to boll, from stalk to stalk.

Little Guinea felt hope kindling in his heart. Was it possible? Could he—oh, could he—save his Christmas?

"Oh, Lord, help me!" he cried, in a great sweep of passionate desire. "I wants Chris'mus so hard."

"If we can pick to the top of the hill by sundown, we can finish to-night," said Barbary Allen. "That 's our stint: to the hilltop by sundown."

Little Guinea, inspirited, began snatching, grabbing at the cotton with both awkward hands at once. He tore at the half-open bolls with his strong nails; he forced them with his strong teeth. His breath came hard. He cried, but he no longer took time to wipe the tears with the locks of cotton. Barbary Allen, her fingers skipping and skimming as if at play, laughed at his awkwardness, and tried to tell him a better way of picking.

"Doan' say nothin' ter me!" he said, wishing to put all his soul into the work.

She began to sing a Christmas glee; he said the singing pestered him. So silence fell



"'T AIN'T NO USE! MY CHRIS'MUS IS LOS'!" SAID LITTLE GUINEA." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

between them as they worked—worked for dear Christmas, keeping together, she lightly carrying the five rows, he hardly carrying his two. He looked not back or forward: she had told him not to, lest his heart might faint with the little done, with the much that remained. But he could see he was making progress, now that he was working two rows instead of seven. His heart burned; hope glowed; the tears dried; every muscle was strained; he worked as never before: and Barbary Allen worked faster and faster, in silence, except for the rustling and crackling of the dry cotton-sticks. Thus through unreckoned time! Suddenly, without looking to the west, Little Guinea knew that it was sunset. With a quick throb of fear, he looked ahead. They



were yards away from the hilltop. He turned his dismayed face toward Barbary Allen; his hands dropped with a giving-up gesture.

"Pick up you' hands," said Barbary Allen, "an' work along."

"'T ain't no use! My Chris'mus is los'!" said Little Guinea.

"Anyhow, 't ain't right to waste master's time; work along! Maybe we can get done yet."

"We can't! we can't! we can't!" he cried, "nohow—'cep' a angel 'll take hol' an' help us."

"We are pretty near the hilltop."

"But when we gits dar, we 's got ter pick down de hill an' inter de bottom."

"But the cotton is n't thick down there like it is up yere. Work along, hard 's you can. If we get to the hilltop by dark, we can pick all that 's down and in the valley after night, by the stars."

Little Guinea returned to the work, not with the intent zeal of before. He was crying and looking through the tears at the darkening sky. Was it clouding, or was it the mist in his eyes? Barbary Allen's fingers were flying swifter than ever before. There was silence between them again until dark. They had picked to the brow of the hill, and a short space down. There were clouds over the stars; it was dark. Barbary Allen gave up.

"I can't see a speck of white before me," she said.

"It 's los'! It 's los'! My Chris'mus is los'! My Chris'mus is los'! Lord-a-mussy! Lord-a-mussy!"

Little Guinea threw himself face downward between the cotton-rows, sobbing and gasping. "De Lord doan' kere nuffin' fer Little Guinea! He doan' kere nuffin' fer me!"

"He do! He do! He do, Little Guinea!" said Barbary Allen, her voice trembling with a great choking happiness, all her own. "I can't see a speck of white before me 'cause you' cotton is all picked; you' rows is picked down the hill an' in the valley. Every time I went down the hill I toted one of you' rows down an' I toted another of 'em back. An' now you' task 's all done, an' you' Christmas is saved!"

Little Guinea had got to his feet. "Bob'ry Allun," he demanded, "what 's de reason you did n't tell me dis glory befo'?"

"'Cause it 's Christmas, when folks s'prises folks. There 's the wagon come for our baskets."

Little Guinea carried her basket to the wagon, and then his. Then the two young slaves walked home together.

"Bob'ry Allun," he said, "ef I cotches a rabbit, Chris'mus, what yo' reckon I 'll do wif it?"

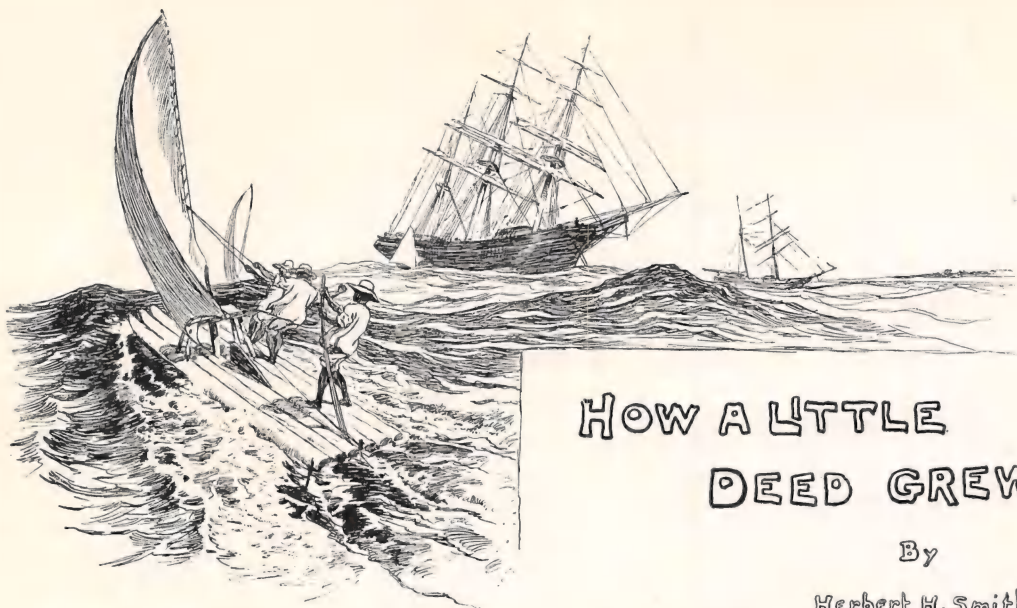
"Eat it," said Barbary Allen, who never hesitated long about anything.

"Not by a long rabbit-jump. I 'll puzzent it ter you fer a Chris'mus gif'. Ef I yarns any pic'unes, I 'll puzzent yo' wif a sto'e Chris'mus gif'. An' I 'll chop yo' sich big back-logs dat you' Chris'mus fire won't *neber* go out."

Barbary Allen thanked him, and promised him a slice of pound-cake from the white folks' Christmas dinner.

The next morning the master, on the bright sorrel, rode out to the last field, and lo! they were all gone—the white specks that were thick as stars; and gone, too, were all the anxious faces. Not a slave's Christmas was lost.





## HOW A LITTLE DEED GREW.

By

Herbert H. Smith.

**I**F any one of you—man, woman, or child—does an act of kindness, a courageous or self-sacrificing act, it will never be lost. Perhaps you yourself will not see the result, but, unknown to you, the deed may keep on growing and growing until only the world itself is big enough to hold it.

Remember that, for it is worth remembering.

Not many years ago, there was a poor and ignorant man who did a good deed, according to his light. I do not know his real name; I doubt if twenty persons outside of his own acquaintances ever knew it. I do not know whether the man is still living or not, and if he is, I am sure that he will not read this; it is likely that he never learned to read at all.

I will call the man José, because it is a common Brazilian name. He lived in the city of Fortaleza, capital of the province, now the state, of Ceará; it is on the Brazilian coast, north of Pernambuco. José's business was carrying freight and passengers to and from the vessels which came to Fortaleza. His principal possession was a raft on which he did the carrying.

I must explain that Ceará has no harbors; for three or four hundred miles the coast is a line of sand beach, without even a river's mouth large enough for vessels to enter; so they have to anchor in open roadsteads, often two or three

miles out. All the year round the surf breaks on this beach, a wall of white foam; and if anybody wishes to land or to embark, he must pass through the surf wall.

To attempt this in a boat would be dangerous business; the people have a much better arrangement in the *jangada*, or sailing-raft. This is simply a long, narrow raft, made of *jangada*-wood, which is almost as light as cork. Several logs of this wood—from three to seven or eight—are firmly lashed together. The raft is furnished with a mast and sail, and a little stage like a table, on which passengers stand to keep their feet dry and to be out of the way of any breaking wave. The stern is furnished with a long sweep, like a very large oar, which works on a post to which it is attached; this is the rudder.

These rafts will sail as fast as a yacht, and pass through seas that no boat could long live in. With a crew that understands its business, they are the safest craft in the world; fishermen venture a hundred miles out to sea on them, regardless of storms. As for the surf, they skim right over it on the crest of a wave; as soon as they touch the sand, the raftsmen drag them up high out of reach of the next wave. They will bear heavy freights; all the merchandise that comes to Ceará is brought ashore on the *jangadas*, and all that leaves it is



carried out on them to vessels in the roadsteads. They carry all the passengers, too. I have tried these queer conveyances more than once, and have a vivid recollection of passing through fifty yards of white foam and towering waves, and then finding myself suddenly high and dry, none the worse for the experience:

José, then, carried freight and passengers on his raft, when there were any to carry; when there were none, he did such odd jobs of portering as he could pick up along the beach, or plaited mats, or lounged and smoked with his comrades. He had two men to help him on the raft, but so far as clothes and manners

low, broad-brimmed leather hats; and sandals instead of shoes.

When vessels were loading or unloading, José and his men had plenty to do. Five or six times a month a steamer touched at Fortaleza, on its way to or from Rio de Janeiro. Then the raftsmen were always busy. Often there were rich passengers who paid well for themselves and their baggage. Then, there were the freight and mails, and almost always a load of negroes going to the slave-markets of Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. José and his friends pitied the negroes, because they had heard that slaves were barbarously treated on the great



"'I WON'T TAKE THE NEGROES AT ALL,' SAID JOSÉ. 'I WON'T EVER CARRY ANOTHER SLAVE ON MY RAFT!'" (SEE PAGE 251.)

went, you could not have distinguished captain from men. All were dressed in the Ceará peasant fashion: ragged white cotton trousers and shirt, the latter hanging loosely about the waist, outside the trousers, in blouse fashion;

plantations about Rio. In Ceará, on the contrary, most of the masters were very kind, and the negroes were as happy as men and women can be without freedom. But even the kindest masters might be poor or in debt, and so be

forced to sell their slaves; then they were almost always bought by slave-dealers, who carried them off to the southern plantations. The dealers regarded the negroes precisely as they would horses or pigs, and, if they got good money for them, they were utterly indifferent as to their fate. They carried them to Rio because slaves brought better prices and sold more readily on the plantations than they did in Ceará.

One day, when the steamer was at anchor, a group of slaves was led down to the beach. They were tied together by the wrists, two and two. None of them made any resistance, because they knew that they could not help themselves. Some had sullen faces; some looked reckless, and tried to laugh; all were miserable. The dealer—a big, coarse-looking man—walked before, and his overseer behind.

José sat watching the slaves. He knew that the dealer had already engaged a raft, and was rather glad of it, because he had no mind to carry this wretched freight himself. He was vaguely sorry and indignant, but knew no way to help the negroes.

Two young men were standing near him, watching the group, and he heard them talking.

“What a pity!” said one.

“Say ‘what a shame!’” answered the other.

“Those negroes are going to the São Paulo coffee plantations. They will be worked as no horse ever was worked. They will be beaten and bullied and overworked, and turned from men into beasts. Like enough, they will be killed by some brutal overseer.”

“We can’t prevent those cruelties,” said the first.

“No, we can’t. The people of Ceará can’t prevent cruelty in São Paulo; but they can keep these slaves in Ceará, where they are well treated; they can pass a law to prevent them from being taken away.”

“Ah, but they won’t do that. It has been proposed twice in the legislature, and failed.”

“The more shame! Is it not a disgrace to have such a spectacle in our free city? Look at those men, tied together like criminals! and this in Ceará, where negroes never run away, because they love their masters. It’s a shame, I say! Why, the very raftsmen ought to be ashamed to carry such a freight!”

Presently the young men walked away. José remained, thinking. He could not get this conversation out of his head. Day after day he thought of it, and the words that came back to him oftenest were these: “The very raftsmen ought to be ashamed to carry such a freight!”

He was so full of the subject that he could not help talking about it. Whenever work was slack, and the raftsmen gathered to smoke and gossip, he would tell them the story over and over again. He grew excited about it; springing to his feet, he would pour out a torrent of rough eloquence, with flushed face and uncouth gestures.

He abused the slave-dealers in the strongest kind of language. He pleaded for the negroes, condemned to a life of toil and suffering; and the tears came to his eyes when he pictured the horrors of plantation life. He ranted about the legislature and the people of Ceará, who let this shameful traffic go on.

Probably half his descriptions were imaginary and half his arguments were worthless. Queerly enough, he never spoke against slavery itself, for it never occurred to him that slavery was wrong; but he had a mighty hatred of cruelty and he showed it in his own way. To take the slaves away from Ceará was cruelty. To sell them to the plantations was cruelty. The traffic was cruelty from beginning to end, and it ought to be stopped.

The other raftsmen were rough fellows like José, with hearts as big and logic as defective as his. They agreed, one and all, that it was a shame not to keep the negroes in Ceará. But they shrugged their shoulders; what could they do?

A week passed on, and another steamer anchored in the roadstead, on her way to Rio. The raftsmen hurried out to bring the mails and passengers ashore; this done, most of them gathered on the beach to wait for outgoing travelers.

Another group of slaves came down—half a dozen this time, and one was a woman with her baby; she was crying because she had been sold away from her husband and would never see him again.

The dealer walked up to José. “Here, my



man," he said, "how much do you want to take me out with this lot?"

José looked, and hesitated; he wanted a job badly, for he had secured none that day. He

That was José's good deed. He saw an evil, and made the best protest against it that he could. It was not in his power to stop the slave-traffic, but he could, and did, refuse to



THE JANGADA, A SOUTH AMERICAN SAIL-BOAT SUCH AS JOSÉ OWNED.

looked again, and saw the woman crying. He looked at the other raftsmen; nearly all on the beach had gathered about, as they usually did when a bargain was being struck.

Still José hesitated.

"Come, what will you ask?" said the trader, impatiently. "If you don't want the job, say so, and I'll soon find somebody who does."

Then it flashed through José's mind: "The very raftsmen ought to be ashamed to carry such a freight!" Then he lifted his head with a new light in those black eyes of his. What he said was this:

"I won't take the negroes at all. I won't ever carry another slave on my raft!"

have anything to do with it. He never dreamed that his words would have any effect, except to keep money out of his own pocket and to make the slave-dealer angry.

Now let us see what the result was.

The dealer drew back in astonishment. The other raftsmen gasped. Such a thing had never been heard of. But the next second they caught the fire that flashed from José's eyes; they could be brave and generous, too.

"Bravo, José!" shouted a dozen. "Bravo!" Then one cried out: "I'll never carry another slave, either!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" yelled other raftsmen. "I won't carry your freight, and I'll make anybody sorry that does!"

"We won't carry them!" "We won't let them go to be flogged to death on the plantations!" "Take your slaves back!" "Take 'em back!"

Oh, it was a wild chorus of honest indignation — the cry of right against wrong; the cry of free men against human bondage; the cry of poor and ignorant men, who knew not how to pick their words, but who, somehow, had stumbled on a noble idea, and for the moment were glorified by it. Even the slave-dealer shrank away at first; he feared they would lay hands on him. But they did not offer to do him any harm; they simply refused to take his slaves out to the steamer.

"Nonsense!" he said. "The slaves have got to go. Come, I'll give five milreis for the job."

"Not for ten!" "Not for twenty, nor a hundred!" answered the raftsmen. Perhaps some among them would have yielded had they stood alone; but they feared the others; they knew that their comrades had fists, and knives too, and were not chary of using them in a quarrel. So they did what was the safest thing — kept with the majority.

"I'll call the police!" shouted the enraged dealer. "I'll have you all arrested!"

"Go and do it, then!" "Go, you old rascal!" "Go, you spy!" "We won't carry your slaves!"

The man, in a great rage, hurried off for the policeman (*subdelegado*). He returned with him presently. "There!" said he; "those rascals refuse to carry my slaves; now arrest them!"

The policeman wagged his head; the big raftsmen laughed. "What shall I arrest them for?" asked the *subdelegado*. "Have they hurt you or your slaves?"

"No, no; they refuse to work for me, I tell you; it's their duty to carry freight, and they won't do it."

"I don't see how it's their *duty*. They've got a right to carry freight if they wish to, but nobody can make them do it if they don't choose to."

"You can order them to, and if they don't obey, then you can arrest them."

"My dear sir, I have no right to give such an order; if I did, I should be liable to arrest myself. So long as the men are peaceable, they

can do as they please about carrying your slaves. I don't see that I can help you," concluded the officer, blandly. "Good morning, sir." And he walked away.

The raftsmen saw their victory; all at once, they saw its importance, too. There was no way of getting slaves out to the steamers except on their rafts; and there was no way of getting them to Rio and São Paulo except by the steamers. They, the raftsmen, were masters of the situation. A wild shout of triumph went up; they danced and sang and embraced each other — the big, rough fellows — in a delirium of joy. And the slave-dealer? He fumed and swore, and offered bribes, and worked hard all day; and at night he saw the steamer move off without him; and so he marched the poor slaves back into town.

But the end was not yet. There was an abolition society in Fortaleza — a group of earnest men who were doing all they could to lessen the evils of slavery, as well as striving for its final extinction. They heard what the raftsmen had done, and their hearts swelled with sudden hope; here was a new means at hand for their work. That evening an impromptu meeting was held in one of the public squares, and half the people in Fortaleza were there; for at heart Ceará hated slavery, though it was tolerated. There were speeches and cheers. A subscription was taken up, and José and his comrades were praised and rewarded. Letters and deputations were sent to the other coast towns to draw their raftsmen into this good conspiracy. And they did. In two weeks every raftsman in Ceará was pledged not to carry out slaves. The dealers appealed to the courts, and the courts could do nothing for them. They appealed to the provincial legislature; but the legislature had caught the infection, and instead of helping the dealers, it passed a law which effectually stopped the exportation of slaves from Ceará. For them, at least, the southern plantations had no further terror.

Then an unforeseen result came to help the good work. As it was now impossible to take slaves out of Ceará, they could only be sold from one Ceará master to another; and presently it was found that nobody wanted to buy slaves. In fact, free labor was so cheap in the



province, and worth so much more than slave labor, that it did n't pay to keep slaves at all. Their value had been kept up only because dealers had always been ready to purchase them for the market of Rio; as soon as that market was barred, the price of slaves fell to almost nothing. The abolition society grew in strength, and branches were organized in every town and village. They collected subscriptions, and began to buy the slaves and free them. People began to free their own slaves, right and left. They did it partly out of generosity, and partly because it was the cheapest way to get rid of an expensive luxury. It became quite the fashion for a master to free a slave or two on any occasion of rejoicing — on his birthday, for example, or that of one of his children, when his son came of age, or on Christmas Day, or on Brazilian Independence Day.

Then some of the young abolitionists said: "Let us get subscriptions, and try to free all the slaves of one parish. If we succeed, there will be one free parish in Brazil."

The idea took like wild-fire. The parish of Acaripé was chosen, and all the abolition societies — all Ceará — set to work to batter down slavery in Acaripé. And they did. Subscriptions poured in for freeing the slaves. Many of the Acaripé masters freed their own slaves, or offered to sell them to the abolitionists at ridiculously low prices. In a few weeks every slave in Acaripé had received his free papers, and the enthusiasm rose to white heat. If Ceará could free one parish, she could free another. They freed another parish, and another — a score of them. They freed half the province. And at last, without the passage of a single law, without fraud, without quarrels, from the single force of a great and generous impulse, the people of Ceará freed every slave within the bounds of the province. It was wonderful! The world never saw the

like of that deed before, and it will be long before it sees such another. In Ceará there was joy unspeakable. There was high festival for a week; and when the people gathered in their churches, and the organs pealed forth the grand Te Deum, and all thanked God for what was done, I think there was no face that was not wet with tears of happiness.

The legislature capped the climax by passing a law that from that day no slavery could exist in Ceará.

But *still* the work went on. All Brazil had caught the spark by this time. It flew from city to city, from province to province. It set the country on fire with generous deeds; it freed slaves everywhere by scores and hundreds and thousands; it freed other provinces; it forced itself into government affairs; it knocked petty political questions into nothingness, because it made itself the only question. And at length a day came — will the world ever forget it? — a day when, amid an awed silence, the senators of Brazil voted on this decree, which had just been passed by the lower house:

Article I. From the date of the promulgation of this law, all slaves in Brazil are free.

Article II. All dispositions to the contrary are revoked.

The bill was passed, and at once signed by the Princess Isabel, acting as regent during the absence of the Emperor in Europe.

If you are ever in Rio de Janeiro, go to the museum, and on the ground floor you will see José's raft. It was brought in triumph from Ceará, and placed there as a sacred relic of the nation. But the man's name is forgotten. If he lives, I suppose he has no idea that because he refused to earn five milreis the movement was started that freed eight hundred thousand people from slavery, and swept this gigantic evil from the soil of Brazil.



# THE VANISHED COLONY.

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.



THE RUINS OF OLD JAMESTOWN.

JAMES RIVER lay before them, broad and glittering, its left shore bluff-bordered and forest-crowned, its right shore sloping to the water's edge in fertile meadows and verdant lowlands. At last Uncle Tom pointed over to the northern shore, where, stretching out from it, a long, low-lying, green and tree-dotted island seemed almost to float on the bosom of the river, in marked contrast to the high facing bluffs of Scotland on the other side. From a little

cove at the northern end shot out a long, new, commodious steamboat wharf, flanked to the left by a slight rise of ground tree-crowned and fenced about, while to the right stretched broad tilled fields, out of which rose the blackened brick walls of a burned and ruined mansion.

The steamer made fast to the dock, the gang-plank was run out, and even as Uncle Tom, in choicest Spanish, invited his young



friends to disembark at the port of San Miguel, the first officer announced: "Jamestown! All out for Jamestown!"

Then the tourists filed off to pay their "wharfage" fees, and to make their way up the path toward the rustic entrance to the tree-shaded inclosure, within which they spied a broken, solitary, and "ivy-mantled" church tower, half hidden by its grove of sheltering trees.

"Behold the Vanished Colony!" said Uncle Tom, as they entered the inclosure and halted before the high wire fence that essays to keep from the hand of the spoiler the ancient church and yet more ancient burying-ground of vanished Jamestown.

"And is this really the place where John Smith went to church and where Pocahontas was married?" asked Marian, as they surveyed the ruin with interest.

"The place assuredly, but not the same place," Uncle Tom replied. "This tower, part belfry and part loopholed guard-house, as you may see, marks the fourth church erected here by the Virginia colonists. It must have been built long after John Smith and Pocahontas had passed from the scene—probably after the burning of Jamestown in the time of Bacon's rebellion in 1676."

"That was Nathaniel Bacon, who stood out against Berkeley, the royal governor, was it not?" said Bert.

"You know him, I see, Bert—the earliest of American patriots," Uncle Tom replied. "Time was when this was a peninsula, and not an island, you see, and over the neck at this northern end—come up and see for yourself," said Uncle Tom suddenly, turning from the old tower and the tree-filled old cemetery.

Through a vine-covered gateway they passed within the grass-grown ramparts of the old Confederate fort, and, standing on the shore beside the almost obliterated remains of the colonial powder-magazine, they looked about them. A hundred yards from shore, a lone cypress-tree, bent, but yet green with foliage, clung tenaciously to a little tuft of earth; and all that submerged land, so Uncle Tom informed them, had once been above water and a part of the Jamestown settlement.

"A double meaning, you see, boys and girls," he said, "attaches to my calling this a vanished colony. On land nothing remains of it to-day save that ivy-covered tower and the crumbling gravestones. The grass-grown reminder of the mightiest of modern wars is heaped up over what were the streets and highways of the old village. The unstayed river, relentless as time itself, has, foot by foot, eaten away the actual site of much of the old Jamestown where Smith and Delawarr labored, where Pocahontas lived and flourished, where Berkeley ruled with despotic sway, and where Bacon, backing his words with his deeds, made the first successful armed protest against kingly tyranny, in the name of the people."

"It was quite a place at one time, was n't it?" said Roger.

"The most important town in the colonies," Uncle Tom replied. "In spite of jealousy, neglect, and privation, the colony planted on this island in 1607 flourished and grew, until its one hundred and fifty colonists increased to fifteen thousand in 1647, and the palisaded village of fifty houses, as it was in Pocahontas's time, grew into the colonial 'metropolis' of Berkeley's day, with its Capitol and its court-house and its Governor's Mansion, its taverns and shops and traders, its streets and highways and 'ocean piers,' now all vanished utterly, save the old tower yonder, and the walls of the thrice-burnt house in the fields known as the Cary place. There once lived Washington's earliest love, and there, too, it is also claimed, stood Governor Berkeley's mansion in the days of his stormy supremacy."

"Interesting old spot, is n't it?" said Bert, surveying the scene, where tree and river, dismantled modern fort and broken ancient tower, combined in a landscape at once attractive and suggestive.

"And full of stirring story," added Uncle Tom. "See! Yonder, where now flows the ever-widening creek, stretched once the neck of land over which Smith and his soldiers marched into the wilderness, over which came Pocahontas bearing relief or warning to the colonists, and by which Bacon and his patriot army entered the captured capital. Explorer and colonist, trader and priest, governor and

councilor, landed proprietor and negro slave, sailor, soldier, Indian ally or red-skinned foe-man, stately ladies on horseback or in lumbering coaches, bondmaid and goodwife, all the life and all the display, were seen here as the seat of colonial government for over ninety years, or until Governor Nicholson, in 1698, removed the capital to Williamsburg, whither we shall ride presently, and took from Jamestown all its prestige and power. Then the old capital quickly languished. In 1716 it had dwindled to a half-dozen houses, and now to this—an old tower inclosed by a wire fence to keep off relic-hunting visitors, and preserved as a landmark by the enterprise and patriotism of some Virginia women—the Association for the Preservation of Virginian Antiquities.

Was I not right when I called it the Vanished Colony?"

And as they took carriage for Williamsburg, to which, nine miles away, they rode through the woods and fields of the beautiful York peninsula, they listened again to Uncle Tom's details of Virginia's colonial story, and in the midst of the scenes made historic by many famous people, from Smith and Newport and Delawarr to Washington and Henry and Jefferson, they agreed with him that Virginia's story was indeed deeply interesting, and did not wonder that modern story-tellers draw upon it for material when seeking to put into action the loving, the striving, the passion, the romance, and the adventures of the days of the vanished colony of Jamestown.

## OUT-OF-DOOR SCHOOLS.

BY ELIZABETH V. BROWN.



HUNDREDS of miles from any large cities, far away from rail-roads, steamboats, post-offices, or telegraph stations, thousands of children in the Southern mountains, which make such long black ridges on the maps, are getting their educations in rude school-houses.

For two or three months in the year, when the weather is not too cold, when there is no hoeing to be done in the garden, no fodder to pull or yarn to spin, boys and girls of all ages and sizes gather in one-story, one-room, windowless, stoveless, comfortless log school-houses to learn their A B C's and to sing the multiplication-tables in concert.

School must be for them as dull a place as for little Six Years Old, who summed up her first school-day's experiences in the report, "I

sat on a long bench and swung my short legs and learned to say A," or as for her little neighbor, who grieved because of her disappointment in the teacher who showed her to a seat, telling her to "sit there for the present," and who, although she sat as still as she could the whole day long, did n't get the present.

But for most boys and girls living in towns where thrift and progress have made their way such dull school-days are, fortunately, things of the past; for now, from the tiniest tot of the kindergarten to the grown-up brother or sister of the high school, *activity* is the law of growth for both mind and body. The four walls of even the largest and best school over which the American flag floats to-day fail to provide space enough for these active, growing minds and bodies.

Out, out into the fields and woods, to the museums, art-galleries, public buildings, libraries, factories, large business plants, power-houses, gas-works and water-works, children must go to gather for themselves ideas, materials, and data which are to help them to an





A SKETCHING-CLASS.

understanding of the life about them and to lead them to the right use of books. The school-room is only the "business office," the place where ideas are sorted, related, elaborated, and built up into brawn and brain after the work in the fields, the manual-training shops, cooking-schools and sewing-schools.

Only such education as this is worth the winning; it gives to the boy or girl full mastery of self, makes sound minds in sound bodies, gives broad general culture, and builds up strong and intelligent men and women.

At the great exposition to be held in Paris next summer, education is to have the place of



STUDYING NATURAL HISTORY ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

honor. In a beautiful building called the Palace of Education, the work of the school-children of all nations will be exhibited.

The children of the national capital are going to Paris in large numbers—by photographs. Perhaps you would like to see a few of them before they set out on their long journey. Several hundred pictures have been taken, representing all the grades, and showing

the day a street-car full of happy children is apt to speed past a group of waiting passengers on the corner, branches and flowers, collecting-nets and -cases, baskets, hammers, and trowels, all telling the story of a day in the fields. Perhaps this may seem more like play than work, but in all of these ways these children are cultivating their own powers by observing things, doing things, gathering ex-



TEACHING GEOLOGY ON THE SIDE OF A HILL.

the pupils at both their indoor and out-of-door work. Do you go to an out-of-door school? If you come to Washington, you will find classes studying plants and animals, history, government, geography, science, and art, and carrying on this work in the parks, fields, woods, libraries, public buildings, or art-galleries.

Visitors from different parts of the United States are frequently surprised, in the course of their sight-seeing, to come across these groups of children busy with note-books and sketch-blocks. Furthermore, at any hour of

periences and information with which to interpret the knowledge stored up in books.

All the photographs for the exposition are intended to show children getting the experiences which in time are to lead to book-learning.

The wee folks of the kindergarten are sent to work in their garden, where early in the spring they planted flower-seeds, pease, beans, corn, and radishes. Though too young to study botany with a great big B, even these babies are studying plant growth.

At the Smithsonian Institution and its next-





SKETCHING IN A CITY PARK.

door neighbor, the National Museum, the children spend many happy hours among things which constantly interest and delight them.

On Saturdays many of them go alone to see again the objects which they studied with their teachers during the school week.



LEARNING ABOUT BIRDS FROM STUFFED SPECIMENS, IN THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C.



A GROUP OF SCHOOL-CHILDREN STUDYING THE ROGERS "COLUMBUS" DOORS. (SEE PAGE 263.)

The group studying birds in the Smithsonian are either verifying work done in the fields or gathering information for a series of lessons; while the children learning to "tell the

time" are in the museum, where, in the case around which they stand, all sorts of time-measuring devices may be found, from the very earliest to the most recent. The hour-



IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C. STUDYING DEVICES FOR MEASURING TIME.





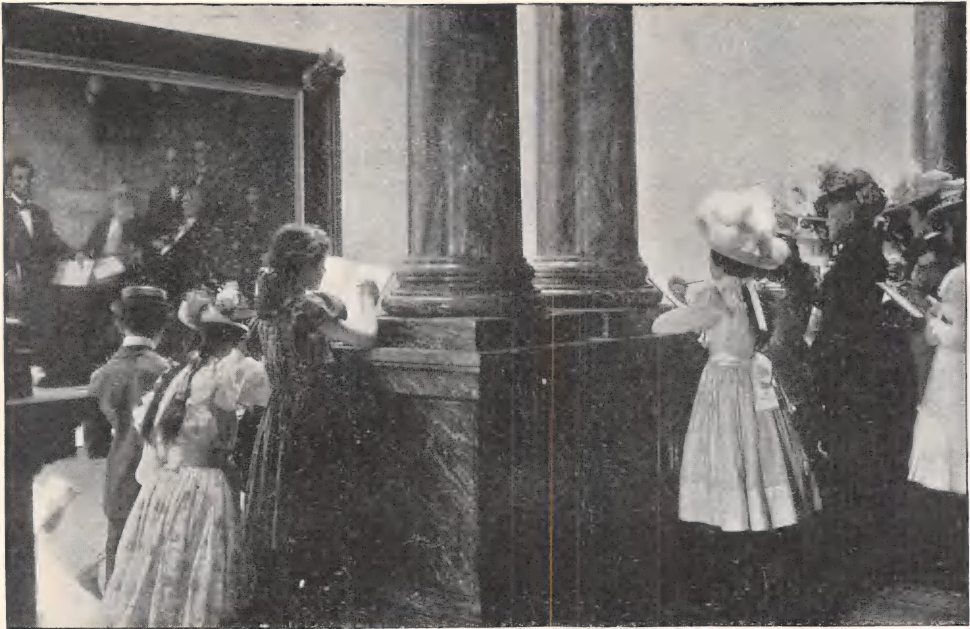
ANOTHER MUSEUM CLASS; LEARNING ABOUT ASSYRIAN ART.

glasses, sun-dials, water-clocks, long candles with the hours marked along their sides, allowing just enough tallow or wax between the figures to burn for an hour, and many other

queer "clocks," arouse the children's interest, and lead them to consider the different conditions under which people have lived, and how in different periods of time their necessities



IN THE CORCORAN ART GALLERY. BEFORE FREDERICK CHURCH'S PAINTING OF NIAGARA FALLS.



IN THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON. BEFORE CARPENTER'S PAINTING, THE "SIGNING OF THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION."

have been met by man's inventions. The history of the magnet, compass, thermometer, the electric light, the electric car, various means of communication, transportation, and other practical matters are studied in similar ways.

The Capitol, with its many historical statues and paintings, the United States Senate, House of Representatives, and the Supreme Court, gives many opportunities for this work.

The class gathered before the Rogers



IN A NEW-FASHIONED SCHOOL. THE STUDY OF ANIMALS AND PLANTS.



bronze doors which lead into the rotunda is studying scenes in the life of Columbus, and a more advanced class is represented before Carpenter's picture of the "Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation."

The children receive an excellent idea of Indian life from the large collection of models, pictures, and relics of various sorts in the National Museum. Lifelike models of braves in full hunting-costumes, of mothers grinding corn, and many other interesting phases of Indian life, teach the children how the earliest inhabitants of our country lived.

From the Indian back to the Assyrian warriors is a long history lesson, but it is really a class in art which is making a tour of the Halls of the Ancients, where reproductions of an old Roman house, and of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Saracenic art are to be found. The Assyrian throne-room is the special point of interest shown in the picture. In one end of the room many steps, guarded by huge lions, lead up to such a throne as that on which Neb-

uchadnezzar sat, while the walls reflect the art ideas of his time. On a background of crude blue the yellow figures seem to be pasted rather than painted, because there were no shadows in Assyrian art.

Other photographs of art-classes show a sketching group in a private garden, and a trip to the Corcoran Art Gallery, where the children are pausing before Frederick Church's "Niagara Falls."

Painted in darker colors, but hardly less interesting, is the picture of the girls who are dealing with the bread-and-butter side of life, which happens at this moment to be a case of learning how to broil a beefsteak.

The hosts of children who go only to the indoor school, with arms full or bags full of books, books, books, could learn twice as fast and more than twice as much if they could go to the out-of-door school too. This has been proved in the city of Washington by the very children whose intelligent, happy faces are seen in the photographs shown you.



A CLASS IN PLAIN COOKING.



# NATURE AND SCIENCE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



### THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes — he boasts  
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows.

*Bryant.*

#### FAITHFUL FEATHERED FRIENDS.



WINTER birds have special claims upon our attention and appreciation. The birds coming from the North remind us that there are more severe climes

than ours, and those that stay with us appeal to us by their faithfulness. All brighten and give life to the frigid landscapes. Some are so small that one wonders how they dare brave our winters and are able to withstand the storms and low temperatures. We are drawn toward them, as they are to one another. They delight in companionship, and seem to believe there will be found strength in numbers in the presence of a common foe—the biting, cutting cold.

One can but regret that these social bird parties have no music. There are no winter songs of birds. Even the owls do not hoot, nor the hawks scream. All winter birds are noted for their sociability and their silence; and these characteristics are retained throughout the year by the cedar-birds, which are shown in the pictured initial letter on this page. They sit very still, near together, often raising and lowering their crests, with now and then a dainty, lisping note, which becomes a longer call as they fly. In the winter they spend most of their time in the cedar-trees, and eat the hard blue berries which are found on them; hence the name cedar-bird. On the

tips of the wing- and tail-feathers are little red ornaments that look like drops of wax, and from this characteristic they are called wax-wings.

If it is your good fortune to live in the country, you may be able to find the winter homes where hundreds of crows and other birds roost at night. By scattering crumbs near the house, many birds may be attracted and their interesting ways easily watched.

#### HOW MOSSES SPEND THE WINTER.

ON stone walls and tree-trunks there are tufts of brown, apparently lifeless, that change



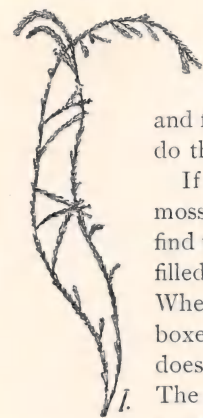
"ON STONE WALLS AND TREE-TRUNKS."

to beautiful soft mats of green as soon as the raindrops come to visit them. After every



shower the woods and fields are fresh and bright, not alone from the washing of their faces, but largely because of the mosses, which have awakened into new life. These little

plants not only can dry up so that they will almost crumble to dust when handled, but are so sturdy and full of life that cold and frost do them no harm.



If we look at the leaves of mosses and other plants we shall find them made up of little boxes, filled with a watery substance. When the leaves freeze, these little boxes burst, just as the pitcher does when water freezes in it. The mosses are so wise as to empty most of the water out of these boxes before it freezes, and give it to the thirsty wind. Sometimes Jack Frost is too quick and catches them before they empty out the water; even then the boxes stretch, stretch, yielding to the strain, so that they come to no harm.

Go out, some cold morning, and find the stones that show above the snow, or examine carefully the bark of trees, and find the brown patches of moss of which a single bit picked out looks like figure 1. Cut off a patch of this moss or scrape some from tree or stone, take it home, and moisten it with warm water. Note the change in it carefully, for, as if by magic, the single stem will soon look like our second picture. The larger the bunch of mosses, the better the effect, and they will keep green for a long time under a tumbler in a warm room.



This changing and growing is the same process that takes place in all mosses when the warm, moist spring comes. A. J. GROUT.

#### THE FROST KING.

THERE is in nature a king that rules a great part of this fair earth with a pitiless sway. Have you ever seen his work? If not, think of this: What is it that brings the bird tribes

in autumn, host upon host, from their Northern summer haunts? It is the Frost King. He lifts his hand in the far North, and the grass and the leaves are withered. He waves his



FROST IN LEAFY FORM.

wand, and flakes and crystals of the snow, as beautiful as any created forms upon earth, come falling in myriads, to cover the food of the birds from sight. And then all the great armies

of the warblers, and the pipits, and the long-spurs, and the "snowflakes" flee southward before the fierceness of the Frost King. And what desolation the Frost King spreads before him! The delicate beauty of leaf and blossom is seared and gone. The face of the earth, so beautiful in summer, is bleak and bare.

But winter has a beauty all its own.

You have often caught the first crisp flakes of snow, in early winter, upon the cool dark sleeve of

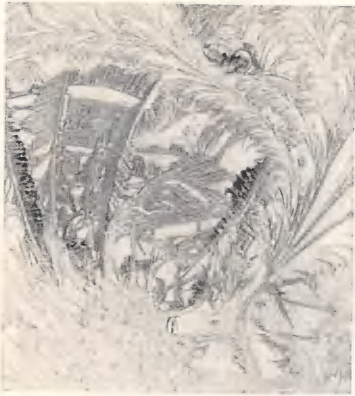
your coat, and have wondered at the perfect beauty of the many shapes. I know your teacher has with artistic skill drawn for you frost-patterns on paper till you have



FROST LIKE TUFTS OF FUR.

seen that He who makes the blossom and the leaf so beautiful bestows no less of honor upon

the crystals of the frost. And the frost on the windows—have you never admired its patterning? “Just a bristly glaze of white,” that grumbler thought it; but look *you* closer, and



THE FEATHERY FROST.

better, and look again. Will it surprise you greatly to be told that frost-patterns, like leaf-patterns, have both settled and definite formations? They may combine, indeed, into endless variations, but the simple patterns remain the same. Where most of you live—in what are called the temperate parts of the United States—there is little variation in window-frost forms. But farther north, where our own country meets the British possessions, there are many frost-patterns of rare beauty. Yet even in the more northern climes these forms are seldom seen save in the coldest weather—when the thermometer stands at from twenty to forty degrees below zero.

The forms here pictured were all photographed at a very low temperature; and there is no sort of photography more difficult than this. All things in nature that are exceedingly delicate seem also to act as if they

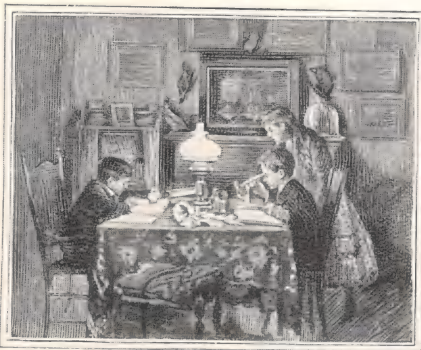
were shrinking and shy; and it requires all the possible skill and patience of the photographer to crystallize them anew and make enduring the wonderful work of the Frost King.



DAINTY PLUMES OF FROST.

So we work, and work quickly,—whatever the weather,—working patiently and hurriedly, in love of nature. For the delicate and wonderful beauty that is spread, just now, upon that sheet of plate-glass in a bank window may not stay: the roaring coal fire within and the kindly sun without do their work quickly, and our wonderland of frost is soon gone forever.

P. B. PEABODY.



OUTDOORS AND INDOORS.

THERE are outdoor homes as well as indoor homes—the former perhaps no less cozy and enjoyable to their inmates than the latter. These outdoor homes—of the hollow trees, the



silky cocoon on the bare branch, the burrows in the walls and ground, and even the quaint cases of caddis-worms in the icy brooks—are all adapted to make their owners happy.

While we would be out of place and therefore very uncomfortable in those homes, it is equally true that these winter dwellers and sleepers of the outdoor world would be totally out of place in our homes.

The tendency of nature is to fit each occupant to the home and the home to the occu-



pant. That is what is meant by "adaptation to environment"—a fitting to surroundings.

In the heading to the department "Nature and Science" the racoon is pictured as peering out from his outdoor home in the hollow tree. Life in that home has its round of daily experiences very much the same as it has in ours. There are the periods of work and rest, the troubles and the enjoyments, the seeking for daily food, and, from the racoon standpoint, the pursuit of comfort and happiness.

On the other side we have a view of one of our indoor homes. The boy has just returned from his outdoor pursuits and is enjoying his magazine, perhaps some page that is telling him many of the interesting and instructive things in nature and science to be observed even when the snow is on the ground and the frost is in the air.

There 's an old and truthful saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps some Jacks, and possibly a Jill, too, will say that "The less work and the more play, the better," would be the prescription against dullness. However that may be, all indoor or all outdoor occupations would not be to best advantage. That principle is particularly true in our Nature and Science pursuits. Let outdoor observation and indoor consideration go hand in hand. What we learn indoors will add to our zest and enjoyment out of doors—even in our play and especially in a walk or ride.

#### JANUARY.

PERHAPS you had a new book for a Christmas or New Year present, and know with what eager pleasure you untied the string, took off the wrapping-paper, and examined cover and title-page and read the first chapter. "Nineteen Hundred" is the title of a new book that comes with freshness, charm, and pleasant anticipations to every lover of nature, whether young or old. January is the first chapter of this new book. The old book of "Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine" is of the past. By a careful reading of that book many may have better learned how to get the most pleasure and profit from this new one, with its twelve delightful chapters. Let us make the

most of Chapter January, with its outdoor and indoor pleasures and duties.

In making good resolutions for this year why not determine to use your eyes better than ever before? Keep them on the alert to note many of the wonderful and beautiful things of nature.

As each year passes away, and another volume is laid upon the shelf of time, may we be enriched by large additions to our stock of happy memories! Such a "Happy New Year," not merely for the present, but for the future, we cordially hope this January has brought to every ST. NICHOLAS girl and boy, and that there will be such interest in each month and season that in all years (and may there be many for each of you!) they will come around like old friends.

#### "WHAT IS IT?"

Go direct to nature rather than to books, and find out for yourself rather than ask some one. But you will need to use books somewhat, and in this department we prefer to have you ask questions about something in which you are especially interested rather than to tell you much of things you have never seen.

"What is it?" you will doubtless exclaim when you find a new specimen. Find out for yourself, if possible; but if not, then ask your father, mother, teacher, or some friend. In this way you may be doing good missionary work. Perhaps others in your neighborhood will become interested, and enjoy taking closer observation of many heretofore unobserved beauties in the world of nature.

If you so desire, mail any specimen that puzzles you to the editor of this department, addressing Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Connecticut, inclosing stamped and self-addressed envelope for answer, and he will endeavor to help you. State when and how you found it, together with other particulars that will aid in identification.

#### ORGANIZATIONS OF YOUNG NATURALISTS.

WE heartily recommend every boy and girl interested in nature or science to become a member of the ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE. One of the chief objects of that League is to culti-

vate the valuable and enjoyable art of seeing correctly and appreciatingly. "Keep your eyes open," for the instructive and beautiful things of the world around you is a good motto. While all the various purposes of the League have our heartiest indorsement, the following statements from the announcement are well worth your consideration and following:

"To get closer to the heart of nature and acquire a deeper sympathy with her various forms." "Direct friendship with the woods and fields and healthful play are necessary to the proper development of both mind and body."

Among other helpful organizations of young folks interested in the great outdoor world may be especially commended the following:

Junior Naturalists Clubs, under the care and direction of the Cornell University College of

Agriculture. Their purpose is stated as follows: "To the end that every member thereof shall love the country better and be content to live therein." Address John W. Spencer, Ithaca, New York.

The Agassiz Association (originally developed by ST. NICHOLAS) with local branches called chapters. While it "welcomes members of all ages," and while "every one who is interested in any form of natural science is cordially invited," it has an especially kindly regard for the young folks. Address Harlan H. Ballard, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

The Nature Guard, for boys and girls of New England, consists of bands of young people who have sharp eyes and will try to use them. Address the Nature Guard, Rhode Island College, Kingston, Rhode Island.



#### GETTING ACQUAINTED.

DEAR YOUNG READERS OF ST. NICHOLAS: The post-office nowadays makes neighbors of us all. You go to your mail-box and leave your letter, or give it to your letter-carrier, perhaps, and my letter-carrier will put that letter into the box in the door of my home. I can send a letter to you in the same way, so you see we are only two doors apart; I'm your next-door neighbor. Under these circumstances don't you think we ought to become acquainted? If you and I both try, we shall be the best of good friends.

I know you like to go out in the fields and woods, and sometimes the swamps, too. I've been with over three thousand boys and girls this past year, and therefore know how much pleasure and instruction my young friends get

in this great, pleasant, outdoor school-house. I go nearly every pleasant day, and sometimes on stormy days, too, and I will tell you of some of the interesting things I find every month in the year. Several friends will aid me in telling you of the interesting things in nature and science.

Now, don't let this be one-sided. We don't wish to do all the telling. You tell me what you are interested in, and also ask questions.

Yours cordially,

EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

The following letters were among those received in response to a circular letter announcing this department.

WESTBURY STATION, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This past autumn I gathered ten different seed-travelers. Here is the list: Norway maple, larch or hackmatack, goldenrod, Canada thistle, dandelion, aster, stick-me-tight, hickory-nut, acorn, sedge. I had one of the thistles on my desk in the morning. When I came back to school in the after-



noon, I found the sun had shone on it and made it look like this:



So I think the sun makes the seeds come out, and that then the wind blows them away.

It is the same way with the goldenrod, asters, and dandelions. The larch and maple have wings with which the seeds blow away. Stick-

me-tights have hooks with which they fasten themselves to animals and people, who carry them around until they are rubbed off. Squirrels and crows carry away nuts and acorns; sometimes they drop them, and they come up. Sedges drop their seeds in the water. They float away, and come up, maybe on the other side of the pond.

We had a little pond which we had filled up in September. A little puddle was left about the size of a tea-cup, which was filled with hundreds of little fish not half an inch long, and a lot of polliwogs. I took them out and put them in a big pond.

Yours truly, ETHEL M. ALBERTSON.

NORTH URBANA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the east shore of a beautiful lake called Keuka, in the western part of New York. We find some quite pretty stones and shells along the shore of the lake. We have found stones that look like honeycomb and petrified wood. We all enjoy stones, but the most interesting ones are the arrow-heads we find while plowing the vineyards. We have about a quart of them, of all sizes, from one inch to two and a half inches in length. A few of them are as perfect in shape as when they were used by the Indians. Papa has found two white ones and one red one. The rest of them are gray or stone-color. We have found two stones that were used to dress the skins of deer or other animals. They resemble an ax in shape, and are black in color. We all enjoy stones, and have specimens from California and Minnesota.

CARL R. GLEASON.

### "BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."



THAT'S a good reason for asking me questions, and I have an especially kindly feeling for a girl or boy who wants to know, and will ask questions. Some persons say

"Don't bother me with your questions; I'm too busy." Do you know such persons? ST. NICHOLAS does n't feel that way. We like to have questions asked.

It has been fancied that the question-mark (?) is the outline of an ear placed over the period at the end of the sentence, meaning that this is the kind of sentence that has an ear ready for an answer.

So you see "Nature and Science" puts its question department at the end. We've told you some things in the first two departments, and you've told us some in the "Correspondence," and now we are ready for the questions.

### KEEPING IT ALIVE.

1. "How can I keep this alive?" G. D. M.

You can keep an insect or plant alive by imitating very closely its natural home. Feed the caterpillar with some of the plant on which you found it. When it has changed to a butterfly, feed it on sweetened water, which is the nearest you can get to sweets in the flower. You will enjoy seeing it unroll its long tongue. With care you can get it to feed from your hand. Hold the butterfly in the hollow of your hand and put a little sweetened water on one of your fingers.

### QUEER LITTLE HOMES.

2. What is this little pile of sticks? ALICE C.—.

The insect net had just been taken from the water, and this question was asked by one of the girls. It's the little "log cabin" of a cozy little housekeeper, that builds its own home from whatever material may be at hand. Next month we will tell you something about these little homes made by the caddis-fly larvæ, which are now enjoying themselves below the ice in the pond or brook.

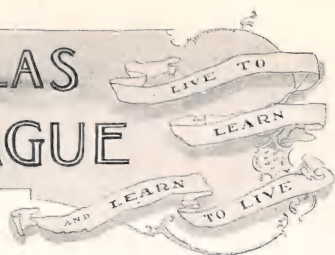
### THE STARRY X.

3. What is that beautiful cluster of stars that looks like the sign of multiplication? CHERRY T—.

This is the beautiful group called Orion. The principal stars, with the three in the center as the "band," do look like the sign of multiplication (x). Just below the "band" is a cloudy form to be seen only through a telescope. It is called nebula, which means "a cloud."



# ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



Now trooping come the holidays,  
With mirth and merry din—  
They come to show the old year out  
And let the New Year in.

WITH January 1 comes a nine in the "hundreds" column for the first time in a thousand years. Many regard this as marking the first year of a new century, though this is not really the case. The first century began with the first year of the Christian era. The first year of the twentieth century will begin with the year 1901. During the next twelve months we shall still be rounding out the nineteenth century, though very soon the date-lines we are now putting on our letters will begin to look queer and antiquated, just as the seventeens of last century look to-day.

With January, too, will come, as they always come, cold, stormy days, hard lessons, and (perhaps on the 1st) beautiful snow, like a clean, white page on which to write down our good resolves. Of course there will be a great many of these, and some of us may make a few more than we can keep; but certainly we cannot keep any unless we make some! We

of the League might, for one thing, resolve to do each month better work,—better poems, better pictures, better everything,—and not to be discouraged if we fail to win a prize, or to find our names on the first month's roll of honor. The

greatest writers and artists have become such only through constant perseverance and after long and bitter disappointment. Success is always worth just what we pay for it. When it comes without a struggle it seems less worth having.

There is another good resolve that League members—the boys especially—can make. They can resolve to pursue wild game this year with the camera instead of the gun. How much better and nobler to slip noiselessly within range of a deer or rabbit, or a flock of quail, and bring home a beautiful negative, than to return with some poor dead thing whose



"IN AUTUMN TIME." FIRST-PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH, BY CAROLUS T. CLARK.

only offence was to breathe the air and enjoy the sun, whose flesh is worth only a trifle, and whose beauty, even as a mounted specimen, is but a mockery of the life it loved and that we took away! The click of the camera may startle





"IN AUTUMN TIME." SECOND PRIZE,  
BY ERNEST A. BROTHERHOOD.

our winged and four-footed friends and send them capering or flying from us, but there will be no trail of blood on the leaves and grass, and they will carry with them that which is so sweet to all of us—the joy of living. The St. Nicholas League is heartily in favor of adopting the camera in place of the gun as a means of sport, and on another page will be found a special prize offer made to encourage this choice.

It seems hardly necessary to tell the readers of ST. NICHOLAS that their League is a success. They know this already, and the hundreds of beautiful and appreciative letters they have written

have given to the editors and publishers a pleasure in which you all will share. The competitions, the badge, and the aims of the League have all come in for their share of commendation, and the thought that St. NICHOLAS readers who wear the League badge will be able to know each other wherever, in any part of the city or country or world, they may happen to meet is certainly a pleasant one. "I have taken and enjoyed St. NICHOLAS for seven years," writes one subscriber, "and I think the League idea beautiful." Another says, "I believe the St. Nicholas League will be the finest association in the world, and I hope every reader will join it."

The contributors have done nobly. We knew that St. NICHOLAS readers were bright boys and girls, but we did not know that so many of them were so gifted. The standard of work received was very high. It would not be too much to say that we could have filled the entire magazine this month with creditable work received in the prize competitions. As it is, we have space enough only for the very best, and a roll of honor with the names of those whose contributions were next in rank.



"IN AUTUMN TIME." BY ROBERT E. BLAKESLEE.



Hundreds of others whose names do not appear sent work in which there was much promise. Some day, with perseverance, these



"IN AUTUMN TIME." BY ROSE S. KINSMAN.

will see their names on the honor roll, and, perhaps, a little later, on the list of prize-winners. The first object should be to do one's very best. The prize is, or may be, the result.

#### NEW RULES AND SUGGESTIONS.

*Add these to the League leaflet.*

Besides the parent's, teacher's, or guardian's indorsement "Original," every contribution must bear the contributor's *name, age, and address in full*. These must be *on the article itself*, and not on a separate sheet.

Photographs as small as 3 x 3 instead of 3 x 4 may compete for prizes. This change has been made to accommodate those having cameras of this size. Negatives need not be developed nor prints made by contributor.

Prose compositions are not necessarily those written for school use, but if so written should not be used without the teacher's consent.

In forming a Chapter, members may have their badges come together in one large envelope, thus saving postage and trouble. A small envelope should not be used for more than two badges.

Besides black ink, drawings may be made with hard black crayon. Remember about *white* paper and only black ink or crayon. Some good drawings were received this month done in greenish ink or with colored pencils, and some on tinted paper.

Read all the rules carefully. A number of members have asked questions that a careful reading of the rules would have made unnecessary.



POEM. "The Christmas Tree."

Gold badge, Jessie E. Sampter, 8 West One Hundred and Thirty-first Street, New York.

Silver badge, Helen J. Ripley, Brandon, Vermont.

PROSE COMPOSITION. "The Old Year and the New."

Gold badge, Katherine Carr. (Address wanted.)

Silver badge, Edith Emerson, 817 East State Street, Ithaca, New York.

PEN DRAWING. "The Christmas Fireplace."

Gold badge, F. Ma Dan, 13 Eighty-sixth Street and Seventh Avenue, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York.

Silver badge, Arthur N. King, 7 Walnut Street, Waltham, Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPH. "In Autumn Time."

Gold badge, Carolus T. Clark, Westfield, New Jersey.

Silver badge, Ernest A. Brotherhood, 71 South Elliott Place, Brooklyn, New York.

PUZZLE. To contain reference to Christmas or New Year's Day.

Gold badge, J. Willard Helburn, 35 West Ninetieth Street, New York.

Silver badge, Richard B. Grant, 123 Tremont Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. To November puzzles.

Gold badge, Richard B. Stanwood, 74 Marlboro Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Kent Shaffer, "Ken-Caryl," Evanston, Illinois.

NOTE. Several hundred poems, drawings, stories, etc., were received in the November competition. The number of puzzles was not so great, of photographs still less, and of puzzle-answers the fewest of all. Members would do well to bear these things in mind.



"THE CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE." FIRST-PRIZE DRAWING, BY FRED MA DAN.





SECOND-PRIZE DRAWING, BY ARTHUR N. KING.

## THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY KATHERINE CARR.

*(First Prize.)*

MAUD and Jessie skipped into grandmother's room an hour before the grand New Year's party.

Grandmother looked up from her knitting with a smile, saying, "You look beautiful, my dears," and then resumed her work.

Jessie was dressed in light-blue silk with a white sash, and her hair was curled and tied with white ribbon. She had light-blue silk stockings and blue shoes with dainty bows. Around her neck was clasped a gold necklace, and a ring was on her hand.

Maud was dressed in light-pink silk, with light silk stockings and pink shoes, white hair-ribbons and a sash much like Jessie's.

They each took a seat on a sofa, and Maud said, "Grandmother, tell us a story, please, of some time when you were young."

Grandmother laughed, and said, "I will tell you about my first party."

She then began: "My first party happened to fall on New Year's Day. I was fourteen, and sister Jemima twelve. You may think it strange we had never been to a party before. But then we lived in the country with few conveniences.

"We wore white dresses reaching almost to our ankles. Then we had cleanly starched pantalets, and our hair was braided in six braids apiece. We had plain white shoes and stockings.

"There were few children our age in the neighborhood, but we had about ten besides ourselves. It was almost time for them to come and we were waiting. We sat before a large mirror, contentedly surveying ourselves. Your great-grandmother passed, and said to me, 'Betsey, remember thou didst not make thy beautiful self.'

"Yes, grandmother," I answered meekly, while I made a curtsy. Jemima curtsied also.

"A ring of the bell sent us into a flutter, and in walked our friends. Such a happy evening! Such jokes and jolly mishaps! I wish I was young again.

But then, all my friends are dead and buried," said grandmother, wiping her spectacles. "Now, dears, there's the bell; run down and receive your friends, while I settle my cap and come down slowly."

"Thanks, grandmother," they called.

Then what an exchange of greetings! Now in the ball-room we will leave them dancing the Old Year out and the New Year in.

## THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY JESSIE E. SAMPTER.

*(First Prize.)*

WE gather round the Christmas tree.

The branches gleam with many a gem  
That spreads its glory wide and free,

While, like a golden diadem,  
Above the gay and gaudy throng,  
We shed the rapture of our song!

It rings as clear as silver bells,

It wakes the light in ev'ry soul.

In each o'erbrimming bosom swells

A cry to share it with the whole—  
A prayer that craves that none on earth  
Have more of pain or less of mirth!

Let old and young alike rejoice!

From north to south, from east to west,

We'll send the message of our voice:

That all shall bless, and all be blessed,

However wide the world may be,  
While gath'ring round the Christmas tree!

Since seasons rolled from year to year,

Till mortal men shall cease to think,

The Christmas that we hallow here

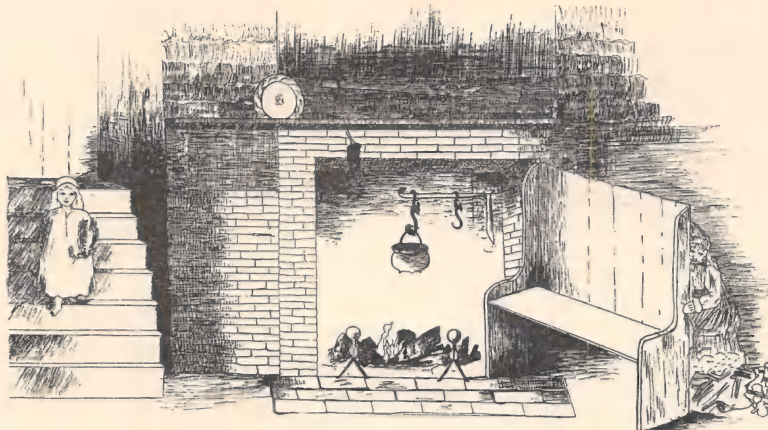
Is one eternal, binding link,

However vast the space may be.

So gather round the Christmas tree!



"THE CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE." BY KITTIE L. HEUSEL.



"THE CHRISTMAS FIREPLACE." BY ETHEL YORK.

### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY HELEN J. RIPLEY.

(Second Prize.)

THE lights shone forth from the great, square room  
Where the Christmas tree stood in state,  
And the holly and mistletoe decked the walls,  
For this was the Christmas fête.  
But little maid Margaret sat and frowned,  
Though for her were the cheer and light;  
"I don't care for Christmas trees," she said,  
"For I'm all alone to-night."

Then she ran to the doorway and peeped outside,  
And there before her stood  
A group of children with faces thin,  
Crowding as close as they could  
To the windows of the great, square hall,  
And looking with glad surprise  
On the wonderful, sparkling tree which stood  
Before their startled eyes.

For a moment Margaret paused, and then  
"Come in, come in!" she cried;  
And the ragged, wondering little ones  
Trooped joyfully inside.  
Their happy faces were pleasant sights  
As one would wish to see,  
And Margaret shared her gifts with them,  
And enjoyed her Christmas tree.

### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY EDITH EMERSON.

(Second Prize.)

A COLD gust of wind blew, and a fresh-faced boy  
with roguish eyes tripped through the door of space  
to the earth.

"Happy New Year, January," said a low, dreary  
voice.

January turned his head and looked at a bent, feeble  
old man, with a long beard, clothed in a wrapper of  
gray.

"Why, who are you?" said January, surprised.

"I am 1899," replied the Old Year; "and you are  
1900, are you not?"

"Yes; I am the first part  
of 1900; but I have eleven  
brothers and sisters, who  
are coming later."

"Since you are a little  
boy, I will give you some  
advice," said the Old Year.

"You must try to make as  
many good things as you  
can happen in your year."

"All right, go on," said  
January, seating himself on  
a snow-bank, and looking  
up at the stars.

"Be as pleasant as you  
can. Bring plenty of snow  
for the boys and girls, and  
sunshine, too. When you  
bring a snow-storm, bring  
one, and make a fine one  
of it."

So he went on, giving the  
boy plenty of good advice.

Presently he jumped a little, and said, "I am  
going now. Good-by."

With that he faded into mist and was gone.

January was sober for a few minutes, but then he set  
about making a fine snow-storm.

The next day he heard some children, who were  
skating to and fro, say, "Is n't it fine! The New  
Year has begun well."

And January was pleased.

### OTHER GOOD POEMS.

THE following poem, by Gregory Hartswick, while  
not a prize-winner, is very good indeed:

Oh, shout the good news  
That Christmas is here—  
Merry Christmas, the happiest time of the year!  
For Santa Claus comes  
With reindeer and sleigh  
To fill up the stockings on glad Christmas Day.

And there in the library  
Stands a great tree  
With gifts all abloom, most lovely to see!  
There are berries that glitter,  
And candles that glow  
Like stars when they're lighted at evening, you know.

There are dollies and soldiers  
And trumpets and drums,  
And boxes and boxes of sweet sugar-plums.  
There are popguns and games  
And a little tin train,  
And jack-knives and balls, and the battle-ship  
"Maine."

There are rattles for babies  
And whistles for boys,  
And presents for folks who don't care about noise.  
There are toys made of plaster,  
Of iron and brass,  
But the best thing that's there is the ST. NICHOLAS.

This one by Horatio G. Winslow is also very  
creditable:

With popcorn decked from top to toe,  
With berries draped in graceful strands,  
With threads of gold, with candles' glow,  
The Christmas tree in splendor stands.



The children's faces light with glee,  
They hail their friend with merry shout;  
Let others weep, their joy runs free  
In spite of winter storms without.

Thus as each Christmas rolls around  
And brings its hearty, wholesome cheer,  
The tree, though great or small, is found  
To rule this feast-day of the year.

Thus has she reigned on Christmas Day  
For ages past; and those to be  
Shall find her, with unbroken sway,  
Queen of the feast—the Christmas tree.

### GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

AMONG the great number of poems received there were many containing good stanzas—some pretty, some funny, some serious, all well worth notice.

The first one below, by Corita M. Estrada, is quite too lively and true to be omitted:

Early on Christmas morning  
Out of our beds we get—  
We always dress in a hurry,  
For we've never been late yet.

And this, by Eleanor H. Allen, is very pretty:  
In the forest green it stood—  
Slender, tall, and fair;  
Whispered in the boughs the wind,  
Fragrance filled the air.

These lines by Alexander McAndrew, aged eight, are written in a strong, plain hand, and are good for a poet of his age:

In comes the Chinese sparrow to perch on the  
Christmas tree,  
And sing his merry little song  
Of old Hong-Kong.

And there is good rhythm and rhyme in this, by Sophie K. Smith:

We enjoyed it a week, but the day came at last  
When Christmas was over and New Year's had passed.  
Then we all bade good-by to our wonderful tree,  
And hoped that next Christmas another we'd see.

Dorothy N. Holmes begins prettily, thus:  
Brightly shines our Christmas tree—  
Shines and tells the story old,  
How Christ was born and wise men brought  
Myrrh and frankincense and gold.

Rosebud Michaels echoes a thought that most of us remember when she says:

'T is a marvelous thing of which I sing,  
Or so it seems to me—  
The passing strangeness of the fruit  
That grows on the Christmas tree.

And Althea Warren continues the train of thought pleasantly thus:

And there's crystal fruit on this beautiful tree,  
And its gingerbread men are a joy to see;  
While its crisp little patty-cakes hang there, too,  
Just stuffed with sugar-plums through and through.

Marie Van Liew, who wrote the next four lines, has an ear for rhythm, and a strong, picturesque fancy:  
Moonlight and snow where the branches are waving—  
Silence of solitude, darkness of pine—  
Wind blowing freezing and sweet o'er the mountain—  
Tree that is skirting the timber-line.

This stanza by Alice May Fuller makes a picture:  
In summer we're fond of a hammock  
Swung under a splendid old pine,  
With pine-needles round for a carpet,  
And afar off the lowing of kine.

The next, by Grace Stebbins, has in it a consideration for papa that is very nice for a little girl:

Papa plays he is Santa Claus;  
That long white beard is sham;  
Although the string that ties it draws,  
He's quiet as a lamb.

Ruth Perkins Vickery says, "A Christmas tree is just all right," and then:

Breakfasts have never been so long,  
A great many children think;  
How mysterious are the sounds and lights!  
How long it takes to pink!

We do not think many children spend much time "prinking," however, especially when they expect the sort of tree that Margaret R. Brown tells of in the next four lines:

Old Santa Claus had visited them  
And said he would prepare  
The largest tree that he could find  
Around there anywhere.

And Eva Wilson tells how the tree is taken from its forest home:

Whence 't is sent by snorting car  
To the nearest toy bazaar,  
Where comes Santa with his pack  
Hung upon his large round back—  
"That 's the tree I think I'll take  
For the happy children's sake."

This by George Elliston, telling how the Christmas tree began, is really beautiful:

One day a little winged seed  
Which from its nest the wind had freed  
Fell on a hillside bleak and bare,  
And soon a cedar sprang up there.

Lorraine Roosevelt presents a pretty scene in her opening lines:

When the other trees have lost their leaves  
And the ground is white with snow,  
Then the pine-tree stays and the cold wind sways  
Its boughs as they bend down low.

R. D. Robbins, in a similar vein, says:  
Bright autumn, with its leaves of red,  
Is gone, and all the trees seem dead  
Save one alone;  
And high above earth's snowy spread  
This green tree proudly lifts its head,  
A perfect cone.

George S. Marks begins his poem with this excellent stanza:

Around this tree on Christmas morn  
The family flock, both old and young,  
To see the gifts its limbs adorn  
And chime the song their fathers sung—  
"A Merry Christmas unto you!"

And Alice Goddard Waldo, with these strong lines:

On the summit of the tree  
Beams a star in purity;  
Little candles, down below,  
O'er the branches cast a glow.

Perhaps Eleanor Holmes's word "hairs" might be questioned, but nevertheless she makes us see the "three little children" who on Christmas morning  
Hurriedly dressed and scampered downstairs  
With unwashed faces and uncombed hairs.

And also, a little later,  
she tells us how  
"Merry Christmas!" they  
cried. "Hurrah for  
St. Nick!"  
But mama said, "Your  
hair! Oh, my chil-  
dren, run quick!"

These stanzas from  
Alice Genivieve Crane's  
poem are tender and  
sweet:

This year I thought I could not bear  
To have a Christmas tree;  
My heart has been so full of care—  
No Christmas joy for me.

'T is Christmas night, and round the tree  
The children form a ring;

With happy faces  
good to see,  
A sweet old carol  
sing.

The season's peace fills  
all my heart—  
Its gladness comes  
to me.

'T is Christmas, and  
the little ones  
Are dancing round  
the tree.



BY MARY A. BROWN.

And very pretty are these lines by Marguerite M. Hillery:

There it stood on a Christmas night,  
Dressed in a garment of tinsel bright,  
Bathed in the candles' twinkling light.

And now good-by to the poets until next month, and  
with Mary O. Stevens let  
us all say:

Hurrah for old Christ-  
mas and Santa  
Claus!

Let the air ring with  
your glad huzzas.  
And let us all hope  
that there will  
be

Something nice for us  
on the Christmas  
tree.



BY J. W. NICHOLSON, JR.

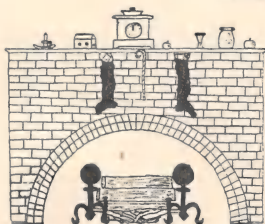


BY ANTOINETTE GREENE.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A list of those whose work, though not used, has  
been found worthy of honorable notice.

### POEMS.



BY GORDON EURINGS.

Lula Mills  
James W. Capole  
Clementine G. Hulburt  
Helen Tweed  
Percy McCulloch  
Marguerite Little  
Marjory Rimmer  
Alice Rupp  
Nanette Hamburger  
Katherine Kerr  
Bessie Mae Dwyer

Evelyn L. Doughty  
Dorothy Noyes  
E. W. Waldron  
Esther Stuart  
Gus Roden  
Effingham A. Pinto  
Bessie Alter  
Ralph Neff Cole  
Lillian Heiman  
Pleasance Baker  
C. G. Milligan  
Claus E. Hendrix  
Helen McCaughan  
Millicent White



BY SEWARD H. RATHBURN.

Gustav A. Harff  
Harriet F. Babcock.

### PEN DRAWINGS.

Gertrude Agnes Lambert  
R. N. Draper



BY EDITH LALLY.

Jno. N. Sumner  
Minna Hoskins  
Louis Feuchter  
Melton R. Owen  
Annie L. Outhout  
Ina M. Ufford  
Marcus H. Doll

Reba Tallman  
Margaret C. Phillips  
Raymond Spencer  
Grace MacDougall  
Dorothy Huggart  
Vera Atwood  
Joseph Dugan  
Jessie Gilroy  
Olive Carpenter  
Herbert A. Bell  
Sherwood S. Day  
Christine Hitchings  
Viola Beerbohm Tree  
Josie E. Babcock  
Margery Ficken  
Clara Brown  
Ruth Julien Best  
Robert H. McKoy, Jr.  
Ruth Osgood  
Amelia A. Glick  
Maria M. Hawkins  
Walter H. Glines  
Phillips E. Osgood.

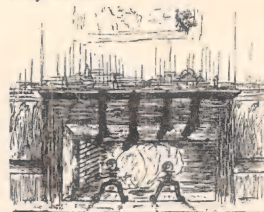
### PROSE.

Lucile Graham  
O. L. Coward  
Helen Murphy  
Mary E. Noble  
Bertha L. Watson  
Lillian I. Bennet  
Janet Percy Dana  
Aileen Hingston  
Smith Reede Curtis  
A. Elaine Courtemanche  
Seymour L. Andrew  
Elizabeth Tooley  
Ruth Hornblower  
John M. Fassitt  
Elizabeth Wheawill  
Helen Stark  
Lily Hunt



BY CLARE S. CURRIER.

Leigh K. Patton  
Julia Pease  
Hazel Estelle  
Frances Hess  
Laura Benet  
Rachel T. Sanborn  
Johnetta Moore  
Fanny Tomlin Moncure  
Grace Ford  
Jessie Murray  
Leo C. Burrows  
Robert E. Townsend  
Frederick May Elliot  
Eunice Fuller.



BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN.





BY WM. A. BROADHEAD.

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Frank E. Swope  
Donald Macomber  
Alex Atworth  
Robert W. Meeker  
George F. Englesby  
M. Taylor Pyne, Jr.  
M. E. Frelinghuysen  
Frederic C. Smith.

## PUZZLES.

Anne E. Valentine  
Noel Bleeker Van Wagnen  
Alice Lee  
Alice Hibbard  
Graham Hawley  
Norma Hamlin  
George C. Chapin

Ruth Allaire  
Edward N. Goodwin  
Mary Lacy Van Wagnen  
Edith W. Bly  
Lena E. Barksdale  
Hildegard Goldschmidt.

The prize puzzles and list of puzzle-answerers will be found in the regular puzzle department.

## CHAPTERS.

SEVEN chapters of the St. Nicholas League had been formed when the November prize competition closed. They are as follows:

No. 1. Dorothy Holmes, President; Elsie Van Wagenen, Secretary; six members. Address, Orange, New Jersey.



BY DORA WARING.

No. 2. Frances Roe, President; Lola C. Jones, Secretary; eight members. Address, Piqua, Ohio.

No. 3. William Champney, President; Mabelle Chandler, Secretary; ten members. Address, secretary, 894 Case Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

No. 4. Harrie A. Bell, Organizer. Officers not yet elected. Address, Wilmington, Delaware.

No. 5. Warne Grey, President; Emmet Purman, Secretary; seven members. Address, Montpelier, Indiana.

No. 6. Edwin Sipes, President; James H. O'Melia, Secretary; seven members. Address, Hazelhurst, Wisconsin.

No. 7. Viola Josephine Hawes, President; Annie L. Edwards, Secretary; twenty-four members. Will hold their meetings on the regular rhetorical afternoon of the public school, once in three weeks, and discuss the articles in ST. NICHOLAS. Address, Chatham, Massachusetts, P.O. Box 170.

Chapter 7 was aided in its organization by Miss Grace F. Hardy, teacher, grade 6 of the Chatham school. To other teachers desiring to form chapters, badges and instruction leaflets will be sent postpaid, free of charge.

## PRIZE COMPETITIONS, NOS. 3 AND 4.

NOTE.—*Prize Competition No. 3* will close on January 10. The prize awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

POEM.—The title must contain the word "School" or "School-days."

PROSE.—(Story or essay.) The title must contain the word "Saturday."

DRAWING.—"What I Like Best."

PHOTOGRAPH.—"Midwinter." This may be either an indoor or an outdoor view, with or without figures.

PUZZLE.—This must contain the name of some great man or woman whose birth or death occurred in March.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS.—The best and neatest answers to the *prize puzzles* in this (January) ST. NICHOLAS.

A wide range of subjects is offered in the above, as any number of variations may be made which will include the words "School," "School-days," and "Saturday," while the artists who draw "what they like best" may select that which most appeals to them, whether it be a bird, a battle-ship, a bit of library, a landscape, our animal friends, or even a good dinner.

NOTE.—*Prize Competition No. 4* is also announced now, so that contributors may have a longer time in which to consider and prepare their work. Work *must not be submitted* for this competition, however, until the No. 3 competition is out of the way, which will not be until January 11.

*Competition No. 4* will close on February 1. The awards will be announced and the prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

POEM.—The title must contain the word "April."

PROSE.—This must treat of some incident, accident, or adventure of the early spring, and bear an appropriate title.

DRAWING.—"My Favorite Place in Winter." It may be an indoor or an outdoor view.

PHOTOGRAPH.—"Our Winter Companions." They may be little folks, birds, animals, playthings, etc.

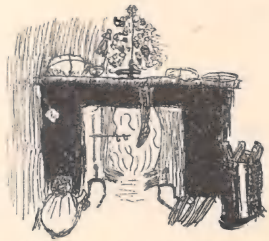
PUZZLE.—This must contain the name or saying of some celebrated jester or fool.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS.—The best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to *all* puzzles (including the prize puzzles) in this (January) number of ST. NICHOLAS.

## A SPECIAL PRIZE.

To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun, as suggested on page 270, the St. Nicholas League makes its members the following special-prize announcement:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home; *First Prize*, five dollars in gold and the League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and the League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge. This competition closes February 1.



BY MARY ELEANOR GEORGE.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE two new departments have needed so many pages for this month that the "Letter-box" has to be content with one page, and "Books and Reading" defers its appearance until the February number.

IN the December ST. NICHOLAS the page of photographs entitled "A Letter to Grandpa" was printed by the kind permission of the Albany Art Union. Through an oversight the proper credit was not published with the excellent pictures.

MARION, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for a long time. I am going to tell you about some of my pets. We have a horse who is of mixed gray and white and whose name is "Combination." He used to be a racer, but has long been out of practice. When we first had him he tried to pass every team that he met or saw. We also have some chickens, which our old rooster tried to kill. But by the time you get this letter he will be an old "roaster," as we are going to eat him. We also have a parrot who sings, talks, whistles, laughs, and coughs. Among the various things he says are: "Oh, dear, what can the matter be!" "If a body meet a body, coming through the rye!" "The Campbells are coming! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" "B-o-y!" "G-i-r-l!" "Hullo, Polly!" "Good morning!" "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins!" "There you are!" "Come, Kitty!" "Benjamin!" "Helen!" "Sophia!" "Peek-a-boo!" etc.

There are so many of us (four boys and three girls) that we have quite nice times. 'Most all of us have bicycles, and we get in the barn and all ride around at once to the music of a graphophone.

I saw in your Letter-box about a society with a Greek-letter name. I belong to one, where I have very nice times. I do not live in Marion all the year; we are only here for the summer. We go in bathing 'most every day. I have a number of friends who take you, and we like you very much. Hoping that you will remain ever as interesting,

I remain your faithful reader,

HELLENA.

IN CAMP, BONNIEVILLE, ORE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the Letter-box of the September ST. NICHOLAS, I noticed a letter describing an ice cave in the State of Iowa. The writer also says that it is the only cave of the kind in the United States.

I wish to correct the statement.

Last year I was in camp at Trout Lake, Washington, which is thirty miles back from the Columbia River. Our camp was about seven miles from an ice cave. The ice in this cave, not like the one spoken of in the note referred to above, is frozen all the year round. In fact, I had the pleasure of eating, in the month of July, ice-cream which was trozen by ice from that cave.

The people that have settled in the locality draw on this cave for their ice-supply.

There is an ice cave near Hood River, Oregon, in which are to be seen wonderful formations that have been forming for years.

There is also a large ice cave in the southern part of Oregon.

Hoping that you will publish this note,

I remain, your constant reader,

R. L. MORSE.

NEWARK, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a good while and like you very much. I thought I would tell you about a little canary-bird we have. His color is a bright yellow; but he never used to sing.

One day we were cleaning his cage and happened to leave his door open, and when we went to see him again the cage was empty. We called him and called, but he did not come, so we gave him up as lost. As I was going out of the room I chanced to look up at a picture, and there was "Dicky" on top of it, sitting there just as contented as when in his cage. Since then he has changed his mind about singing, and he sings so nicely that my brothers, who have a phonograph, are going to let him sing into it.

Hoping you will like my letter, I am your loving little friend,  
MAY F. M.

Flora G. Ernst says the long German word given in the November Letter-box means "The Journeyman-Mechanics-Society-of-Winterthur." Is she right?

Irene Crisler sends a description of a Fall Festival in Chicago.

Clare Currier writes a modest and interesting little note praising the pictures in ST. NICHOLAS.

Gertrude Macdona tells an anecdote about her brother Harry and his pet kitten.

Allan and Wilfred Monkhouse send from New Zealand a note saying they helped to catch an octopus six feet across.

Doris Lyons Chisholme's letter is delightful, and we thank her for it, and hope she will write again. We are sorry there is n't room for her long letter this month.

Lillian A. Straus says her father knew Paul Morphy, the great chess-player, quite well.

Anne Courtney writes a first letter to ST. NICHOLAS, and an excellent letter it is. She praises certain authors very highly. We shall be glad to hear from her again.

Nancy Irene Micholls sends from Bavaria a descriptive letter that is full of interest.

Harriett B. Sunamers is a young correspondent who likes to ride a bicycle, and has been to California.

Lynn W. Meekins is the son of an author, an admirer of the "Jungle Books," and enjoyed his trip through the Ausable Chasm.

Evelyn Hunter and Mary Carroll built a little village of log cabins out of sticks, first laying out tiny roads and sidewalks. This seems a hint for a pretty summer amusement.

Jefferson Wheeler Baker has to dictate a letter full of pleasant humor, because he "pounded his finger building a war-ship." He tells of a Chinese pupil who bade farewell to his host, a Mrs. Smith, by saying, "How-de-do, Smit. Good-by!" We enjoyed his letter.

And, besides, there are so many other friends that we can thank them only by printing their names here—though we have read all their letters with pleasure.

Barbara and Lydia, Janette Bishop, Edith H. Berry, Edna B. Blackman, Ruth Alice Bliss, Everett Bristol, Betty Brooks, Sarah B. Coe, Katharine G. Chapin, Annie Furlong, Mildred Ehrlich, Harold H. Griffin, Lucile G., A. V. H., Florence L. Kenway, Mary Murray K. and Sally W. B., Roger Montgomery, Marjorie McIver, Marian Nichols, "Poppy," Fanny Porter, M. Putnam, Ethel Rogers, Carrie Stratten, Julia A. T., Dorothea Lamb Taylor, Sophie Louise Tillinghast, Sydney Watson.





#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ADDITIONS. 1. S-well-s. 2. S-hop-s. 3. T-o-t. 4. S-mile-s. 5. S-start-s. 6. T-in-t. 7. R-owe-r. 8. E-rod-e. 9. H-eat-h.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Holidays. 1. Ashes. 2. Arose. 3. Tales. 4. Shine. 5. Olden. 6. Chase. 7. Layer. 8. Essay.

A TALE OF THE CID. Cid, civil, mild, mid, civic, livid, did, mill, lid, mix, dill, vivid, dim, ill, vim, mimic, Vidi, Vici.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from A. Musgrave Hyde—Constance and Will—Joe Carlada—Marjorie and Caspar—Nessie and Freddie—"Dondy Small"—Jack and George A.—Allil and Adi—Agnes Rutherford.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Emma S. Cracraft, 1—Caryl Florio, 8—B. D. and Beda, 8—"Delta," 3—May Putnam, 1—Hildegard G., 8—Paul Reese, 8—S. Jean Arnold, 3—Clara Anthony, 8—Thomas Reath, Jr., 4—Frederic Giraud Foster, 2—Mabel M. Johns, 8—E. P. Guerard, 2—Ma, Pa, and I, 6—Phoebe, Julia, and Marion Thomas, 5—Marguerite Sturdy, 7—"Temgon," 4—Katharine Forbes Liddell, 8—Mary Lester Brigham, 7—Franklin Ely Rogers and Ria, 5—Carrie Janson and Audrey Wigram, 8.

#### SUBSTITUTIONS.

IN the following lines one letter is taken from each word and a different one substituted:

Do bore thy garbling paters toll;  
Deserks on stow fatilue she eve,  
Alack stores indolve thy bowering shy,  
End bloomy lamps uppress thy soup.

#### ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.

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  * * * * *
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I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In blends. 2. A common verb. 3. A color. 4. A sheep. 5. In blends.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In blends. 2. Fortune. 3. Eminent. 4. A number. 5. In blends.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In blends. 2. To consume. 3. Bare. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In blends.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In blends.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Christmas Bells. 1. Ice. 2. Shy. 3. Carol. 4. Andiron. 5. Present. 6. Century. 7. Sermons. 8. Wreaths. 9. Rooster. 10. Celebrate. 11. Woodpeckers. 12. New-Englanders. 13. Elk. 14. S.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. 1. Childhood. 2. Hypocrite. 3. Rheumatic. 4. Incognito. 5. Scavenger. 6. Tarantula. 7. Merriment. 8. Acquiesce. 9. Souvenirs.

2. A wooden tub. 3. Nominated. 4. Supper. 5. In blends.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In blends. 2. A common verb. 3. Penetrates. 4. A haunt. 5. In blends.

GARDINER P. WEEK, JR.

#### CONUNDRUM-CHARADE.

WHAT one of the northern races is like to your mother's knee?

Think of my *first*, and see!

What horrid state of feeling can like something beloved be?

Think of my *second*, and see!

What one of grandmother's laces can like cat, dog, or baby be?

Think of my *whole*, and see!

L. E. JOHNSON.

#### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(ONE word is concealed in each line.)

- To skate on thin ice risks one's life;
- Go to the rink, and take your wife.
- Pray write with ink, and tell me true,
- Is ale made best with salt and glue?
- I give them Adam's ale to drink,
- For peach and pear are rich, I think.
- Fair Mabel at her easel sits;
- She sits and sketches cats and kits.

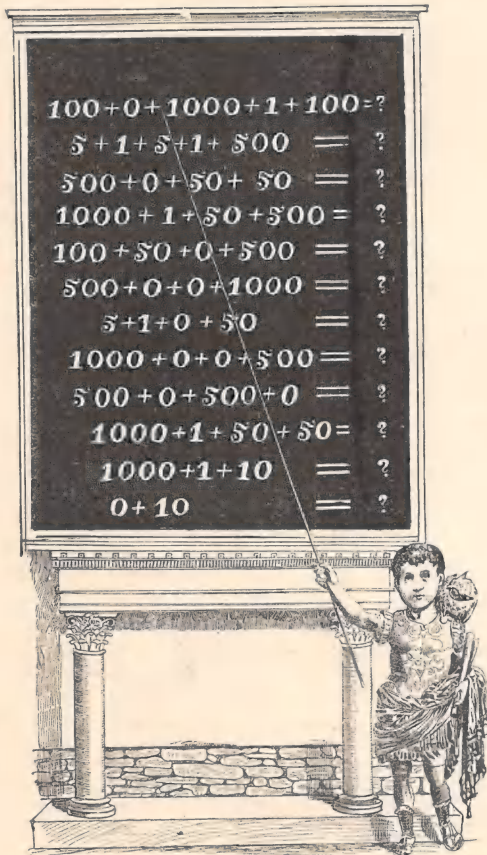
The central letters now will tell  
Who loves ST. NICHOLAS passing well.

M. E. FLOYD.

**CHARADE.**

One and two are just the same,  
 Though each one has a different name;  
 Three's yourself; four, Adam did  
 In Paradise, before he hid;  
 Then, trembling, fearful, guilty soul,  
 He vainly tried his fault to *whole*,  
 And on poor Eve the blame to roll.

M. E. F.

**A ROMAN PUZZLE.**

THE little Roman boy is spelling certain English words by the help of Roman numerals. What are the twelve words?

**AN ANIMAL HUNT.**

EXAMPLE: Find an animal in a flower. Answer, cow-slip.

1. Find an animal in a chain of mountains.
2. Find an animal in the office or dignity of a doge.
3. Find an animal in a legendary spot in England connected with King Arthur.
4. Find an animal in a North American tree.
5. Find an animal in a large cask.
6. Find an animal in a common element.
7. Find an animal in a material from which a paint may be prepared.
8. Find an animal in bulwarks.
9. Find an animal in a platform.

10. Find an animal in a pungent root.
11. Find an animal in flickering.
12. Find an animal in a fixed daily allowance.

JULIA B. CHICK.

**OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.**

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



1. In Christmas.
2. A large body of water.
3. Intended.
4. A New Testament character.
5. A contrivance for cooling the air, used in hot countries.
6. To pile up.
7. To embrace around the neck.
8. A town in Transylvania.
9. Unwilling.
10. Unfermented grape wines.
11. A British ship.
12. In Christmas.

CENTRALS, from 1 to 2, a popular personage.

RICHARD B. GRANT.

**NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

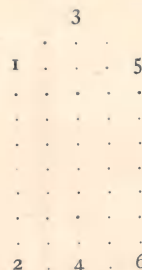
ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When these are rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, one of the rows will spell the name of a famous statesman who was born in January; another row will spell the name of a famous naturalist who died in January.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A system of drainage by means of sewers. 2. To shut out. 3. Fell into a state of quiet. 4. That which remains after certain deductions are made. 5. Lamentable. 6. Land held by free tenure. 7. One who is very strict in discipline.

F. S. F.

**A CHRISTMAS CANDLE.**

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Santa Claus. 2. A body of water. 3. Two little words—a domestic animal and a common verb. 4. One of the West Indies. 5. Staggers. 6. Unsuitable. 7. Pertaining to the calf of the leg. 8. Flavor. 9. Center. 10. A Spanish bull-fighter. 11. Method.

From 1 to 2, what every one is looking forward to; from 3 to 4, a pleasant holiday; and from 5 to 6, an appropriate decoration.

J. WILLARD HELBURN.





DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

# THE GREAT SPHINX.

(SEE NOTE, PAGE 373.)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

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No. 4.

## THE STORY OF THE SPHINX.

BY EMMA J. ARNOLD.

ONCE upon a time, Prince Tehuti-mes, the son of the King of Egypt, went on a hunting expedition in the desert which stretches behind the Pyramids. On your map of Africa you will find Egypt in the right-hand upper corner, and near the city of Cairo you will see three little triangular figures marked "Pyramids of Gizeh." It was in the desert country to the left of these pyramids that Prince Tehuti-mes went hunting. From early dawn till midday he spent the hours shooting brazen bolts at a target, and hunting lions in the Valley of the Gazelles. A servant was with him, and they rode on a two-wheeled chariot with a span of horses "swifter than the wind."

Now, it must have been very hot work hunting lions in a desert, where there are no trees and the ground is all sand. In Egypt it seldom rains. No clouds shade the sun, whose burning rays beat down hour after hour and make the sands very hot.

Well, by noon-time Tehuti-mes was hot and exceedingly tired by his exertions, so he said to his servant:

"Drive me back as far as the Sphinx. There is a nice long shadow under his chin, and it will be a fine, cool place to take a nap."

You may believe people in a desert are generally glad if they can find a shadow, be it ever

so small a one. Now, I suppose you are wondering what kind of an object it was whose chin cast a shadow large enough to cover Prince Tehuti-mes; so I will tell you about the great figure known as the Sphinx.

Long, long ago—five or six thousands of years ago—the little country of Egypt, whose whole territory, desert and all, is only about twice the size of the State of Illinois, was yet the greatest kingdom on the earth. That certainly was more than five thousand years before Christopher Columbus sailed across the Atlantic Ocean and discovered America. Egypt had a large population even then. Thousands, perhaps millions, of people swarmed along the banks of the river Nile, and rowed their little boats in and out of the network of canals which led the waters of the "sacred river" between the cultivated fields. The religion of these people was what we call "polytheism"—that is, the worship of many gods. The Egyptians, like all pagan nations, made images of their gods, and built temples where they might be worshiped. It was the business of the priests to carry on this worship, and a very profitable business they made of it, too.

When the Egyptians saw how beautiful and bright the sun was, and how at his rising each morning the ugly black darkness disappeared,



they thought that he, too, must be a god, and so they worshiped him among the rest. Some among the Egyptians thought that the sun-god died every night when he set in the west, and came to life again the next morning; others believed that he spent the night-hours fighting against evil spirits and horrible monsters who tried to kill him. But he always conquered them, and the next morning there he was in the east again, and rose anew, as bright and beautiful as ever, to give light and warmth to the earth.

Now, the Egyptians had many names for their sun-god, among these, one for the rising sun, one for the midday sun, and one for the sun when he set in the west. The rising-sun god was called *Hor-em-akhu*, which means in English, "Horus-on-the-horizon." The very biggest idol they ever made was to represent this sun-god. It is what we call the "Great Sphinx of Gizeh." No one knows who made this Sphinx, or when it was made; but, in all likelihood, it was already there in the desert more than six thousand years ago, when the first King of Egypt whom we know anything about ruled over the country.

No temple was ever built over *Hor-em-akhu*. He is too immense. He is one hundred and ninety feet long and sixty-five feet high. His head would reach above the top of a six-story house. His face is thirteen and a half feet wide, and between his lips, if he could open them, you might drive a good-sized carriage, and have room to spare on each side. A portion of his body is an immense rock which lay partly out of the sand. The Egyptian workmen put upon it bricks and plaster enough to give it the shape of a lion; and on the neck of this lion they placed a man's head, surmounted with a royal crown. A great stone beard hung from the Sphinx's chin, and I suspect that in the shadow cast by this beard Prince Tehuti-mes took his noonday nap.

The Egyptian people thought they could not have any better place to bury their dead than near the image of their beautiful sun-god. So, year after year, the kings and the princes and the nobles made their graves in the desert land. And it is thus in the midst of a great cemetery that you would find the Sphinx, if you should go now to look at him.

Not far from this cemetery was once a great city called Memphis. Sixty centuries ago it was the capital city of Egypt. It had thousands of houses, and magnificent temples and obelisks, besides a famous citadel, in which were kept a great many soldiers to guard the city. But to-day, if you should visit the place where this famous city once stood, you would see nothing but mounds of earth with palm-trees growing upon them, and here and there, scattered over the ground, blocks of stone, which are all there is left of those magnificent buildings built and adorned by the kings of Egypt.

Now, the burial-ground in which the Sphinx is was the cemetery of Memphis, and it stretched for forty miles along the river Nile. In it there were over sixty pyramids, which are the big tombs built by the kings. The nobles and the princes also built very large tombs, the walls of which are covered with colored pictures, very beautiful to look at.

But you have not yet learned whether Prince Tehuti-mes took his nap. He went to sleep, and he dreamed; and it seemed to him that the god in whose shadow he lay opened his great stone lips and spoke to him; and this is what the god said:

"Behold me! Look upon me, my son Tehuti-mes! I am thy father, *Hor-em-akhu*. Thou shalt be a mighty king, and rule over all the land. The whole world shall be thine in its length and in its breadth, as far as the light of the eye of the Lord of the Universe shines. Plenty and riches shall be thine. Long years shall be granted thee as thy term of life. My heart clings to thee.

"But the sand of the desert has covered me up. Promise me that thou wilt clear it away. Then shall I know that thou art my son, my helper."

Tehuti-mes awoke, and his dream had been so very real that as he looked up in adoration at the mighty stone face above him he half expected to see the big lips open anew to answer the devout prayers by which he promised obedience to the god's command. He laid up the words in his heart, and vowed that when he became king he would do all that his god had commanded. Some years after this

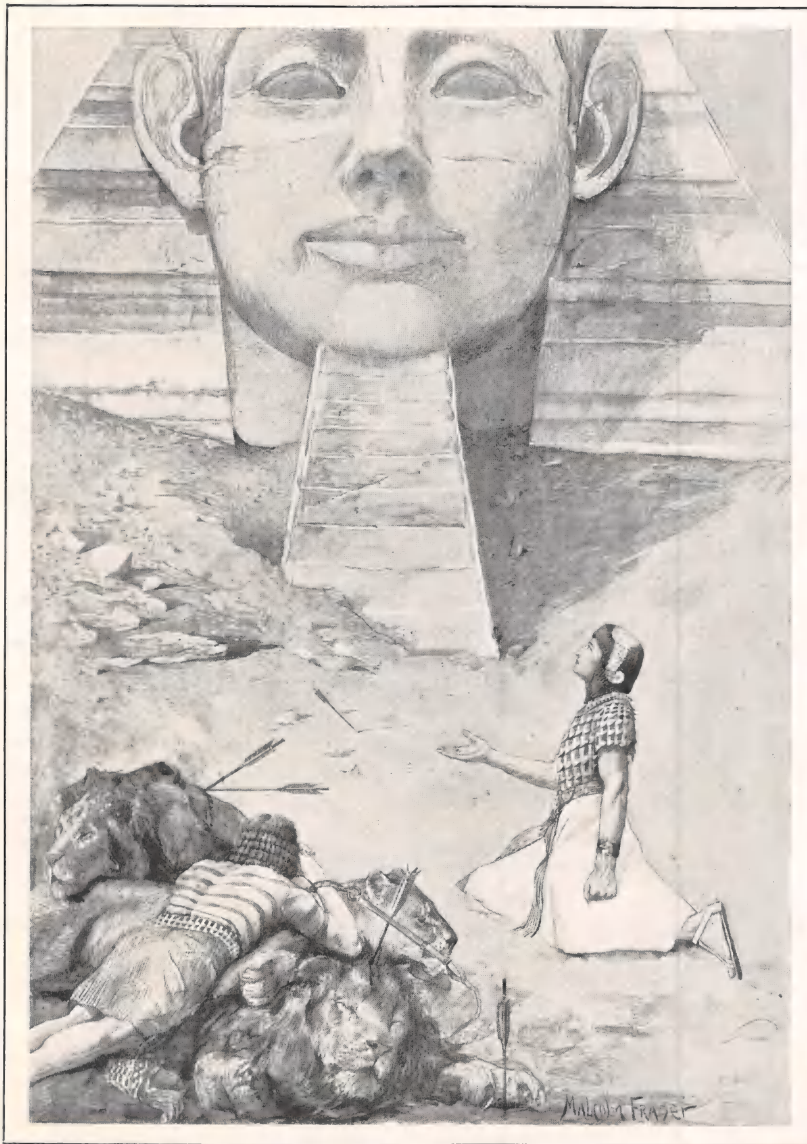


VIEW OF THE SPHINX SHOWING THE TABLET AND TEMPLE BETWEEN THE FORE LEGS.



his father died, and the prince ascended the throne of Egypt and was King Tehuti-mes IV. I will tell you now how it happened that we have found out whether he did what he made

terrific gales of wind, and then the sand is whirled along through the air in such quantities that it is worse for people to be out in than a rain-storm or snow-storm. Each gust of wind



PRINCE TEHUTI-MES AWAKES FROM HIS DREAM.

up his mind to do the day when he slept in the shadow of the Sphinx.

You have learned that the desert is mostly sand. Egypt does not have snow and hail and rain, as we do; hence its sand keeps exceedingly dry and powdery. Often there are

carries along just as much sand as it can support, and when anything obstructs the path of the wind, then and there the sand is dropped, and falls again to the ground.

Now, on the day when Prince Tehuti-mes had his dream, these sand-storms had been

blowing around the Sphinx for more than two thousand years, so you can imagine what a pile of sand had accumulated against him. In fact, he was all covered up, except his head.

And he was covered up in the year 1818, eighty-one years ago, when an Englishman named Caviglia undertook the task of digging him out. He had heard many interesting stories about the great Sphinx. In a book written by the celebrated Roman, Pliny, it was stated that a king was buried under it. Caviglia desired to find the tomb of this king, so he engaged a large number of laborers — men to dig and women and children to carry off the sand in baskets on their heads. They dug over a space of more than a hundred feet, carrying away the sand for days, and finally, what do you think they found? Right under the chin of the monstrous idol, at the end of a long passage between its paws, they found a little temple. The back wall of this temple was one huge block of red granite, covered all over with pictures and writing. Perhaps you think the writing was in English or German or French, or even in Greek or Latin. In not one of these. It was in a strange language that nobody could read. In fact, it did not look at all like a language. It looked for all the world just like a lot of pictures.

You must know that, ages before the dawn of history, there was no such thing as an alphabet. Letters had not been invented, and when people wished to send a written message anywhere, they did it by making pictures of what they wished to tell. This is the way the ancient Egyptians commenced to write. By and by, one at a time, they learned to make each picture stand for the sound of a letter or syllable, and so they spelled out their words.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE SPHINX TO-DAY.

You may imagine that it was a very long, tedious process to write in this way. This is the kind of writing which Mr. Caviglia found on the stone in the little house between the paws of the Sphinx. It is called the ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic writing. A Frenchman named Champolion first found out how to read it, and he had to study over it a long time before he could do so.

In 1896 an American, Colonel Raum of San Francisco, made

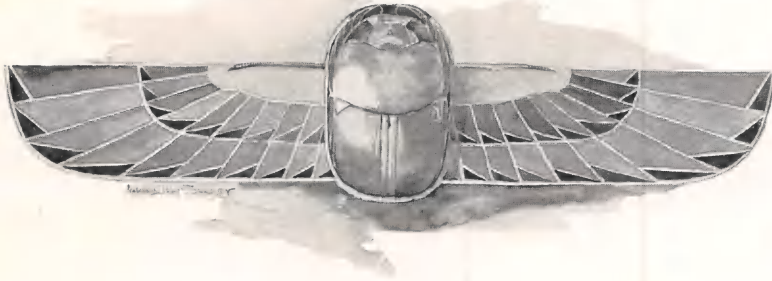
another attempt to uncover the Sphinx and find the buried king. With the help of a hundred Arabs, men and boys, he dug out the rubbish from a hole about forty feet deep, which had been cut down into the solid rock of the lion's body ages ago. The bottom of this hole was blocked up with stones. The Egyptian government would not allow him to remove them, so he was obliged to stop just at the very spot where is probably the entrance to an ancient tomb. He cleaned out the little temple, and found in it a piece of the stone beard, which had broken off and been buried for centuries. And more interesting still it was to find a part of the royal crown. This stone crown was gigantic. It was ten feet across and about fifteen or twenty feet high, and fitted into a hole in the head by a stem seven feet long.

When the writing upon the stone which Mr. Caviglia found was finally deciphered, it was learned from it that King Tehuti-mes IV. had built this little temple in the first year of his reign, more than three thousand years ago! Upon the stone he had had engraved in big hieroglyphics the whole story of his hunting expedition, his dream, and the command of the god. And of course he must have cleared away the sand, else he could not have set up the stone. But the sand soon drifted back again, and ever



since, though it has been several times dug out, the Sphinx is always being covered up by the drifting sands, and perhaps some day it will be overwhelmed and disappear altogether.

This is the story of the great sun-god Hor-em-akhu, which we call the Sphinx; and if, some day, you go to Egypt, you can see it for yourself — that is, if it is not buried by that time.



## TWO VALENTINES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

You never saw anything half so fine  
As the Princess Clementine's valentine!  
It glittered with gold; it shimmered with  
lace;  
Pink Cupids poised with dainty grace,  
Plump of limb and sly of face;  
Poems and posies, garlands gay,  
Were mixed in a decorative way.  
'T was all complete in a silver box  
With tiniest of keys and locks,  
And left by a page as sly as a fox,  
Who had never even a word to say,  
But handed it in on a silver tray,  
Took to his heels, and ran away.  
I'm sure the page was not to blame  
That the princess knew from whom it came—  
A very rich prince of a noble name.  
The princess yawned while she agreed  
'T was a very rich valentine indeed.

Then the gift was stowed away  
In a steel strong-box — and it's there to-day.

On his way home, the page did stray  
From the beaten path to a woodland way  
Which brought him, just at close of day,  
To a neat little cottage where he knew  
A sweet little maid, who sweeter grew  
Each day she was his sweetheart true.  
On tippiest tiptoe, soft and still,  
The dapper page crept near, until  
He left a rose on the window-sill;  
Attached to the rose was this billet-doux:

The rose is red, the violet blue,  
Sugar is sweet, and so are you;  
If you love me as I love you,  
No knife can cut our love in two.

'T was trite — but the best that he could do.

When the maiden finds the rose,  
Rosy pink her sweet face glows.

The strong-box gift to strong-box went;  
The rose from heart to heart was sent.  
They say a brook, whate'er its course,  
Can rise no higher than its source.

# THE COLBURN PRIZE.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE PERFECTLY SPLENDID NEWS.

"OH, mama, mama, what *do* you suppose?" cried a very excited little girl, as she rushed into her mother's cozy "den" at half-past one o'clock on a certain Friday afternoon.

"I 'suppose'—I 'suppose'—well, I 'suppose' my little daughter wants her luncheon; and I 'suppose' she wants to kiss me just over my left eye; and I 'suppose' she has something wildly exciting to tell me—probably a piece of school news or something similar; otherwise she would not have rushed in like a tornado; a southeast gale is generally sufficient to announce an ordinary piece of news." And Mrs. Folsome laughed as she drew Gertrude toward her with a tender, caressing gesture.

"No; but really, truly, mama, I have the most exciting piece of news to tell this time, and I just simply scorched home to tell you all about it. I left Alice pedaling away up the hill, but the news was so perfectly splendid that I had to leave her behind, and come home as hard as ever I could come."

"And now that you are here, why not disclose it at once, and not keep me in this horrible suspense?" said her mother, removing Gertrude's hat and coat as she talked.

"Well, I will; and it's just this: Mrs. Colburn was at the school this morning, and came into our literature class just as we were

reading a sketch of Longfellow's life, and we each had to read some poem of his. Well, Alice Fisher had just read 'The Bridge,' and



"NOT LONG AFTERWARD SHE WAS COASTING DOWN THE HILL, IN COMPANY WITH HER BOON COMPANION." (SEE PAGE 291.)

she read it beautifully; and then it came my turn, and I read 'The Children's Hour.' You



know how I love it, for it is so like our home that I always feel as though it were papa and I the poem told about. So I read it just as I felt it; and when I'd finished Miss Case said, 'Very nicely read, Gertrude,' and Mrs. Colburn asked my name. Was n't I proud, though!" And Gertrude emphasized her delight by a rapturous little skip to and fro.

"That dance is in parenthesis, I *suppose*." And her mother laughed as she used Gertrude's favorite word.

"Oh, well, I can't help it. The news is so lovely, and I am so glad, that I *have* to dance. But now I'll go on.

"So we all read our poems; and some of those girls—well, I'm glad I was n't any of them, for they made just bosh of what they read. I felt so ashamed for them! And was n't I glad you had always been so careful about my reading! For I never should have been able to read so well if you had n't made me just *see* everything I read, and tell all about it in my own words afterward. Then Mrs. Colburn said,—and you know her voice is just like little silver bells when she talks,—'I wonder how many of the children who have been reading Mr. Longfellow's poems to-day have ever formed mental pictures of them, and I wonder what they mean to those who have done so?'

"Some of us answered that we had, and some of us that we had n't; and then she said, 'I wish each of you would try to *see* them, for

you have no idea how much more the poems would mean to you if you did so.'

"Then I told her that you and I always did that way when we read anything, and what lovely times we had doing it; and you can't think how pleased she was."

"Indeed I can, too, for I know just how



"GERTRUDE'S MOTHER REMOVED HER HAT AND COAT AS SHE TALKED."

fascinating Mrs. Colburn is; she is a poem herself, with her great brown eyes, clear skin, and snowy hair brushed up from her forehead."

"And does n't she dress prettily, mama?—all in those soft grays."

"Yes; she has exquisite taste in that, as in everything else. But now, my darling, come down to luncheon, and tell me the rest at the lunch-table."

With arms locked around each other, mother

and bonny little daughter walked down the pretty oak staircase and into the cheerful dining-room, where Henry, the neat colored boy, had just laid a dainty luncheon.

"Now I am all ready to hear the conclusion," said Mrs. Folsome, when she had poured the tea.

And Gertrude resumed: "Then Mrs. Colburn told us that she felt a great interest in our literature class, and particularly in to-day's subject, as she had known Mr. Longfellow intimately, and had at one time lived near his lovely home in Cambridge. Of course, we girls went nearly wild then, for it made it seem *truly* true. Somehow, mama, it never seems to me that the people who wrote the poems ever *really* lived; does it seem so to you?"

"Why, certainly, dear. I have known, and now know, several persons who have given the world some very lovely thoughts."

"Well, Mrs. Colburn made it seem real to us to-day; for she told us about Mr. Longfellow's house, and his daughters, and—oh! ever so many things that I could n't begin to tell over again! And then she said—and this is the perfectly splendid part—that she wanted us each to choose one of his poems and write a story about it—to draw a pen-picture, one might say, and try to make other people see the poem as we saw it. That is, illustrate it as an artist would, but without drawing a sketch as he would do.

"We are to have them all ready a week from to-day, and are to give them to Miss Case, and she will send them to Mrs. Colburn to be criticized and judged. Then, the Friday after that, we are to meet Mrs. Colburn at the school at twelve o'clock, and the girl who has written the best description is to have a perfectly beautiful prize; and you'll never, never guess what it is to be!"

"I am sure I never shall, so you had better relieve my suspense at once."

"A gold watch with the winner's monogram on one side and 'H. W. L.' on the other!" And Gertrude laid down her knife and fork to point both forefingers at her mother, as though to impress the great importance of this wonderful piece of news more emphatically.

"Did you ever hear of anything so delightful, mother?"

"I don't think I ever did; and I wish with all my heart that you may be the successful competitor: for, aside from the beauty of the prize, its associations will be of far greater value. But you will have to try very hard, dear."

"You may be sure that I shall try hard; and I'm going to begin this very evening. I think I'll choose 'The Children's Hour,' for that seems to mean more to me than any of his poems."

"Then I certainly should choose it, by all means. But tell me, are the descriptions to be read in the school two weeks from to-day?"

"Yes; Miss Case will dismiss the whole school at noon, and then the literature class will meet in the big assembly-room. Of course, any of the other girls who choose to remain to hear the readings may do so, and we may invite some of our friends if we wish to."

"May I be considered a friend, and come, too?" asked Mrs. Folsome, as she rose from the table.

"My vote is a *Yes*, with a capital letter! Why, it would n't be worth a little green button unless you were there to listen!"

"Very well; I'll be sure to be there, and so add to the value of the occasion that it will be worth a big blue button! Will that be par value?"

"Yes, indeedy. And now I'm going out for a spin; for I've thought so hard about all this that my brain is as snarly as my hair, and if you have to get the kinks out of that and my hair, too, before I go to bed to-night, you will have an awful time. Good-by!"

Not long afterward she was coasting down the hill, in company with her boon companion, Alice Fisher, whom she had met at the front door; for, as Mr. Folsome put it, "they hunted in couples," and were never far apart.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE COMPETITION BEGINS.

BEFORE going further it will perhaps be well to tell something of our little heroine; for we all like to know somewhat of the personal



appearance and surroundings of those in whom we are interested.

Mr. and Mrs. Folsome lived in a pretty suburban town not many miles distant from the great city that had recently absorbed so many of the smaller cities which surrounded it. The town in which they had chosen to make their own particular home was one of the loveliest of the city's suburbs, and not within its boundary lines could have been found a spot more attractive.

While not wealthy, Mr. Folsome enjoyed a very comfortable income, and so long as he was able to bring happiness to his wife and little daughter, to provide them with everything necessary to their comfort and many little pleasures besides, he was as happy as a man could well be.

Mrs. Folsome was a devoted wife and mother, living in the lives of her husband and sunshiny little daughter, and finding her own life very full and sweet therein.

She and Gertrude were boon companions, and to Gertrude nothing was quite complete unless "mama" shared it. While both parents always considered their little daughter's happiness, and endeavored to gratify every reasonable wish, they never, for one moment, lost sight of the fact that she was an "only child," and had a very wholesome dread of her ever becoming the proverbial spoiled one. To guide her gently up to an unselfish, noble womanhood was their paramount aim; and up to the time our story opens they had certainly met with pronounced success, for Gertrude was as happy and wholesome a bit of bonny girlhood as one would wish for.

She had just passed her twelfth birthday, and, thanks to her wise mother's care, was as strong and healthy as plenty of outdoor exercise, wholesome food, and early hours could make her. An active mind had been carefully trained, and at twelve she was as well informed as is the average girl of sixteen; for both father and mother read and talked freely with her, taking care to answer in the wisest, simplest way any question she asked.

And they were kept well occupied, I do assure you, for under their wise care brain and body developed with surprising rapidity.

She was about the average height, gracefully formed, her head well poised, and her body erect and alert. She had big brown eyes, a dainty nose somewhat inclined to sniff at the clouds, a beautiful, sensitive mouth, and a clear olive skin, which, defying wind and weather, kept its perfect clearness and softness under all conditions. Her hair never *would* "stay put," but was determined to fly about in all directions, and kink up in spite of the stiffest of stiff brushes.

Such was the little maid whom, a few hours later, we find scribbling away at her pretty oak desk in the cozy library, her forehead in a kink, and her mouth pursed up into a perplexed pucker.

"Papa dear," she said, turning to her father, who sat reading the evening paper beside the shaded lamp which stood upon the library table, "would you prefer to have your study—if you happened to have one—furnished in dark red or in old blue?"

"That would depend upon the woodwork of the room," was the reply.

"I think I shall make the room all in beautiful mahogany, with a richly carved chimney-piece and handsome mahogany furnishings."

"Then I think the old blue would be the handsomer, and I would have the tiling of the fireplace to match."

"Oh, yes! and beautiful brass fire-irons and fender, and a lovely brass lamp with a pretty cream-colored shade; and everything just as it *should* be."

"Yes; I should certainly have everything just as it *should* be." And her father smiled at her eagerness.

"Are we to have your description read to us when completed?" asked her mother, who sat before the pretty open fireplace with "Dot," the fox-terrier, curled up in her lap.

"To be sure you are! Why, what would it be like if you and papa did n't have first criticism, I'd like to know?" Gertrude looked quite horrified.

Scratch, scratch, went the pencil, and for a long time it was the only sound heard.

"There! that's the first draft, and if it's all right I've only to copy it carefully." Then Gertrude bounced up so suddenly that her

pens and pencils danced, and Dot fell heels over head into the fender.

"Mercy me! I do believe he has bumped himself to bits," cried the unintentional cause

One saw the rich hangings of the handsomely appointed study; the soft light from the hall lamp falling aslant the doorway between the heavy velvet portières; the bright



"A GOLD WATCH WITH THE WINNER'S MONOGRAM ON ONE SIDE."

of the little dog's upset, and she flew to rescue the unfortunate.

"Did I nearly scare you into fits, you poor little stump-tail? Well, it was too bad, and I won't give such a bounce again. But, Dot,"—seriously,—“you don't know what cause I have for jumping”—holding the little terrier at arm's-length, and wagging her head at him very solemnly.

"Just suppose *you* were trying your very bestest best to win a perfectly beautiful gold—Oh, dear, you would n't give a pin for a watch, would you? Well, then, a bone—a monstrous bone. Don't you think you would get excited, too?"

Dot wriggled and squirmed, wagged his stump of a tail, and made frantic laps at her face with his little pink tongue.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen and dogs, your attention, please." And she began to read her pen-picture of "The Children's Hour."

It was really remarkably well done for a child of twelve, and showed an exceptional appreciation of the beautiful poem.

hall with its great wide stairway, and the three laughing girls tiptoeing down the stairs. Then came the "sudden raid," and the girls surround their father as he sits in the large easy-chair before the glowing coals of the open fire, their arms encircling him, while they press their soft, laughing faces close to his graver one, and he tries to gather them all to his heart, which is large enough to hold them within its "round tower," even though his arms cannot embrace all at once.

Love, tenderness, mirth, and joy were all depicted, and well depicted, too; for, with all her fun and happy-go-lucky ways, Gertrude had a keen appreciation of all that was beautiful, and her constant association with her parents made her quick to realize the feelings of others. Then, too, she expressed herself easily and simply in writing, and each word told.

"Very well written, my little girl," said her father, when she had finished reading. "You have only to go over it carefully in order to make a few corrections in the construction of



your sentences, and you will be in a fair way to hear your watch ticking, two weeks from to-night."

"Do you *truly* think so, papa?"—eagerly.

"I truly do, dear."

"And, mama, what do you think of it?"

"I've just come back from a pleasant call upon Mr. Longfellow and his daughters in their Cambridge home, and have hardly yet waked up to my present surroundings."

"Really—have you really? Oh, I *am* so glad I made you see it just as I felt it all! And now come along, Dot, and let's have a romp. I've scribbled till my fingers ache."

And away she pranced with her jolly play-fellow, her mood having changed in one little instant from the serious to the merry side of her nature.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ALICE FISHER.

MONDAY morning found the school-room in a state of wild excitement; for the girls were

all brimful of the competition, and many of them, like Gertrude, had already written their papers. So a perfect babel of tongues held forth upon their various strong points; for large and small were alike interested, and ready to praise or criticize freely. Of those already written several were very good, and the contest for the watch bid fair to be a keen competition.

"It's no use for me to try, for I never can make any sense of it," said Dora Hinton, a rather heavy girl, whose seat was two or three desks removed from Gertrude's.

"Oh, yes, you can, too," replied Alice Fisher, to whom the remark was made, and who wished to encourage Dora.

"No, I can't, really. Somehow, I can't imagine things one bit. I like to hear of them, or read about them, but I think imagination must have been left out when I was made." Poor Dora looked rather forlorn over her shortcomings.

"I *do* so wish I could win that watch," said Alice, wistfully; "but I'm afraid I sha'n't



"'WOULD YOU PREFER TO HAVE YOUR STUDY FURNISHED IN DARK RED OR IN OLD BLUE?' ASKED GERTRUDE."

have much chance of doing it, for Gertrude Folsome writes such perfectly splendid compositions that I know she will be able to write this thing better than any other girl in the school."

"But you write lovely ones, too, for Miss Case said only the other day that she could hardly decide which was the better one of the two lying upon her desk, and one was yours and the other Gertrude's. It was the day you had to stay home, the day when your mother was sick."

"Did she truly? I *am* so glad, for I did n't think she liked mine very well, and Gertrude's got the highest mark."

"Yes, I know it; but that was because Miss Case liked her subject better."

"Then I have a chance, after all; and won't I try hard! I did n't have time to do anything on Friday or Saturday, for mama was n't well, and I had a lot of things to do for her; but I guess I'll have time to begin this afternoon." And Alice went back to her desk, which she shared with Gertrude.

The two were fast friends, and were together as much as circumstances permitted; but Gertrude's life and Alice's were very unlike, for the former's was all sunshine, while over the latter's came many little shadows.

Mrs. Fisher was a nervous, fretful woman who fancied herself an invalid, and proved rather an exacting one; so that it was Alice who usually had to think for the mother, rather than the mother who watched over her child.

Alice was the youngest of three children, the others being young men at college, and was rather a delicate child, tall for her age, which was fourteen, and extremely sensitive and nervous. Thinking so much for her mother, and striving to shield her from all care and excitement, had made her prematurely thoughtful and quiet. She was a good student, and worked most conscientiously, but quite alone; for her mother would not hear of her bringing the lessons near her room, and her father was too much occupied with the rise and fall of stocks to give her a thought. So she worked on by herself; and Miss Case, who knew the peculiarities of her home surround-

ings, marveled at her progress, and gave her all the assistance she could give, in justice to the others.

Alice was greatly attached to Miss Case; and this was natural, for a lovelier character never was brought in contact with young people. Isabel Case had certainly not missed her vocation when she became principal of a large and successful girls' school. It could not fail to prosper under her wise management, for she understood children perfectly; and although she could be affectionate and merry with them, she could also guide and govern them absolutely, and without their ever suspecting how absolutely.

Alice had few pleasures and few pretty things, for her mother left everything to the maids and to the seamstress who came each spring and fall to do the family sewing, and Alice was "fitted out" according to Miss Moore's ideas.

If Miss Case had a partial thought in the matter, it was for Alice, because she realized that the winning of the prize would mean more to her than to the others, who were nearly all the children of happy homes and well-to-do parents, who could and did give them a great deal.

Miss Case, however, was quick to realize that Alice had a sharp rival in Gertrude, and was wise enough to say nothing to any one upon the subject of the contest.

As the two girls rode home on their wheels—and even her wheel had been given to Alice simply from motives of economy, for her home was at least two miles from the school, and Mr. Fisher considered the wheel cheaper than hiring a carriage often—they talked over the question of the hour.

"I'm going to work on my paper just as hard as ever I can this afternoon. I do wish I had some one to talk to about it, it's so stupid to do it all alone. Did you do yours all alone? I don't mean that some one helped you write it, of course; but after you'd written it did you read it to your mother?" Alice asked Gertrude.

"Yes, and to papa, too; and they both liked it ever so much. Oh, Alice, can't you come over to our house this afternoon, and



stay all night with me? We would have a gay time, and you could write your paper and read it to us. Do!"

"Do you think your mother would like to have me?"

"To be sure she would. She always says to ask you whenever I like. Will you come?"

"I 'd love to," was the brief answer.

"Mama, may I go over and stay all night with Gertrude?" Alice asked her mother,

some at once, and a cup of tea, too. But tell her not to make it so strong that I can't touch it." Then Mrs. Fisher resumed her perusal of the light novel which Alice's entrance had interrupted.

Her simple preparations made, Alice started for the visit from which she expected so much pleasure. Her wheel spun gaily along in the bright October sunshine, and brilliantly tinted leaves fell upon her from the beautiful maples which almost met over the road.

Soon she was installed in Gertrude's cozy room; and while the latter prepared her lessons for the following day, Alice worked hard upon the all-important paper.

She had chosen for her subject "The Bridge," the same poem she had read on the previous Friday. Its vein of sadness appealed to her subdued nature, as the brighter poem had struck a responsive chord in Gertrude's happier one; and she seemed to see the quiet waters flowing beneath her feet.

In about an hour she announced that her work was finished; and Gertrude in the meantime having completed her tasks, the two girls ran out for their wheels; for the young bodies needed exercise after the young brains had worked so steadily.

"I 'm afraid it is no use for me to compete with you, but I can't help wishing to win the watch. I've always wanted one so badly; but when I ask papa, he always says, 'Yes, yes, child,

certainly,' and then forgets all about it, I believe. So many of the girls have such pretty things, and I do love them so."

"I don't blame you one bit for wanting to win it; I guess anybody would love to win that prize."

But a serious tone had come into Gertrude's voice, and a thoughtful look upon her face.



"ALICE WORKED HARD UPON THE ALL-IMPORTANT PAPER."

when she reached home about twenty minutes later.

"I don't care, I 'm sure. Did you bring home the new biscuits your father saw advertised yesterday?"

"Yes, 'm; they are on the side-table in the dining-room."

"Well, run along; and tell Jane to fetch me

(To be continued.)



## Ballad of the Little Page

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

It was a little, little page,  
Was brought from far away,  
To bear the great queen's velvet train  
Upon her bridal day.

His yellow curls were long and bright,  
His page's suit was blue,  
With golden clasps at neck and knee,  
And ruffles fair and new.

And faith, he was the smallest page  
The court had ever known:  
His head scarce reached the topmost step  
That led up to the throne.

And oh, 't was but a little lad  
Had never been before  
So many leagues from kin and friends,  
And from his father's door!

And oh! —'t was but a little child  
Who never yet, I wis,  
Had stolen lonely to his bed  
Without his mother's kiss.

He had not seen the noble queen,  
Of whom his heart had fear;  
He knew no friend at court to give  
A welcome and good cheer.

It was the busy night before  
The great queen's wedding-day,  
And all was bustle, haste, and noise,  
And every one was gay;

And each one had his task to do,  
And none had time to spare  
To tend a weeping little page  
Whose mother was not there.



Far in a big and gloomy room  
Within the castle keep,  
The little page lay all alone,  
And wept, and could not sleep.

The little page lay all alone,  
And hid his head and cried,  
Until it seemed his aching heart  
Would burst his little side.

The chamber door was set ajar,  
And one was passing by

Who heard the little page's sobs  
And then his piteous cry.

Then some one lifted up the latch  
And pushed the heavy door,  
And then a lady entered in  
And crossed the chamber floor—

A lady tall and sweet and fair,  
In bridal white who stepped;  
She stood beside the page's bed,  
And asked him why he wept.



“—AND NONE HAD TIME TO SPARE  
TO TEND A LITTLE WEeping PAGE.”



"HE TREMBLED AND LOOKED DOWN."

And then he sobbed about a "kiss,"  
His "mother," and his "home,"  
And wished the queen had called no page,  
And wished he had not come;

For she was "such a proud, great queen"  
He was afraid, he said;  
And he was "lost and lonely" there  
In that huge, gloomy bed.

And then the lady bent her down  
And kissed him on the lips,  
And smoothed his yellow, silken curls  
With tender finger-tips.

The tears stood in her gentle eyes;  
"Poor little lad!" she said,

And cuddled him up in her arms  
And knelt down by the bed.

And so she held him, close and warm,  
And sang him off to sleep,  
While at her nod her waiting-maids  
A silent watch did keep.

And when the morning smiled again  
The little page awoke.  
They clad him in a suit of white,  
With velvet cap and cloak,

And crystal buckles on his shoes,  
And led him to the queen,  
All lovely in her bridal gear,  
The fairest ever seen.

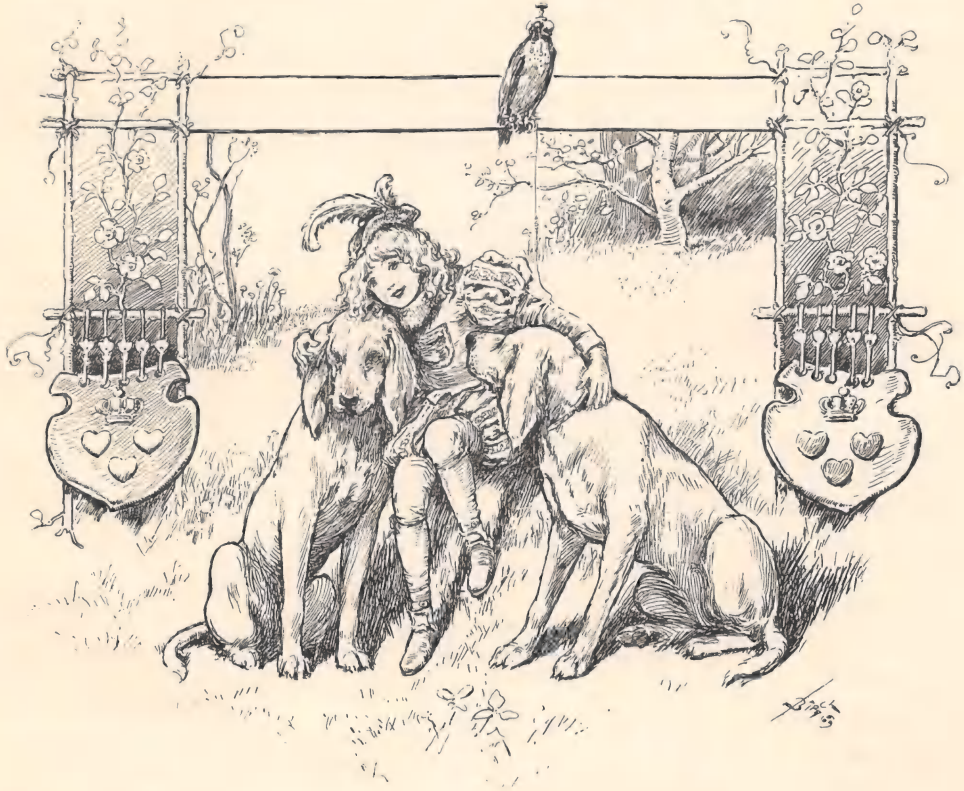


And he was such a tiny page,  
He trembled and looked down,  
For he was sore afraid to see  
The great queen sternly frown.

But lo! he heard a soft voice say,  
"O little page, look here!  
Am I, who sing to sleep so well,  
A queen for child to fear?"

He raised his eyes, and lo! the bride  
Looked on the page and smiled,  
And then he knew the queen had played  
At nurse-maid for a child.

And well he graced the wedding-feast  
And bore her velvet train,  
And at his dear queen's side thenceforth  
Was never sad again.



## THE BABY CROCUS.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

THERE in its own little fragrant dome  
You may find the baby crocus at home.  
Away from all scenes of blight and strife,  
It lives a delicate convent-life.  
From worldly care and dangers free,  
It grows bright golden for you and me;

IN its vaulted cloister in early spring  
Hears the birds of the wood choir sweetly  
sing;  
And all the while God perfects its form,  
For it sleeps safe shielded from wind and  
storm!

## UNDER THE HEADLIGHT.

*(An all-night ride on the pilot of a locomotive.)*

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

ONE summer morning, nearly twenty years ago, I found myself in New Orleans, Louisiana, with very little money indeed. Being rich in youth and health, this fact did not trouble me. I was rather expert in certain branches of photography, and at once set about obtaining employment at what I was pleased to call my profession.

But it was a poor year and a dull season. I tramped day after day from gallery to gallery, getting always the same reply: "More help than we need now. No chance before cotton time," which was then about three months distant. Finally I went to the photographic supply depot and learned there that a customer at Winona, Mississippi, wanted at once an operator and retoucher, and would pay for his work a fair price, as wages went. I thanked my informant, and said that I would start immediately.

But alas! Winona was more than two hundred and seventy miles from New Orleans, and the fare something over eight dollars. A year or so later I should have stated my case frankly to the supply-dealer and arranged for my ticket. But I did not know of this custom then, and also, being very young, was too proud, or too timid, perhaps, to confess my predicament. Instead, I went back to my cheap room to devise ways and means.

There seemed very few of either. I had precisely twenty-five cents after paying my bill, and the sale of a half-worn heavy coat — not needed in this climate and season — brought me fifty cents more. The remainder of my wardrobe I put into a small valise, and presently set out on foot for the Illinois Central Railroad yards, where freight-trains for the North were made up. I had resolved to beat my way.

I was not altogether unfitted for the under-

taking. In still earlier youth I had for one summer been station-agent's assistant, or "cub," at a small Western village, and had learned a good deal about cars, as well as to climb over them while in motion; also the lingo and manner of railroad men, and the kind of talk most likely to obtain a free ride. In fact, during the summer that followed, I had made an extensive trip, in company with a boy-friend, through the great wheat districts of the Central West, earning a good deal of money in the harvest-fields, and paying no railroad fare whatever, though often riding with the trainmen, and in such style as the caboose afforded. I felt confident, therefore, of my ability to get about handily on any part of a running train, and relied as well on a certain railroad freemasonry, though I am bound to say the latter did not count for much in this adventure.

It was a warm day. Even the small valise and my light attire became a burden. Arriving at the yards, the sun beat fiercely down on the cinders and shining steel rails. Then, the constant switching was confusing, and there seemed to be no train making up that would be ready to start for some hours at least.

I resolved at length to walk to the first small station outside the city, and wait somewhere in the shade until a train came along. Remembering past experience, I counted on making an average of a hundred miles a day, at which rate it would take me about three days to reach Winona.

Beyond the outskirts of the city the road led through a semi-tropical Louisiana swamp, from which the sun drew steam and heavy odors. Here and there I passed gangs of negro railroad laborers, whose shiny blue-black bodies, bare above the waist, and gleaming like polished gun-metal, had a wild look of South African savagery. They chopped and dug at the rank



tropical vegetation, and did n't seem to mind the heat, which to me was stifling.

My valise began to drag on me fearfully, and it would bother me still worse later; I resolved to express it, charges collect, from the little station at which, almost overcome by the heat, I at length arrived. Here also I bought a few cents' worth of crackers, and, with cold water from a public well was soon refreshed. Then I went over near the track, and sat down in a shady place to wait.

I had barely rested when a construction train ran in, pausing just long enough for telegraphic orders. When it pulled out, I mounted an empty flat-car at the rear end. By and by an employee came back to where I was sitting.

"Where you goin'?" he shouted, above the clatter of the wheels.

"Winona!" I shouted back.

"Can't ride here! Against the rules!"

"Sorry, but I *must go*."

"Can't allow it. You must get off next stop."

"All right."

The train was for hauling gravel and was very long. I sat on the edge of the flat-car and let my feet swing over the side. The cool wind fanned by, and I enjoyed the scenery. We were making time, too, for a gravel-train, and I thought if I could just keep this up I could increase the daily average. After about a dozen miles, however, we stopped, and I jumped off, as I had agreed to do.

We were at another little village, and I walked for a short distance up a shady street. Then my train whistled to start, and as she got under good headway I resumed my old place on the rear flat-car. Presently my former acquaintance returned and shouted:

"Thought I told you you could n't ride here!"

"Yes, I believe you did."

"Why did n't you get off back there, then?"

"I did."

He smiled then, too.

"Well," he said, "you can go as far as the lake. We stop there to work. But it's a bad place to lay up in. Mosquitos will kill you."

"When does the next train come along?"

"About nine o'clock. Passenger-train. Stops at the tank there for water."

That suited me exactly. I could make a station, perhaps two, on the passenger, and some time during the night catch a freight, which, with good luck, I could "hold down" till morning, thus completing my first hundred miles or more.

By and by we came to Lake Pontchartrain bridge, and just beyond it my train ran into a switch and laid up. A gang of painters were employed on the bridge, and with these I soon struck up an acquaintance; for, among the many occupations of a restless youth, I had also painted. The foreman offered me a job, presently, at two dollars a day and board. I thought at first I would take it temporarily, but finally declined, fearing the delay would cause me to lose the other position.

The lake was picturesque. The tall moss-hung cypresses and the placid waters were just as I had seen them in the pictures. The bridge had a draw in the middle of it, and presently this was opened to let a lumber-schooner pass—the "Mary Polly" of New Orleans. As she passed through I looked down on her peaceful decks and wished she were going my way.

At the end of the bridge there was a little store where I ate a light lunch. I did find the mosquitos rather fierce, but I had nothing to do except to defend myself, and night brought, at last, the rumble of my approaching train. I knew it only stopped here for water, and I could tell just about where the pilot, or cow-catcher, of the engine would be when it stopped. In a line with this and near the track I stood waiting behind some tall weeds and bushes, while the headlight streamed across the bridge, passed me, and the heavy train slowed down and stood panting at the tank. When the big water-pipe was hoisted back to its place and the locomotive began to move slowly, I stepped out and, putting my toe on the lower crosspiece of the cow-catcher, swung myself lightly into place, directly in front of the boiler and beneath the great glaring headlight.

It had grown quite dark by this time, and neither the engineer nor fireman was looking. I felt quite sure I had not been noticed.

Presently we began to go much faster, then still faster. Then we settled down into a steady thirty to thirty-five mile swing, and the rushing

wind swept heat, mosquitos, and weariness far behind.

Faster and still faster! The engine began to rock and hum, and a cloud of small sharp cinders swirled down from above. They stung my face, but I did not mind them. I was cutting off good miles now. How long I would be allowed to do so, I had no idea; but every two minutes that it lasted meant a mile, at least, nearer my journey's end, and the sensation and excitement of it were glorious. The light from the great eye above me streamed far ahead up the track. On each side was a black wall of night, and between them I was plunging northward at a fearful speed.

On, and still on. Suddenly, with a wild scream from above, we swept through a town without stopping. Country stores were built along the track, after the usual fashion of Southern villages. I saw lights and people. Then woods and blackness again, with the great light streaming ahead.

A new joy now swept over me. My train was the express—the fast mail. It would stop only where railroads crossed, or at large towns, and for water. There are very few railroads or large towns in Mississippi,—fewer then than now,—and an express-locomotive does not take water often. I was good for thirty miles, perhaps, before the first stop. How much better it was than the plodding freights! I looked down the shining steel rails that drew together and vanished in the gloom far ahead, and was exultant, with the careless happiness of youth.

Another village fled by, and another. I was quite settled down to a sense of enjoyment and ownership by this time, and when at last we whistled "down brakes," and I felt our speed slacken for the first stop, it was with a sense of personal injury and ill usage. Perhaps this was to be the end of my glorious ride. It would be more difficult to escape notice in the town than it had been at the lonely water-tank. To add to my dismay, some boys saw me as we swept up to the platform, and ran along by the engine, pointing and calling to the engineer. It was all up, of course. I must get off, and stay off. They had fallen a little behind, however, by the time the engine stopped. I

slid off directly in front of the pilot, and walked carelessly away as if I had reached my journey's end. Opposite the platform some ties were piled near the track, and there it was dark. I stepped between them and waited. The boys came up to the pilot, whooping eagerly, and found me gone. I heard them talking loudly and laughing; then their voices grew fainter. The bell clanged to go, and from my place in the shadow I saw the engine move. I stepped out quickly, though with no undue haste, and resumed my place on the pilot. I was, I believe, quite cool. I realized that a scramble might mean a misstep, and a misstep, death. The engineer or fireman may have seen me, but, if so, they gave no sign. The town became scattering houses, with only here and there a light; then came woods again, and the rushing black walls.

I rejoiced greatly that I was good for at least one more stage of my journey. I believed that I had already covered no less than thirty miles on the pilot, and that the next stop would mean as many more. Every village that we dashed through added to my satisfaction; and when the engine screamed, I shouted with it. Then I sang hymns and jubilee songs to the roar and rhythm and rock of the locomotive.

No boys troubled me at the next stop. Perhaps it was too late for them. Nevertheless, I got off instantly, on the side opposite the platform, and walked back to the mail-car. I knew that it had a step on the front, and that the door leading out to this step was rarely opened. It was dark there, and I sat on the end of a tie just below until the train moved; then I climbed aboard, and away we went once more.

This was a harder place to ride, for the cinders and smoke were terrible; but I was determined to make at least one more run, and I felt that the engineer and fireman, who must have seen me, would be on the watch and prevent my boarding the pilot again.

Either the run was unusually long this time, or it seemed so because of the discomforts of my position. Then, too, for some reason, a postal employee came out there and found me. He shouted to me to get off, and stay off, at the next stop. I did not waste words with him. It was no place for argument. I had resolved



to "get off and stay off" his old car, anyway. I did so, and went quietly forward to the friendly engine.

My engineer and fireman were off their guard now, it seemed, and I lay in the shadow of some freight-cars on the siding until the pilot moved. Then I mounted as before, and with renewed joy and confidence. This was something like. On the mail-car was no proper place for a gentleman to ride. Perhaps the wildness and excitement of it all had made me desperate by this time, for I was seized with a determination to ride till daybreak.

"I won't get off till morning!  
I won't get off till morning!  
I won't get off till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear!"

I shouted.

But there are some things easier to sing than to do. I went along without difficulty and with increasing confidence for several stations. Then, all at once,—at Canton, I think,—we changed engines. There was broad light everywhere, and a number of employees were about the cab. The conductor, too, came up presently to chat with the engineer, and from my concealment in the shadow of a small tool-house I could hear what they said. I heard the conductor speak of the hot night and a black cloud, and say that it was going to rain. I wished that it would pour instantly, so that everybody would go away.

This it did not do, and the engineer oiled and wiped while the conductor and yard employees lingered and talked. There would be no chance whatever to get back on the pilot,—none, so far as I could see, to get anywhere,—unless these fellows went away. The employees did so presently, but the conductor lingered and talked on. Then, for some unknown reason, he turned and walked directly to where I was sitting. It would have been foolish to run. I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep. He came up and held his lantern to my face. Then he called to the engineer: "Here 's a fellow going to get wet, Bill!"

The engineer laughed, but did not seem interested enough to look. The conductor left me, and I heard him talking to the engineer

again—something about tramps and getting killed. He talked on, and I concluded that he meant to stay there until the train started and get on the first coach as it passed. The situation was becoming desperate. After all, perhaps it would be as well to stop over one train at Canton.

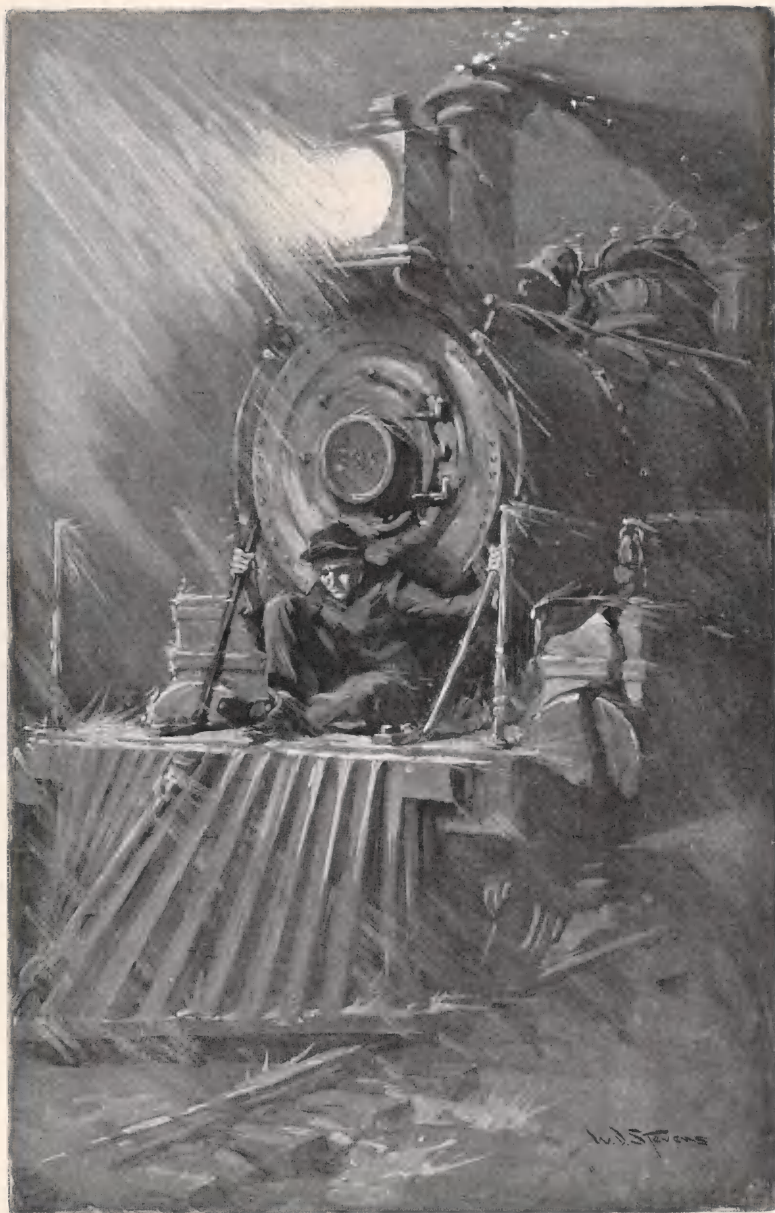
But when the bell began to ring it brought me to my feet. The conductor had walked back a few yards to the end of the platform. If he got on the step of the mail-car there was no hope. The train was moving now, and gaining speed with every foot. He was a heavy man, and would hardly take chances on waiting for the coach. The baggage-car passed him, and the mail-car came on at good speed. He looked at the step as it came abreast of him, made a slight movement with his body, and — let it pass.

I hesitated no longer. He would not look around again. I stepped quickly over to the track, and as the mail-car step swept by, almost on a level with my head, I caught the handles and made a quick, swinging leap. An instant later I was seated on the upper step, my heart thumping and my breath coming quick and hard. The step had been very high and was going very fast. It was the greatest feat of my life.

The postal employee did not come out this time, perhaps because it was sprinkling and very discouraging out there. At the next stop I went back to my old post on the pilot.

Now it began to rain in earnest—great splashing drops at first, with quick lightning and thunder. I was drenched through at once, of course. Then followed one of the fiercest thunder-storms of that semi-tropical country: a continuous blue flare, crashing thunder, a torrent of water that bore upon me as if from a broken dam. The conductor's prophecy had come true: I *was* wet. It was cool, though, and a relief after the mail-step. I bent my head to it, and laughed aloud at the wildness of the situation. I thought, if we should only strike a cow now, there would be nothing left to happen, and the fact that we were rushing on to the North through it all exhilarated me till I shouted and sang and laughed with the rain beating and blinding me. The storm slack-

ened at last, then ceased. The air was much cooler, and I began to feel chilly with the rushing wind in my wet clothes. But the interest and exercise of regaining my position, that kept me awake. And so on through the night. I do not



"THIRTY MILES AN HOUR! HOW MUCH BETTER THIS WAS THAN THE PLODDING FREIGHTS!"

boiler behind me was warm, and I pressed back against it. As my clothes dried I grew very sleepy.

For a time I could scarcely hold my eyes open, and it was only the occasional stop, and the

know how many stops we made in all—how many times I concealed myself behind the ties, weeds, cars, sheds, or whatever came handiest; but it could not have been less than a dozen in all. Of these places I caught a few



of the names as we passed the station placards. I remember dimly Crystal Spring, Jackson, the State capital, and, more clearly, Canton (I think), where we changed engines. I had counted on the night seeming very long, and I

rain had something to do with his mirth. He was good-hearted, though, and went back to his cab with a pleasant word. If he sees this, and remembers, I want him to know that if I was n't clean, I was grateful for his kindness.



ON THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE STORM!

could scarcely believe that it was more than two o'clock when all at once I realized that daylight was coming. The sky was clear now, and the stars were fading back into the white light of morning. Bushes and trees on either side began to show in dim outline as we whirled past. At the next stop the fireman came around and met me as I left my seat. He carried a lantern and an oil-can, and did not seem surprised.

"Don't you ever get tired?" he asked.

I knew then that he must have been aware of me for some time. I said that I *was* rather tired—that travel was not all pleasure. He laughed, and throwing his light in my face, looked at me intently. Then he laughed again. I suppose the soot and cinders that had gathered on my features and mixed with the

The next stop was a water-tank in the woods. The sun was on the horizon, and the wet green trees were loud with birds. The conductor came forward and saw me.

"This is your place to get off," he said.

"Well," I replied, "I guess I *will* stop over here."

I sat down on a green bank, and the train went on. Then I went to a barrel of fresh rain-water that stood near the tank, and plunged in my arms and head. When I had finished I believed I had the soot and cinders pretty well off. I learned my mistake when, later, I came face to face with a mirror. But, at least, I was refreshed, and sat down to think and congratulate myself on the night's run. I believed that it was about four o'clock, and that I had been seven hours on the train. I could not have

made less than two hundred miles, which, with the distance beyond Lake Pontchartrain, would make a total not far from two hundred and twenty-five, leaving perhaps fifty still to go. I could take a good rest, and, with any luck at all, still complete my journey a day sooner than I had calculated.

I realized suddenly that I was thinking all this aloud, and repeating some of it over and over. My head felt light, and I knew that I was slightly delirious from loss of sleep and excitement. I was tempted to lie down at once, but decided to walk on to the first village and get something to eat. There were open fields just ahead, where meadow-larks sang and the grass sparkled with dew. The morning air was fresh and sweet — much better, I thought, than the heavy Louisiana atmosphere. I felt perfectly well in body, but found it hard not to think aloud. The mind is very easily unsettled.

All at once I came to a little road that led across the track and connected two fields. A small negro boy was driving a cow across, and just beyond him was a white post with black figures on it. I looked closer and saw that they formed the number "271." I stared at them steadily — 272 would be my destination. I was not quite sure of my brain. Then I asked of the little dinky:

"How far is it to the next town?"

He looked at me, grinning, before he spoke.

"'Bout a mile," he said. "You can see it f'm right up yon'er a li'l' piece."

"What 's the name of it?"

"Winona."

I made him repeat it to be sure.

"Yes, sah; Winona. Mighty nice town, sah."

I gave him five of the sixty cents still left in my pocket. Then I hurried on, and going to a cheap railroad restaurant, ate whatever I could get the most of for the least money. They had a wash-room there, and a mirror. In the latter I saw what I most needed, and took it, for towel and basin were there and soap that was strong and plentiful. After breakfast I went to a barber shop, and came out penniless but respectable. I reached my employer's gallery just as he was opening his morning's mail. It contained a letter from New Orleans, stating that a man such as he needed would start at once. It referred to me, and had come on the same train. He was glad to see me, and I remained with him a year. We became the best of friends in time, and one day I told him about my trip.

"Well," he laughed, "you were here on time, anyway."

And so I was. But I would not willingly go through such a night again, and many a poor fellow since then has lost his life in just that sort of an undertaking.

## A FIGURATIVE TALE.

BY GRACE FRASER.

ONCE an Elfin, 1-drouis cute,  
 Came un-2 my cottage door;  
 There he played wi-3-d and lute,  
 As no elf had played be-4.  
 "If-5 pleased thee, lady fair,  
 Speak," said he.  
 "Thy mu-6 grand!  
 Ni-7-ts like this are rare—"  
 Thus, as with 8-ender hand  
 On the youth be-9, I spoke,  
 I (oh, o-y fate!)—awoke!



## THE PURSE OF THE STRANGER.

BY CHARLES LOVE BENJAMIN.

THREE months had the purse of the stranger hung in the tent of Jameel; three months had Jameel and his wife's brother, Ebn-Malek, debated its division without reaching an agreement; and three months had the sheep-herders of Oman fruitlessly discussed the question among themselves until "the purse of the stranger" had become a by-word with the tribe, signifying a problem passing the wit of man to decide.

There were but sixteen paltry bits of silver in the purse in all. Of these Jameel claimed seven, whereas his brother-in-law, Ebn-Malek, maintained that he (Jameel) was justly entitled to but six.

"Not that I begrudge thee the extra coin," said Ebn, "for thou art welcome to the whole purse, if thou wilt take it; but right is right!"

To which Jameel responded that right *was* right; wherefore he insisted upon the seventh coin, though, for his part, he said, had the purse contained a thousand coins, and of gold instead of silver, he would rather that Ebn should take all than that such dross should breed bitter feeling between brethren.

So it happened that as neither could agree with the other, and as none of the tribe could decide the question for them, Jameel hung the purse up in his tent, saying: "That which men cannot decide is best left to Allah, who in good time makes all things plain."

Some time after this it chanced that an aged pilgrim, journeying to Mecca, craved refreshment at the tent of Jameel.

"My house is thy house, good father," said Jameel. "Enter!"

Then, while Ebn-Malek brewed a steaming cup of coffee for the pilgrim, and Ayesbah (his sister) set forth a savory repast of goat's flesh, dates stewed in butter, and cakes of millet baked on the glowing embers, Jameel filled the narghile—the water-pipe—for his guest,

and answered to the best of his ability the pilgrim's many questions concerning the roads, the trails across the desert, and the chances of falling in with a caravan or band of pilgrims traveling Mecca-ward.

At length, when he had eaten, the pilgrim rose and said:

"I will not linger, my son, for if I can reach the desert trail ere sundown I may perchance meet with this caravan of which thou tellest me. I thank thee for thy hospitality, and I will remember thee and thy household in my prayers at the holy city, if it be the will of Allah I should attain thither. This is the sole recompense I can offer for thy kindness to an old and broken man."

"It is the best of recompense," said Jameel; "I desire no other. For, mark thou, the last stranger that lodged with us left us the purse thou seest hanging there,—I would the genie of the Red Desert had flown away with him ere he had done so,—for since that time nothing but trouble hath come of it, seeing that my brother Ebn, here, and I cannot agree on its division, nor can any of our tribe decide the question for us."

"Strange," mused the pilgrim, eyeing the purse. "Tell me the story, my son. I was in my day accounted a clever hand at ciphering—ay, even to calculations of star distances and magnitudes; it may be I can solve this problem for thee."

"An thou canst do so," said Ebn, "we shall ever bless the day thou camest among us. Tell him the story, Jameel—first thy contention, then will I recite my argument."

"Well," said Jameel, "this, then, is the story: It was in the shearing month. Ebn and I journeyed together in search of our flocks, and pitched our tent on Jebel-Akhdar, the green mountain thou seest yonder. Here, while we sought our strayed sheep, a stranger came and

craved lodgment at our tent. We took him in, and, in his honor, killed each day a lamb—sometimes a lamb from Ebn's flock, sometimes one from mine, whichever came readiest to hand. So for seven days we fared, and on the eighth day the stranger disappeared. But Ayeshah, who came that day to visit us, brought word of him. He sent by her hand this purse containing sixteen pieces of silver,

nished the feast, wherefore I took six of the sixteen pieces of silver in payment of my three lambs. In like manner I gave to Ebn eight pieces of silver in payment of the lambs his flock had furnished on the second, third, fifth, and sixth days of the stranger's stay, and of the remaining two pieces of silver I gave one to Ebn and kept one myself, since the stranger had said that this, the eighth lamb,



"JAMEEL AND EBN-MALEK DEBATED ITS DIVISION WITHOUT REACHING AN AGREEMENT."

which, he said, was in payment for the lambs; as to the eighth lamb—which had that morning been killed—he bade Ebn and me divide between us, since he would not return to share it. Ayeshah prepared our meal that day, and while we feasted Ebn and I reckoned the lambs that were from his flock and those that were from mine in order that we might fairly divide the purse. Thus we found that on the first, fourth, and seventh days my flock had fur-

we were to share half and half. Such was the division I proposed, and fair it certainly seemeth to me. But thou shalt hear Ebn's contention."

"I am listening," said the pilgrim, turning to Ebn.

"I am a plain man," said Ebn, "and not versed in calculations, and, I confess, when I listen to Jameel's argument it seemeth sound, for since the stranger's silver paid for the lamb, surely it was his right to say half shalt thou have and half thou. Yet this lamb was also from my flock, so that of the eight lambs I furnished five and Jameel but three. Therefore, though I lack the wit to lay my finger on the flaw in Jameel's argument, I feel that if he receiveth six pieces of silver for his three lambs, it is but just that I should receive ten pieces for my five. Is it not so?"





"THE PILGRIM SAID WITH A SMILE: 'WHAT IF NEITHER OF YOU SHOULD BE RIGHT?'"

"What hast thou to say to this, my son?" said the pilgrim, turning to Jameel.

"I have said my say," replied Jameel; "it is for thee to decide which of us is right."

The pilgrim mused a moment in silence. Then, with a smile, he said: "What if *neither* of you should be right?"

At this question, so startling and unexpected, Jameel and Ebn-Malek stared at each other in open-mouthed astonishment.

"What if neither of us is right!" exclaimed Jameel, presently. "That is not possible! It is clear one of us is wrong, but it appears to

me that it is equally certain that the other must be right."

"Nevertheless," rejoined the pilgrim, quietly, "I ask again, what if neither of you should be right?"

"In that case," cried Ebn, laughing, "take thou the purse!"

"What sayest thou to this, Jameel?" asked the pilgrim.

"I say with Ebn, the purse is thine—ay, willingly!—if thou canst prove that neither his division nor mine is right."

"Nay, my son," interrupted the Pilgrim,

"look *thou* ! Daughter," he continued, addressing Ayeshah, "give me of the millet cakes that are left eight. Behold, here are the eight lambs. There art thou, Ebn, there thou, Jameel, and here am I—the stranger. On the first day we three devour a lamb—is it not so? Yea? Here, then, is thy third, Ebn, here thy third, Jameel, and here the stranger's portion." The pilgrim broke a cake into three pieces, as he spoke, and set the fragments before the shepherds and himself.

"On the second day we eat another lamb—so!" He divided a second cake as he had the first. "On the third day another, on the fourth another, and so on the fifth, sixth, and seventh days. On the eighth day," continued the Pilgrim, "the last of the lambs is killed, but the stranger does not eat of it. Ayeshah takes his place. Here, then, Ebn, is thy third, and here, Jameel, are two thirds—thy portion and that of Ayeshah, thy wife. How many lambs were from thy flock, Jameel? Three, is it not so? Count, then, and tell me how many bits of cake thou hast before thee!"

"Nine," said Jameel, counting.

"Even so," said the pilgrim, "nine thirds! Three lambs thou gavest, Jameel, three thou hast consumed. Seest thou, then, that thou hast no claim on the purse? That is wholly Ebn's."

"Nay," said Ebn, pressing the purse into the pilgrim's palm, "it is thine. Nay, do not shake thy head; thou hast fairly earned it. Take it and farewell!"

For a long time after the pilgrim had departed the shepherds sat in thoughtful silence. At length Ebn spoke:

"Jameel, canst thou make head or hoof of all this?"

"Not I," replied Jameel. "I thought before that I was right, but now I know not if I am right, or thou, or he. Nothing is clear—"

"Yea," said Ebn, interrupting him; "this much at least is clear: by the hand of a stranger came the purse to us, by the hand of a stranger it goeth. It is the will of Allah!"



"BY THE HAND OF A STRANGER IT GOETH."





BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

"We are now," Uncle Tom declared to his five young friends, "in about the center of what I should call the 'debatable ground,' the unsuccessful colony of New Albion, sometimes known as 'Plowden's Patent.' I suspect that you know next to nothing of it."

"Who was Plowden, and what did he get a patent on, and how?" demanded Jack.

"Well, we might say, Jack," Uncle Tom replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "on how-to-start-a-failure-so-that-the-fellow-who-comes-next-can-make-a-success-of-it—for that was the upshot of Plowden's Patent."

"That's a good thing for the other fellow," Jack decided unhesitatingly; but Christine and Bert begged for an explanation.

They sat in the gallery above the foyer in their pleasant hotel in Philadelphia. From Jamestown and its ruined tower they had progressed leisurely northward, making most

interesting visits to what Roger called "the beginnings of things," and by a detour through Delaware by way of the old Swedish settlements of Wilmington and Chester, had come at last to Philadelphia, the "hub" of the Quaker commonwealth.

And it was there, even before the investigators started out "on the trail of Penn," as Jack described their errand, that Uncle Tom had informed them that they were in about the center of what he called the debatable land.

"Why do you call it the debatable land, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired.

"Because it was always in debate, Bert," was Uncle Tom's reply. "From the Severn to Sandy Hook, from Maryland to New York, the land has been claimed, chartered, granted, sold, debated over, and fought for, in writs and pleas, as well as with pike and musket, more, I think, than any other portion of these United States.

Spain and France, Holland and Sweden, alike claimed right of ownership by discovery, exploration, or possession; but England had marked the land for her own, and in time asserted, proclaimed, and maintained her rights against all comers—even against those of her own flesh and blood. And of these the earliest and the most unsuccessful, as it was the most romantic, was this same Plowden's Patent which I have mentioned."

"Tell us about it, Uncle Tom," said Marian. "You did n't tell anything, and I never studied about it in history."

"No; it is one of the forgotten chapters in American history, my dear," her uncle replied; "and that is what makes it all the more mysterious and interesting. This is it: Once upon a time, four hundred years ago, in fact, there lived in the county of Shropshire, in England, an ancient and noble family by the name of Plowden. 'Kill Dane,' this surname meant in the old Saxon, from which you can see that they were alike brave, patriotic, and English. In 1632 the head of the family, Sir Edmund Plowden, who had gone to live in Ireland, believed that comfort, power, and fortune could best be obtained in the New World. So he applied to King Charles I. for that part of Virginia known as the Long Isle, with the understanding that he should be free from all obligations to the Governor and Company of Virginia."

"But Long Island was n't in Virginia, Uncle Tom, was it?" said Roger.

"Virginia, as I have told you, was a very elastic word," Uncle Tom replied. "It meant all of America that was not Florida on the south or New France on the north; and the discussions, with pen and sword, between Spaniard, Frenchman, and Englishman, as to what was and what was n't Virginia, made all North America, in fact, a debatable land."

"He had just given to one Roman Catholic knight—Sir George Calvert, later known as Lord Baltimore—the whole island of Newfoundland, called Avalon; so when Sir Edmund Plowden came with a similar request for another island he granted him the Long Isle in Virginia. But as it was n't exactly clear just where this Long Isle lay, King Charles issued a patent—that is, a paper giving him possession—to Sir

Edmund Plowden and those associated with him, granting him 'forty leagues square' of the American continent, with all the isles and islands of the sea within ten leagues of the shore."

"That's a pretty good slice of America, I should say. About one hundred and twenty miles every way, and thirty miles out to sea," was Jack's calculation.

"Good measure, too," his uncle added. "For, according to the boundaries in the grant, Plowden's Patent really embraced the present States of New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Pennsylvania, with all the Atlantic coast from Cape May to Sandy Hook, and with Long Island thrown in for good measure."

"But say—why—Uncle Tom! How could he do all that?" demanded Roger, a trifle bewildered. "Where did the Dutchman and the Swede come in?"

"They did n't come in at all, in King Charles's calculations," Uncle Tom replied. "What Charles Stuart believed he had the right to give he gave. Other people's rights did n't count."

"So Plowden really got here first, did he?" queried Bert.

"Well," said Uncle Tom, deliberately, "he first began to think of thinking to get here first"—an assertion that amused his hearers greatly.

"Never do to-day what you can just as well put off till to-morrow, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Jack. "He was that sort of a man, was he?"

"Something of that kind," his uncle replied. "The fact is, however, that the 'Right Honorable and Mighty Lord Edmund, by Divine Providence Lord Proprietor, Earl Palatine, Governor and Captain-General of the Province of New Albion,' as he called himself and his kingdom, had more titles than dollars, and more intentions than energy. Indeed, he took so long to buy off his associates and to get ready to begin that smarter and more wide-awake men got ahead of him, and he awoke to find himself out in the cold, claiming rights he could not defend, a patent he could not prove, and lands that others had occupied."

"That was hard," commented Roger.

"How did it happen so?" asked Marian.

"While he was trying to gather a company



of colonists for what he declared to be the healthiest, pleasantest, and richest plantation in North America," Uncle Tom explained, "along comes Lord Baltimore to King Charles and complains that his province of Avalon, in New-foundland, is neither healthy, pleasant, nor rich, and begging a grant of land in Virginia, which, out of compliment to the queen, he will call Maryland."

"But that belonged to Plowden's Patent," said Roger.

"That made no difference to generous King Charles," said Uncle Tom. "Boundaries were very indefinite, you see, and Lord Baltimore was a good friend and supporter whom it was wise to favor. So Lord Baltimore received Maryland and a part of Pennsylvania, and Sir Edmund Plowden had a big slice of his patent lopped off before he even knew that he owned it."

"Why did n't he hurry up and get to work, then?" cried Jack, indignantly. "He deserved to lose it."

"He got away finally, in 1634," Uncle Tom continued, "but he does not appear to have brought any colonists with him. He sailed up the Delaware, however, and about opposite Wilmington, on the Jersey side, he found some English 'squatters' from Connecticut. He made them recognize him as Governor of New Albion, and then went down to Virginia and 'rested' for eight or nine years."

"Well! he was energetic, was n't he?" exclaimed Jack, with sarcasm.

"I imagine it was that he had no capital," said Uncle Tom. "Meanwhile, as time was passing and opportunities came, other go-ahead 'promoters' were on the ground, working it irrespective of Plowden's Patent. The world had heard about this healthiest, pleasantest, and richest plantation in America which Sir Edmund Plowden was letting slip through his fingers, and societies and syndicates were staking out the ground. Lord Baltimore's people, as I have told you, appropriated Maryland in 1634; Christina of Sweden, the famous girl queen of the North, sent out colonists in 1639, claiming and occupying the land from Cape May to Philadelphia; and in 1634 Captain Young or Yong, an English adventurer, sailed up the

Delaware on a hunt for a passage into the Mediterranean Sea."

"The Mediterranean Sea!" exclaimed Marian. "Why, Uncle Tom! was the man crazy?"

"Crazy? Oh, no, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "He believed what the Indians told him."

"Well," laughed Jack, "they must have been shaky in their geography! What has the Mediterranean Sea to do with the Delaware River?"

"Well," his uncle replied, "their Mediterranean Sea and that of Captain Yong were something altogether different. For when they told the captain of the great inland sea four days' journey beyond the western mountains, it was the captain who jumped to the conclusion that it was the Mediterranean, when really the Indians meant the Great Lakes."

"Of course! that explains it," remarked Marian.

"They were n't so far out of the way as Captain Yong," said Roger.

"Anyhow, Captain Yong's Mediterranean trip was stopped by the shallow water and rocky ledges above Trenton," Uncle Tom continued. "But his reports only whetted the appetites of other land-grabbers and played havoc with Plowden's Patent."

"How could they?" said Jack. "He had it, had n't he?"

"He had it and he did n't have it," Uncle Tom replied. "Possession, you know, is nine points of the law, and Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Swedes, who cared not a rap for Plowden or his patent, were parceling the land of his unsuccessful colony among themselves."

"Oh, I've no patience with the man!" cried Marian. "Why did n't he do something?"

"Because others could do it so much better, my dear," her uncle responded. "When, in 1644, he really did attempt to make a stand for his 'palatinate,' as he termed it, the captain and crew of his vessel conspired to kill, lose, or maroon him, and seize the ship and supplies for themselves."

"Oh, but did they, Uncle Tom?" said Christine.

"They did, my dear," Uncle Tom replied. "Pity was not a very plentiful commodity in those hard old days. They put him ashore

without food, clothes, or arms on Smith's Island, at the entrance to Delaware Bay. But two young fellows who were faithful to their master, and were not in the plot, jumped overboard and swam to the shore to keep him company.

"The castaways were fortunate enough, at last, to spy and hail an English sloop, after being thus marooned for four days, and were taken back to Virginia," Uncle Tom continued. "But the mutineers ran against the Swedish colonists at Wilmington, where they were held captive, sent back to Virginia, and punished, the chief conspirators being hung.

"But the Swedish governor declared to Plowden that the land along the Delaware belonged to Queen Christina of Sweden, and that neither Plowden nor his colonists would be allowed there without the queen's consent; and this was final. Plowden could never make head against this Swedish opposition, so, you see, he lost Maryland, Delaware, and this portion of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Thereupon Plowden went to stout old Governor Stuyvesant in New York (or New Amsterdam, as it was then called), complaining against the Swedes, and claiming, also, that he owned all the land extending from the west shore of the Hudson to Virginia."

"I don't believe that agreed well with old Governor Stuyvesant," said Roger.

"Indeed it did not," Uncle Tom replied. "Governor Stuyvesant laughed at him, told him that Delaware (or the South River country, as he called it) belonged to Holland, and forthwith went down there and constructed forts almost against the Swedish forts. Of course this made trouble, for Governor Printz the Swede was as stubborn as Governor Stuyvesant the Dutchman. From words they came to blows, and at last, in 1654, Stuyvesant marched down here with an 'army,' defeated the Swedes, captured their forts and towns, forced them to swear allegiance to Holland, and actually wiped New Sweden off the map. And again poor Plowden and his high-sounding, royal patent were altogether forgotten and shoved aside."

"Marooned once more, eh?" said Jack.

"As a colonizer, yes," returned Uncle Tom, with a nod at Jack's comparison. "But he did n't give up even then. He went back to England, published a pamphlet describing his enterprise, and tried to form a colony of three thousand men to go over and settle New Albion. But his promises were not considered good for much, and though he did secure a pass for about a hundred and fifty colonists, men, women, and children, to go to New Albion, that was the last that was heard of the expedition. They never went."

"Hard luck, was n't it?" said Roger, who was beginning to sympathize with this unsuccessful Earl Palatine.

"But his failure," said Uncle Tom, "was, as I have told you, the path to success—for others. The Yankees came over from the New England shores and grabbed up as much of Long Island as the Dutch could n't hold, and that about finished 'Sir Edmund Plowden, the Earl of New Albion.' For soon after, in 1664, England's Duke of York established a gigantic claim that practically took in all the land between the St. Lawrence and Chesapeake Bay, Massachusetts, east of the Connecticut, being about the only exception. And that princely appropriation settled the question of Plowden's Patent for good and all."

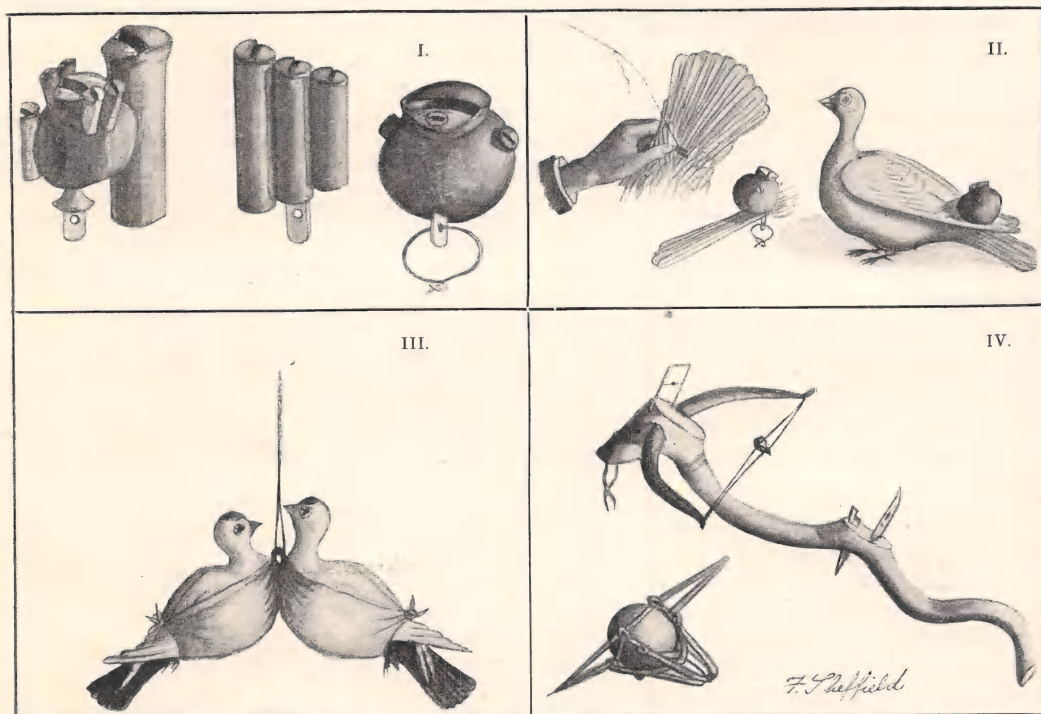
"And what became of Sir Edmund Plowden?" asked Christine, sympathizing with misfortune and pitying failure.

"He died, about 1660," Uncle Tom replied, "at sword's point with his wife and his eldest son, still styling himself Earl Palatine, governor and captain-general of New Albion in North America, leaving all his titles, patents, and claims to his second son, and commanding him to settle a colony for the occupation and cultivation of New Albion. But the American Revolution came; the republic was independent. The colonists of New Albion became, at the conclusion of the war, citizens of the United States, and Plowden's Patent came to a sudden, final, and untimely end."



## PIGEONS OF PEKING.

BY ALFRED D. SHEFFIELD.



I. DIFFERENT FORMS OF PIGEON-WHISTLES. II. HOW THE WHISTLE IS ATTACHED. III. HOW PIGEONS ARE CARRIED. IV. BOWGUN FOR SHOOTING PELLETS OF CLAY TO STUN PIGEONS.

THE Chinese have made pigeon-flying the decoying game that it is because they like any kind of "playing for keeps." Even in kite-flying, they fix little hooks to their kite-strings and try to pull in each other's kites, and count it fair to keep any kite that drops into their yards. They will tell you that a kite or a strange pigeon that comes to your place, if given up, takes away your "family luck." So you must tear the kite and keep the pigeon. But when you see the town dandies sauntering out with their fans and bird-cages to watch the noon kite-flying, criticizing the flocks and their tactics, and arguing the fine points of decoying, you guess that "family luck" has very little to do with their game.

To decoy strange pigeons, pigeon-keepers

must first train their flocks to "fly in spirals"—that is, to rise steadily in circles without straying far from the home roof. Pigeons naturally fly together in circles. Even wild pigeons wheel about in flocks before straggling off to the fields. Chinese make their birds eager for circling by keeping them shut up in a wicker house built on the ground around the dove-cote; and they cure their birds of straggling by pelting them with pebbles when they try to alight anywhere except on one spot—the ridge-pole of the roof facing their wicker house. The flock must alight here in a bunch, and immediately walk down to the eaves. This is done to bring any strange pigeon among them down within sight of the grain, which is then scattered on the floor of

the wicker house. Pigeons are fed only after flying, for unless hungry they are lazy and unmanageable. Their food is millet, sorghum-seed, or corn, which their keepers use to get as much work from them as possible for as little feeding as possible. When there is much flying and calling down to do, they are usually fed with millet, which is so small that it keeps them eating a long while without filling them. At other times their food is sorghum-seed. Corn is not very good for pigeons, but they are so fond of it that pigeon-keepers usually have it on hand to call them down when they are already fed.

Chinese talk of three regions of pigeon flight: the "sparrow region," just above the housetops; the "crow region," where the crows pass over the city at daybreak; and the "eagle region." In every flock are several strong-winged birds that will rise to the eagle region. These are the "high-fliers," which are usually sent up first, carrying whistles, as a challenge to other flocks to join them. When they have mounted to some height, the heavier-winged birds, or "low-fliers," are sent up to meet them. A few stay-at-home birds are kept back to call the others down, which they do by flying round the roof and clapping their wings. Pigeon-whistles were in early times put on the birds to scare away hawks. Nowadays the hawks do not mind them at all, but they are still useful for attracting stray pigeons, for signaling, and for guiding the younger pigeons when flocks become mixed.

In Peking, flocks are sent up at sunrise, at noon, and just before sundown. Neighboring flocks always join, and their keepers then try each to draw apart his flock with call-birds, so as to bring with it any unwary pigeons from the other flocks. If a stranger is brought to the roof, the keeper coaxes it down with his own birds by throwing millet into the wicker cage.

No one ever demands back a pigeon lost in this way. Two friends will sometimes "play live pigeon," that is, give back each other's birds that may be captured from the flock during the game; but the rule is to "play dead pigeon," or, as boys say, "for keeps."

## FIRST STORY.

### THE FLIGHT OF "MU WHA TOU."

EVERY morning, when the crows were all back from the cemetery pines, and the sun rose upon the polished housetops that stretched unbrokenly for miles to the blue-black city walls, "Little American" had watched small clouds of white-winged pigeons circling high overhead—so high, sometimes, that he would not have found them but for the faint singing of the reed whistles at their tails. He was so enchanted by the dreamy whirring and butterfly-like glimmer of the flocks, turning deftly in the open sky, that at first he supposed, as other foreigners do, that their owners sent them up just for the sport of their flying. That is, indeed, part of the reason, but the morning when "Mu Wha Tou" went astray Little American learned that there is something more.

Mu Wha Tou was one of Little American's first ten pigeons. They were all *tientes*,—white with black tails, and each with a black spot like a watermelon-seed on its forehead. On all of them, as high-bred pigeons must have it, the white and black met in regular lines (without a straggling black feather among the white or a white among the black), except on Mu Wha Tou, whose name, meaning "She Speckle-head," was given her for some rings of black on her neck. These rings, which grew out mysteriously some weeks after Little American had bought her, very much cheapened her in the eyes of Li Loo, the old gate-keeper, who had charge of the flock, and who taught Little American the secrets of pigeon-keeping. But the rings caused no loss of caste with the other pigeons. Her big mate, indeed, strutted after her with great pride; for she was really a fine bird, with wide-awake eyes and long, muscular wings.

"When Mu Wha Tou flies," said Li Loo, "she 'll hit up a pretty pace. Those pale eye-rims come by flying in the eagle region."

For several weeks none of the flock were allowed to fly. They had first to become at home in their new brick pigeon-house. This Li Loo had built on the ground against a wall, facing the house on which they were to



alight. Around the pigeon-house was a cage of wickerwork, big enough for a man to move about in; and in this cage they were always fed, so that at any time Li Loo could call them in, shut the wicker door behind him, and catch any pigeon he wished. When he let them run around the court they were still secured from flying, for Li Loo had "sewn their wings"—that is, he had sewn together the first eight feathers of each wing, so that, even when spread like a half-opened fan, it could not catch the air.

Every morning they were thrown up on the roof of the pigeon-house, for with sewn wings they could safely flutter down, though they could n't fly up. This was to make them know their alighting-place, so that, when free, they would go to no other. How soon they should be loosed depended on their behavior. At first, with Mu Wha Tou leading, they would all scramble up the slippery roof and stand at the ridge-pole, alert and uneasy, turning up their little red eyes when neighboring flocks passed overhead. Four younglings, with "Topknot" and "Sleepy Dame," less spirited birds, then lost their strangeness, and would saunter back to the eaves, and sit contentedly preening their feathers, or dozing in the warm sun. But Mu Wha Tou and "Big Tientse" stayed alone by the chimney, listening curiously to the hum of the big city, starting at the far-away calls of fruit-peddlers, and looking off to the East Gate, where the bulb-shaped towers of the mosque rose in the morning haze.

So long, indeed, was Mu Wha Tou in bringing her mind to her new home that at the first flying Li Loo would not risk losing Big Tientse with her. He would not even send her up with the other pigeons, but held her in his hand until the flock was near alighting.

The first flying was timid and stealthy enough. "It is a run across the open in an enemy's country," said Li Loo, squinting at the sun to catch sight of any whistleless flock that might be manœuvering unnoticed in its dazzle. Then he sent Little American to climb upon a back wall, where he could watch the roof of Kao Chün, and give alarm if Kao Chün's pigeons flew again.

Only Topknot, Sleepy Dame, and the four

younglings were to fly. The first two had lined their cell with broom-straws in promise of nesting, and the others were giddy squabs whose voices broke into infantile squeals when they tried to coo, and who had n't flown enough to turn their eyes red, much less to learn the straight flight to their country home. From his lookout Little American saw them walk up the roof and stand in a line, nervously stretching their wings, from which the confining threads had been cut. Then a bamboo rod was waved above the eaves, and they flew up together, making a wide circle over the houses, and rising vigorously into the air.

It would have been easy for a practised eye to tell that they were a new flock, for they straggled out on the turn, not knowing which would lead. They flew without bearings, too, for at the dip of their circle they lurched out of range of the alighting-roof, and became confused at the giant elms of the American compound, which seethed under them in clouds of green. Any one of them, flying alone, would have fetched up hopelessly in the Granary waste lands, but the first commandment of the pigeons is, "Fly together," so they kept beating in uncertain circles overhead.

At last they began to settle toward the great temple, where some gray wild pigeons offered to join flocks. But Li Loo flung a pigeon on the alighting-spot, and the six, catching the quick glimmer of its white wing against the blue lime roof, veered about. They passed close over Little American's head, noiselessly except for the soft whipping of their full-feathered wings. Little American looked nervously at Kao Chün's bare roof, for the fluttering of a pigeon there might lure aside his half-trained birds. But Kao Chün gave no sign; and Little American chuckled with relief, not dreaming that at that moment Kao Chün, with a cageful of the veterans of his flock, was squatting complacently in the lane behind Little American's house, waiting for what he had guessed would happen next.

As the six, on poised wings, were settling toward the roof, another pigeon was thrown up to meet them. It was Mu Wha Tou. Li

Loo had thrown her skilfully, flinging her straight as a stone, to catch herself precisely as the flock overtook her. But at the same instant six other tienteses were thrown from the lane, shooting up like rockets, to burst into flight around her, in the very midst of Little American's flock. The bewildered birds, carried along by the strong dash of the new-comers, would have missed their alighting-place, had not one of the youngers, spying his mate on the roof, turned out his tail like a fin and led them down. Mu Wha Tou, however, fresh-winged, and startled at her new freedom, beat up for the open sky.

It was then that the new-comers showed their tactics. They rose around her, hemming her into their circles, and bearing down on the turn to bring her within call of Kao Chün's roof.

But Mu Wha Tou had caught the keen, sweet smell of sorghum blowing in from the fields, and it had awakened the home-hunger.

When the flock settled, she simply mounted above it, and, but for a resolute spurt on its part, would have launched on the straight flight. She was now in the middle region,—the "region of a crow's flight,"—rising in a slow spiral till she could see far beyond the city walls, where the grain-boats were threading the checkered green plain, and the eastern hills pushed their icy purple edges into the sky. As Li Loo had promised, she was setting the flock a pretty pace; but they were picked fliers, and she could not shake free of them. They passed into the eagle region, where Little American's eyes could barely follow them. The seven pigeons were reduced to the size of gnats, sparkling white when they turned to the sun, but almost transparent against the wind-swept blue. From time to time a solitary gnat would appear to move apart from the rest, take a straight course over the West Gate, and then turn irresolutely, when the flock would trail out like a floating spider-web and draw it in.

Mu Wha Tou's flight had now been noticed by many pigeon-keepers, whose flocks were rising from the distant housetops like puffs of white smoke. Kao Chün, too, sent up a big second flock of low-fliers to meet the seven,

which must soon begin descending. Mu Wha Tou had failed to sight her home, and though her companions, on stiff, half-shut wings, now dropped in swift zigzag lurchings toward the second flock, she kept docilely behind them. In the middle region they came upon the new flocks, weaving dizzy circles and counter-circles, until Mu Wha Tou, too confused to wheel in time, was drawn aimlessly from one to another.

Li Loo drove Little American's pigeons up on the roof, but could do nothing more, for it would be madness to fly his new birds into the mazes of trained decoys. He waited till their last circling, and then cast Big Tientse up on the roof, in the hope that Mu Wha Tou might know her mate and be coaxed aside. But it was all in vain. Kao Chün's second flock closed over her like a mountain mist, and swept her to its alighting.

A little later, Kao Chün's pigeons suddenly flew up with a great clattering, but Mu Wha Tou was not among them.

"They are scared up by the net," said Li Loo to the tearful Little American. "When a strange pigeon goes to the eaves, Kao Chün can climb up softly below it with the hoop-net. His boy then watches from the yard until it begins preening under its wing, and then signals to cast up. That has happened to Mu Wha Tou."

So Little American found out why the pigeons were flying every morning, with their tricky circling and soft, tremulous whistles. Big Tientse called for his mate in loud wailing coos for many days, and then, seeming to forget her, mated with "Topsy Skew," the heroine of the next story.

## SECOND STORY.

### A CHESS GAME IN THE SKY.

THESE are the rules for flying by spirals which Little American copied on a slate and hung in the wicker pigeon-house:

Fly immediately on opening the wooden doors for the day. Pigeons take the air more eagerly after penning up, and are more promptly called down when hungry. First drive up high-fliers with whistles. When they have risen to the crow region, throw up scout-fliers by twos and threes to join them. Your pi-



geons can then take up a stranger flying at any height. If the high-fliers join with a neighbor flock, or the scouts fall in with a stranger, send up the body of your flock, keeping back only call-birds. This second flock will rise to meet the high-fliers, sweeping in scout-birds and strangers. When the pigeons are all massed in one flock, flying without rifts or stragglers, fetch them down with the call-birds, which should be held ready in your hands. A call-bird flung high into the air will rise in a spiral to the flock, which will lower for it only slightly. If tossed gently above the roof a call-bird will circle without rising until the flock settles to it. If merely loosed by opening the hand, a call-bird will fly only to the roof, and the flock will pitch down immediately to alight. This call is usually too abrupt, and should be used only when the stranger is a young bird, or heavy-winged, or lazy. Sometimes, however, even an old bird will be scared down by it, thinking that the flock is careening out of the path of a hawk. If no strange flocks join, you may train your new or young pigeons, either sending them up with escorts, or throwing them into the flock on its last circling.

So every morning, when the early bell boomed in the temple, Little American flew his pigeons by the rules, until they learned their parts in the game, and liked it. The high-fliers would spring from their cells when the doors swung back, and clatter up without touching the roof; scout-birds would flutter against the wickerwork in their hurry to begin zigzagging after strangers; and the call-birds would lie quietly in Little American's hands, turning up their keen, bead-like eyes when the shadows of passing flocks touched the house. Their master, too, learned to know them apart, no matter how far off they were flying, nor how mixed with other flocks, and could tell just what every one could be counted on to do. But there was one pigeon that seemed out of sorts with the game; not that she balked at her part, but that she did it freakishly, as if meaning to do something different.

She was a little hooded tientse, called "Hsiao Chueh Wu" ("Little Topsy Skew"), because her feathers, although faultless, seemed, like her flying, always to be starting awry. Her waywardness came, no doubt, from her very odd bringing up. A Shantung farmer, driven north by the great flood, had brought her to Little American when she was a mere lump of pink flesh, with yellow down and black bead eyes. The farmer said the old birds had

been tumblers, but had flown straight north on the morning that the river broke through. If the squab were "man-fed," he declared, it would grow into the cleverest of fliers.

Pigeons feed their squabs by taking the young one's bill in their own and thrusting into it the softened grain from their crops. So Little American chewed up sorghum, and taught Topsy Skew to thrust its bill between his teeth for it. The squab learned its part, however, better than Little American learned his; for, in spite of constant feedings, it grew thin and undersized, and its feathers turned up at the end. At last Little American took it to Li Loo.

"Its crop is swelled like a door-knob, but it keeps squealing for more."

Li Loo gently pinched the crop. It flattened, and the air hissed from Topsy's bill.

"You must n't *blow* the sorghum into it," laughed Li Loo. "A pigeon is not a turtle, that it can live on northwest wind!"

After that Topsy Skew fared better, and though she remained small, she was finely shaped—wide in the chest, with long taper wings and the large, pale eye-rims of a high-flier. Her action in flying was perfect. Heavier-winged birds rustle through the air; high-fliers make a gentle whipping; but Topsy Skew cut the air with the faintest thin whisper, as of a finger drawn over stretched silk.

She had the hood and long white bill of a tumbler, but, never seeing any tumbling, she never learned the tumbler's queer mounting flight. When the instinct was strong upon her she would hitch quickly, as if checked by something thrown in her path, and then, by a strong pulse of her big fans, would regain her place in the flock. Her masters did not care, however, about the tumbling, which, after all, is a mere fancy trick, of no use in circle-flying, where it only puts out the other birds. But they watched her wayward starts and hoverings until they hit upon a plan for playing her off as a decoy.

They chose a windless morning, of the clear, ringing kind of sky which keeps pigeon flocks scudding gleefully for hours. The sun was just breaking over the city wall when Little American rode his black donkey to the

North Tower, carrying Topsy Skew tied in a Skew picked her way above their path, moving in uncertain curves without lowering, even



"LI LOO, STEPPING UP, NOISELESSLY AS A CAT, NABBED HER FROM THE GROUND." (SEE PAGE 325.)

straight flying, and her masters knew that if loosed at that distance she would circle to a great height. The middle region was still flecked with belated crows, so that Topsy when she drew in sight of the home roof, which no doubt looked bare and unfamiliar in the early light. This was just the movement wanted of her.



In a moment seven high-fliers shot noiselessly out from Kao Chün's roof, and Little American, straining his eyes from the North Tower, saw that his bait was taken. Kao Chün was plainly hoping to draw the stranger down without attracting rival flocks, for his birds wore no whistles, and cut their way directly up, in brisk, clean, swinging turns. The upper air sparkled in the sunrise, and the pigeons nerved themselves for a vigorous chase. Topsy Skew was moving in evasive loops and figure eights above her pursuers, who swept toward her in a stubborn ring.

The crafty Li Loo now loosed the high-fliers of Little American's flock, chasing them up with great gusto, as if he himself had just spied the stranger. His pigeons carried whistles, shrill reeds and mellow-toned gourds, and they rushed singing upward at the other flock, below which they were soon describing a third ring.

Kao Chün was now forced to risk a move. To keep the rival high-fliers from joining his own, he must send up his second flock. This flock, as Li Loo well knew, had half-trained and young pigeons, which, with their leaders high out of reach, would be closed in upon from above and below by Little American's pigeons. But Kao Chün was bent on drawing his rival's birds away from the stranger, for they carried all the whistles, and, if once joined, would take the lead over his own fliers. His second flock dashed out with screaming whistles, promptly followed by a second flock from Little American, whose high-fliers now dropped to them, and all began whirling in a mingled cloud, three flocks swept into one, while Kao Chün's picked fliers, high overhead, still circled under Topsy Skew.

The bigger a flock, the stronger it draws, so both Kao Chün and Li Loo had turned out their pigeons in a body, scout-birds and all. When Little American came galloping back from the city wall he found only two call-birds left in the pigeon-house, and he carried these to the lane behind Kao Chün's house, believing that his rival's only call-birds would be new or young. He crouched in the narrow alley, where he caught glimpses of the scudding flocks between tile walls and elms, and

heard excited voices from Kao Chün's yard. Some one was crying out that Kao Chün must call down his pigeons to save them; but no call-birds were thrown, for his upper flock was close upon Topsy Skew, and he would not stop the chase. Little American, too, could not bring down his flock yet, without deserting the clever little decoy. So the pigeons whirled on at a dead-lock, and their masters looked to Topsy Skew for the turning of the game.

She was now skimming above her pursuers in long curves, drooping to left or right, when she thought to cut by them to her own flock below. But Kao Chün's fliers veered out to meet her, as if drawing a charmed ring to hem her in. Gleeful shouts arose from Kao Chün's court,—for the whole family was watching the game,—and Little American grew anxious. Topsy Skew, however, began a fitful, hovering movement, as if tempted to a new dodge. The puzzled fliers spread to cut under her again, when she suddenly tripped in her course, mounting, and poising for an instant like a hawk. Then she threw herself over backward, dropping in a string of somersaults, like a pinwheel of sparkling feathers, straight through the charmed ring to the lower air! Here she was caught up by her own flock. It was Little American's turn to laugh now, for Kao Chün's picked fliers were left high and dry, his new and young pigeons were mixed with a bigger and better trained flock of Little American's pigeons, and Topsy Skew was safe!

At this moment a tientse shot up from Kao Chün's roof. Little American, guessing from its startled flight that his rival had risked a new bird, flung both of his call-birds with it.

But the new bird clattered up so boldly that Little American saw that he had again been outwitted. Kao Chün had expected his ambush, and kept back an old high-flier, which, instead of drawing down the flock, carried up his last call-birds. This held the flock back until Kao Chün's fliers pitched down to it, and Little American's chance was lost.

The rest of the game Kao Chün played alone. He tossed a pigeon up on his roof, making his flock instantly drop apart from



"LITTLE AMERICAN, GUESSING THAT HIS RIVAL HAD RISKED A NEW BIRD, FLUNG BOTH HIS CALL-BIRDS."

Little American's. Then, seeing that his new and young birds had safely followed, he trained the rest of his new birds, flinging them, one by one, into the flock. Li Loo and Little American looked on in helpless rage, for their flock was now shelved, in its turn, and they had no call-birds left to bring it down.

At last, as a parting flaunt, Little American thought, his old Mu Wha Tou, the captured pigeon, was thrown up. As on the day when Kao Chün had captured her and Little American had lost her, Kao Chün's flock gathered her into their number, swept her to their alighting-spot, and the game was done.



## THIRD STORY.

## THE RECAPTURE OF MU WHA TOU.

THE enemies of the pigeons are three—the weasel, the hawk, and the cat. Of these the weasel is deadliest, for it can work into a pigeon-house by the merest crack, and its rule is to kill all. The hawk is a gallant robber, for he takes but one, and that by fair strategy in the open sky.

The slyest enemies of the pigeons, however, and those they most dread, are the cats. They will spring into a pigeon-house at sundown, when the pigeons have gone to their cells to be shut in for the night. When this happens the flock is stampeded and numbers are lost, for pigeons are blind in the dark, and cannot be called down.

So when, one dark night, several months after the flight of Mu Wha Tou, Little American was wakened by the sudden screech of a pigeon-whistle passing overhead in the darkness, and saw from his window a red glow over Kao Chün's roof, he knew that some cat had scared out his rival's flock at roosting-time, and that Kao Chün was trying the "fire decoy"—burning corn-stalks soaked in oil to draw down his panic-stricken birds. He knew, too, that after a night-flying, Mu Wha Tou might be tempted to alight with his flock again.

The rule is that after three alightings a strange pigeon will never be drawn down again, and Mu Wha Tou had twice been brought to roof by Little American's pigeons without being taken. The first time she had followed them to the eaves, and had just poked over her head and drooped her wings to join the birds feeding in the wicker cage, when one of Kao Chün's call-birds, cleverly thrown over the house, startled her up and led her to its home. The second time she alighted was by a misleading flurry at the splitting of the two flocks. This time she knew her mistake, and could not be coaxed from the ridge-pole. It is allowed by the rules of decoying to stun a strange pigeon with the crossbow by shooting it in the crop (though not to maim its wing). So Li Loo then took down the cunning bow—an odd-shaped thing, so stout that it took two coolies to string it, and so nicely sighted by a

needle-hole in a bamboo stem and a red bead on a thread that it would hit a fly on the wall. But Mu Wha Tou knew about that, too, and promptly clattered off. She was not to be brought to roof again. But there was now a chance that by morning she would be scared and hungry enough to alight on the ground if she saw pigeons feeding in the open court in front of the wicker house—especially if she saw red corn; for sorghum-fed pigeons are gluttonous after red corn.

At daylight Little American saw by the waving trees that it was a morning of west wind. The yellow edge of a great dust-cloud was moving up the sky, threatening a day of closed windows and lamplight. Already the copper sky was ugly for flying. Little American's flock struggled up in slanting circles, whirling high into the air when it stemmed the wind, and dipping to the very housetops on the turn.

The whistles sounded out only at the dipping, because in the teeth of the wind they became choked; but they sounded enough to call back some of Kao Chün's stragglers, which could be seen rising and falling in the storm, as they cut their way toward the flock. Little American would not stop for these, and chased his flock back from the roof again and again, until he saw, as they mounted from a long sweep behind the great temple, that a new tientse was among his birds, one with the long wings and spotted neck of Mu Wha Tou.

Li Loo knew her at once. He had climbed the wall to watch for her, and now ran for the corn-bag, shouting to Little American to hold back the call-birds until the flock should careen directly over the brick-paved yard by the pigeon-house. On they came, laboring over the housetops, keeping together in perfect order, but whipping their half-shut wings unwillingly, and turning down their hungry little eyes as they drew close overhead. This was the moment. Little American chased out the call-birds just as Li Loo threw a handful of big red kernels dancing upon the pavement. The greedy call-birds flung themselves upon it, and the flock, Mu Wha Tou and all, dropped straight between the houses to the ground. Mu Wha Tou stood a-tiptoe as she

touched ground, as if scared to find herself there, and ready to spring into the air at a movement. No one moved, however, so she began warily to snatch up the kernels within reach.

"How will you touch a skittish thing like that?" muttered Little American, from the pigeon-house. "Better try the crossbow again."

"You can't shoot at her, ducking about among the other birds," said Li Loo. "Watch me, and learn the baby-pigeon trick."

Li Loo was standing back against the wall as he spoke. He held his hands together without stirring, and Little American now saw some new-fledged squabs poking out their heads from his big sleeves. He kept his eyes on a little heap of corn, around which he had scattered the handful which the flock were eating.

The birds, quickly pecking up every stray corn, now began to draw into a close circle around this little pile, Mu Wha Tou even forgetting to look up at Li Loo, who quietly set

the young pigeons loose upon the ground. Seeing the corn, the eager squabs ran squealing and shaking their wings among the other birds. Then Little American saw what was to happen. Squabs always spread their wings when they squeal to be fed. Even when they can pick up for themselves, they begin by squealing and fanning at the other pigeons. So these squabs pushed among the unheeding feeders, clumsily shaking their silly fans over their heads. In a moment Mu Wha Tou was "hooded" between two of them, and as if blindfolded; whereupon Li Loo, stepping up behind the three, noiselessly as a cat, nabbed her from the ground.

Little American was so happy at the "baby-pigeon trick" that he gave Mu Wha Tou as a present to Li Loo, who clipped out her speckled feathers, and glued in proper white feathers so neatly that no one knew her for *wha tou*, or "speckled head." And she was sold for a big sum to a farmer, who took her to Shantung, so that nobody knows what he said when the black feathers grew out again.







BY MARGARET MINOR.

IT was an October afternoon, and through Indian summer's tulle-like haze a low-swinging sun sent shafts of scarlet light at the highest peaks of the Blue Ridge. The sweet-gum leaves looked like blood-colored stars as they floated slowly to the ground, and brown chestnuts gleamed satin-like through their gaping burs; while over all there rested a dense stillness, cut now and then by the sharp yelp of a dog as he scurried through the bushes after a rabbit.

Surrounded by this splendid autumn beauty stood Mountain Top Inn, near the crest of the Blue Ridge in Rockfish Gap, its historical value dating from the time when Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, after a long and spirited discussion in one of its low-ceiled rooms, decided upon the location of the University of Virginia.

On the porch of this old inn there now sat a little boy, idly swinging a pair of sun-tanned legs. Occasionally he tickled an old liver-colored hound that lay dozing in a limp heap; but being rewarded only by toothless snaps at very long intervals, he finally grew tired of this amusement, and stretching himself out on his back, he began to dream with wide-open eyes. At these dream-times, when he let his thoughts loose, they always bore him to the very same field, and here his fancy painted

pictures with the vivid colors of a boy's imagination: pictures so strong that they left him flushed and tingling with pride; again, pictures that brought a cool, choking feeling to his throat; and at times pictures that made his childish mouth quiver and droop. Among all of these thought-born scenes, at intervals there would stand out the real ones, scenes that were etched on the clean walls of his memory in everlasting strokes.

He never tired thinking of that first morning—that morning when all the world seemed gilded with sunshine and throbbing with martial music. His grandfather had lifted him up on one of the "big gate" posts to see the soldiers march by. With mingled feelings of admiration and childish envy he had watched them drill for many weeks, but they had never seemed such real, grand soldiers until now, as they came marching by with quick, firm steps, keeping time to the clear, staccato notes, marching off to real battle-fields. It was all so beautiful, splendid, and gay—the music, the soldiers, the people, the hurrahing! It stirred his sentient little body through and through with a kind of joy, and he thought it so strange that his mother's eyes were full of tears.

Just a few days later he had listened eagerly to the sharp, crackling sound of guns

and the rumbling thunder of cannon, so near that the air seemed to vibrate. He and another little boy had stood and talked in high, quick tones, bragging and predicting breathlessly the result of the battle as they used the term "our men."

Finally they climbed the tallest oak on the lawn, and strained their young eyes to see which was "gettin' whipped."

A little while after this he remembered following his father through the long hospital ward. Over the first bed he saw him stoop and loosen the white cotton bandages of a wounded man. On the next narrow cot there was a slender boy of fifteen, who lay with clenched hands watching the work of the surgeon. Then they passed a woman, who was gently bathing the forehead of a man whose soldier days seemed likely to come to an early end.

Some weeks had gone by, when one day he followed a party of men to Marye's Heights. It was a short time after the battle of Fredericksburg. A light snow had fallen the night before, which the wind whirled and sifted about the dead, in a way that made them appear to be shuddering. Once a sharp gust blew the snow off a body lying on its face, and the boy's eyes filled. He scarcely heeded the talk of the men with whom he had gone. His thoughts were held fast by the awful scene which lay spread before his young eyes.

How often since then had the boy pictured himself a grown man, seated on just such a fine horse and following Lee! It was always Lee; in his dreamland through the heart of the battle he always followed General Robert E. Lee, his hero, whom he had never seen, but whom he had carried halo-crowned in his heart ever since he could remember.

And then the very saddest day in his life had come—the day when the first news of Lee's surrender lay heavy on the hearts of the household. For a while he had followed his mother as she went silently, with closed white lips, from one duty to another. Finally he went out to seek comfort from Uncle Jake, whom he found sitting with his back propped against the side of the corn-crib, drawing little quick puffs of smoke from his pipe.

"Uncle Jake," he said, "Lee's just *had* to s'render."

"Yes, honey, I done heahud 'bout hit." And as he looked into Uncle Jake's little red, watery eyes, he saw no comfort there, and turned away. Then Uncle Jake said very tenderly: "Nuvvuh you min', son; ef you had be'n uh grow'd-up man you 'd uh whipped um sho! Unc' Jake gwine tuh tek you possum-huntin' Sa'd'y night."

Seven months had gone by since the war had ended; still, on this October afternoon, as the boy lay stretched out on the porch of the old inn, he dreamed his boyish dreams of romance and heroism.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by the sound of hoofs, and turning his head he saw a man riding slowly down the road. A new arrival at the inn was always most interesting. An eager light came into the boy's eyes as he watched the rider, who was now near enough for him to see how firmly he sat in his saddle. The man seemed a very part of the strongly built horse, which carried him with an ease that indicated long habit.

A wiry little negro had also seen the approaching horseman, and was now hurrying across the lawn to meet him.

"May I spend the night here, my man?" asked the stranger.

"Yessuh—yessuh!" answered Uncle Jake, quickly, and opening the gate he stepped out and caught the bridle near the bit, as the horseman swung out of the creaking saddle to the ground.

"Uncle Jake, take the horse around to the stable!" called out the boy, who felt that the honors of hospitality rested on him, there being no one else in sight. Then he ran briskly down the walk to meet the stranger, who extended his fine, strong hand with a little smile, and said very kindly:

"How do you do, sir?"

"I 'm well," replied the boy.

"And what is your name?"

"Jimmy."

"Jimmy? Well, Jimmy is a nice name," he said. Then he turned, and still held the boy's hand as he watched the little old negro, who stood with his head under the saddle-skirt,



tiptoeing and straining in his effort to unfasten his small brown hand slowly out of the stranger's gentle clasp. Finally, when he succeeded, he flung the saddle on the ground, and the horse, feeling relieved of his burden, first shook his head and dropping it by the saddle, Uncle Jake



"‘YOU REMEMBER WHEN LEE JUST HAD TO S’RENDER?’ ASKED JIMMY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

self violently, and then expressed his comfort again and again in deep chest-tones.

During all this time Jimmy's eyes had been fastened on the stranger's spurs, and a peculiar feeling of incredulity gradually filled his mind.

Silver, indeed! He could not fool him! No one was rich enough to have real silver spurs! So sternly did he resent what he thought to be an attempt at deception that he drew

led him away by his forelock to the stable, and Jimmy walked toward the inn with his guest, who said as they reached the steps:

"Jimmy, we will sit here for a while, and then I will go over to the stable and see about my horse."

As they sat down the old hound came cautiously down the steps, wheezing out a husky greeting.

"She is too old to hurt any one," said Jimmy.

"Is she yours?"

"No, sir. Tip's mine. Listen!" he exclaimed, as the sharp yelp of a dog again broke the stillness. "That's Tip! He goes off and runs rabbits all by himself."

"Perhaps he is after a fox."

"No, sir; Tip won't run a fox."

"Jimmy, can you tell from a dog's cry whether he is running a fox or a rabbit?"

"No, sir."

"Well, if he is trailing a rabbit he does not bark continually, but if he is after a fox he does; so you can always tell if you listen carefully."

"Never heard about that before," replied Jimmy, with a smile.

After this there followed a long pause, during which the stranger looked about inquiringly, then said:

"Jimmy, how long have you been living here?"

"Not very long. We refugeed over in North Carolina the first part of the war. Then we came back to Spottsylvania County while father was in prison. Why, we just came here after the s'render. You remember when Lee just had to s'render?" he asked, looking up into the stranger's face.

The boy's mouth, as usual, quivered as he uttered the word "s'render," but the man did not appear to see this. He seemed to be looking at a far-off mountain peak. After a pause he replied, "Yes, I remember," as he arose and started toward the stable.

"I'll show you the way," said Jimmy.

"Thank you, sir," he answered gravely.

When they entered the stable the big gray horse greeted his master with some soft little nickerings. "Oh, he knows you without even looking!" exclaimed Jimmy, in tones expressing delight and surprise.

"Yes, he knows me pretty well," the man replied, as he looked with anxious sympathy at a saddle-galled place on the horse's back.

Jimmy had climbed up on the side of the stall, and was also looking with much interest. Suddenly he exclaimed: "I know what's good for that! Some stuff down in the bottom of the chalybeate spring."

He pronounced each syllable of the word

"chalybeate" very clearly, for it was a newly learned word, and he was proud of his ability to use it.

"Why, yes; the iron in it ought to be healing. How far is the spring?"

"Oh, just a little way; I'll show you," Jimmy replied, jumping to the ground and quickly opening the stable door. "Let me lead him," he added.

"Had n't you rather ride him, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, in rather shy but pleased tones.

"All right," said the man, as he swung the little fellow up on the horse. "There! Sit farther back, so you will not hurt that galled place. Now I'll lead him, and you tell me in which direction to go."

"Down the road there, just on the other side of the ice-pond," said Jimmy, pointing in that direction as they moved off.

The boy was happy as he cupped his bare legs close around the body of the horse, and watched the square shoulders of the man who walked slowly ahead. He thought him exceedingly nice and kind, and his feelings in regard to the spurs were not nearly so intense. The desire to ask if they were real silver, though, was strong, but he felt that perhaps it would not be polite, so he said nothing.

After they had gone some distance Jimmy exclaimed, "There's the spring!" Then he slid quickly to the ground, and without other words knelt down and, baring one arm, dipped out of the bottom of the spring a handful of rust-colored flakes.

"This is what you put on his back," he said. "Just lay it right on. It does n't hurt; it just feels cool."

The directions were quietly obeyed, and the horse made no movement, save a slight quiver of the skin, as if to shake off a fly.

"Uncle Jake says that doctors can't make any finer medicine than this," he said, as he scooped up another handful.

"Well, Jimmy, I am very much obliged to you, and I'm sure that my horse is also," said the stranger, as they started on back to the stable.

In the meantime the saddle left by Uncle Jake near the horse-rack had attracted the



attention of a young man as he came through the front gate. After looking at it for a few minutes, idle curiosity prompted him to turn it over with his foot, and as he did so three bright brass letters—"R. E. L."—greeted him. He looked sharply at them at first, then his eyes dilated, and a little prickly thrill ran through him. "I wonder if it can be!" he said. Suddenly some convincing feeling seemed to fill his mind, and then he almost ran to the house. On reaching the steps, he sprang up them two at a time, and entered the hall, where he met Mrs. Claverly.

"Mrs. Claverly—" he began, and stopped.

"Well?" she asked, smiling at his hesitation. "What is it, Charley?"

"Ah, do you know, Mrs. Claverly, I think that General Lee is here." His voice was husky with excitement.

"General Lee! Where?" But without waiting for a reply, she stepped quickly to the door of the old-fashioned parlor, and exclaimed in soft, suppressed tones to a group of women sitting there:

"They think that General Lee is here!"

"What makes them think so?" asked a thin, gray-haired woman, as she hastily arose.

"Why," replied the young man, his tones now quite positive, "his saddle with 'R. E. L.' on it is out there by the gate."

"There he comes now," said one of the group, eagerly; "at least, I suppose that it is he."

"Let me see," said Mrs. Claverly, going rapidly to the window. "I saw him once at the Greenbrier White, and I am sure that I would know him. Yes, it is he!" she exclaimed, as she looked at the man coming slowly across the lawn, talking earnestly to the barefoot boy at his side. His thoughts were so completely occupied by what he was saying that not until he was quite near the inn did he see the group on the porch, and his face flushed slightly as he realized that they were there to greet him. Lifting his hat, he ascended the steps with bared head. Mrs. Claverly walked quickly forward, and extended her slim white hand.

"General Lee, I believe."

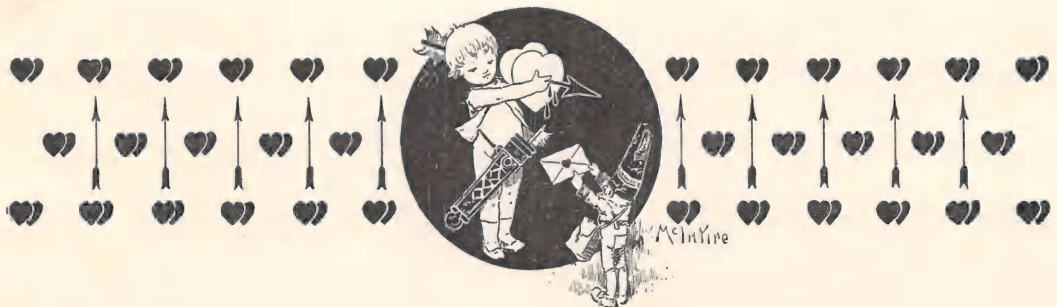
"Yes, madam," he replied gravely, as he bowed low over her hand.

At the sound of Lee's name Jimmy's eyes grew round, and filled with astonishment. For one brief moment he stood gazing up at the stately old soldier, whom every one was greeting, then he backed slowly away until he reached the door. There he stood another moment, seeing nothing but his hero.

Suddenly he turned and darted down the long hall, up the stairway, and into his mother's room.

"Mother!" he exclaimed in breathless wonderment, "mother! General Lee is downstairs, and he is just splendid, and—er—mother, he's just exactly like anybody else!" \*

\* This story is based upon the personal experience of one who related it to the author.



CUPID AND THE GNOMES' POSTMAN.

## A FAVORITE BIRTH-YEAR.

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER.

IT has been remarked that Mr. Hobart is the fourth Vice-President of the United States who has died in the month of November. His death occurred on the 21st (1899); Henry Wilson died on the 22d (1875); Elbridge T. Gerry—who gave his name to the still popular political trick of gerrymandering—on the 23d (1814); and Thomas A. Hendricks on the 25th (1885). The fact is of no significance whatever; yet, now that attention has been called to it, future Vice-Presidents will perhaps eat their Thanksgiving dinners with a peculiar satisfaction when the holiday falls, as in 1899, on the last day of the month.

A still more striking coincidence has been familiar for the past three quarters of a century to readers of American history. This was the death on the same day—and that day the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence—of the second and third Presidents of the American Republic, both of them signers of the Declaration, and one of them its author. The passing away of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson (the former at ninety-one and the latter at eighty-three) at an interval of a few hours, on July 4, 1826, was sufficiently remarkable to suggest purpose at least, if not agreement, on the part of these old friends. It is a coincidence perhaps unmatched in history.

Against November as, so to speak, a favorite death-month of American Vice-Presidents, February may be set off as a favorite birth-month of American and other men of genius—most notably George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, whose birthdays bring two national holidays almost as close together as Christmas and New Year's Day. On February 3, 1900, Felix Mendelssohn would be ninety-one years of age; on the 8th John Ruskin celebrates the eighty-first anniversary of his birth, and Jules Verne the seventy-second. Lincoln, Charles Darwin, and James Russell

Lowell were, all three, born on the 12th (Lowell would be eighty-one had he lived). On the next day Lord Salisbury will enter upon his seventy-first year; on the 14th Ernest Legouvé rounds out his ninety-third; and on the 15th Dr. Weir Mitchell completes his seventy-first, with mental force still unabated. Had February the same allowance of days as even the shorter of the other months, Frédéric Chopin could be added to our list; as it is, he misses it by the narrowest possible margin, his natal day having been March 1 (1809).

It was in the same year, as well as in the same month, that three of the names here mentioned were bestowed upon those who made them famous—Lincoln, Darwin, Mendelssohn. In this and the other months of 1809 occurred perhaps the greatest number of illustrious births that can be credited to any single year of the century now hastening to its close. In America we have Lincoln, Edgar Allan Poe, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; in England, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, Professor Darwin, Lord Houghton, Professor John Stuart Blackie, Edward Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke; in Germany, Mendelssohn; and in Poland, Chopin.

A further coincidence is to be noted in the life-term of two of the most brilliant lights in this meteoric shower. The American poet of night-fancies and day-dreams, and the Polish tone-poet of nocturnes and études, were born within ten weeks of each other, and died but ten days apart, Poe's birth having occurred on January 19, 1809, and Chopin's death on October 17, 1849, just nine days after the author of "The Raven" was laid at rest in the Baltimore churchyard, where, for half a century, his grave has been cared for by the man that dug it. A suggestive comparison might be made, between the lives and genius of these two unhappy spirits of the early half of the nineteenth century.



## THE DREAM OF "ROGET."

(A Tautological Tale.)

BY GRACE FRASER.



MOST of you have seen Dr. Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words," the standard reference-book. Now this "thesaurus" (which word means "treasury") is a system of verbal classification. You take all the words and phrases that mean pretty much the same thing, range them in a row, make these rows into sections, call the sections by appropriate names, and—there you are!

Falling asleep, one night, over Roget's curious book, I dreamed that I was Roget himself, and a very fat man into the bargain. A gentleman behind me was admonishing me to hasten, with the words:

"Come, come, my good fellow, bowl, trundle, roll along!"

"H'm," thought I, "what it is to be stout! Quoting my very words, is he? I'll show him!" And turning, I exclaimed:

"Go! begone! get you gone! get away! go along! be off! off with you! get along with you! go about your business! go your way! avant! aroynt! away with you!"

"Whew!" cried the saucy man. "What an irascible, susceptible, excitable, irritable, fretful, fidgety, peevish, hasty, quick, warm, hot, touchy, testy, pettish, waspish, snappish, petulant, peppery, fiery, passionate, choleric fellow it is!"

This annoyed me.

"Sir," I said, "you shall not ridicule, deride, laugh at, mock, quiz, rally, flout, twit, roast,

taunt, or make game of me; this is ill treatment, annoyance, molestation, abuse, oppression, persecution, outrage, of a kind that I shall not stand!"

The man apparently wanted to fight, for he continued meditatively: "What a corpulent, stout, fat, plump, chubby, chub-faced, lubberly, hulky, unwieldy—"

This was more than flesh and blood could stand. I tried to chastise him, but he turned into a policeman, took me to the station, and accused me before a judge of attempting "by tooth and nail, *vi et armis*, at the point of the sword, and at one fell swoop, to be violent, to run high, ferment, effervesce, run wild, run riot, to break the peace, to out-herod Herod, and to run amuck."

I denied the charge with vigor. "It is false, untrue, unfounded, fictitious, invented, *ben trovato*, counterfeit, spurious!" I cried. "The policeman is a hypocrite, tale-teller, shuffler, dissembler, serpent, and Baron Munchausen. I am innocent, stainless, unspotted, inoffensive, dove-like, lamb-like, with clean hands and with a clear conscience. I demand atonement, reparation, compensation, propitiation, amends, and satisfaction."

"Take them all, Mr. Roget," said the judge; and I was going for the policeman when I awoke. And so the conversation, which could hardly be called a model of conciseness, brevity, terseness, compression, condensation, or pithiness, came to a close, termination, conclusion, *finis, finale*, finish, determination, and end.

## HER WINTER ROSES.

THEY bloom and glow in the frosty air,  
They thrive in the driving storm;  
But they droop and fade if kept too long  
Where the air is soft and warm.

On two round cheeks her roses grow,  
When the wind is fresh and cold;  
And roses so sweet and red, I know,  
Never were bought or sold.

Gussie Packard Du Bois.

# JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE NERVOUS ELEPHANT.

THE next morning, when Josey awoke, she found the elephant waiting to speak to her.

"Now, what was that?" he asked her.

"What?" asked Josey.

"That thing that gave out such a noise. The thing that went bang!"

"That was a giant-cracker. It did n't hurt you. I warned you that it would n't hurt you."

"Yes; but how was I to remember that when I was so frightened?"

"But you know now that it did n't hurt you," said Josey, laughing at the nervousness of the big, strong creature.

"I don't know whether it did or not. You might look at my legs and see if they are all on me yet. See if I have all my ears, too."

Josey looked the elephant over, and told him that there was nothing wrong with him.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" he said. "I have not had such a fright since the last time that I met a mouse!"

"Are you afraid of mice?" asked Josey.

"Am I? Of course I am! All elephants are. They're such crawly creatures!"

"I'm sure they're not so crawly as spiders," said Josey.

"Oh, they're worse," said the elephant. "At least, they always seem to me to be much worse. But that thing you had last night — it

was just as bad. It frightened me so much that I never slept one wink. I don't know how long I was trying to climb a tree before I found out just what I was doing. Then, when I found I was alone, I was so frightened that I ran back here, and I've been standing ever since by your side, so that, if a mouse came, I could wake you up



"AND AWAY THEY WENT!" (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

and have you fight him, and drive him away from me. They are frightful little creatures."

"Why," said the chipmunk, "I'd like to see any mouse try any tricks with us! I'd soon show him where he belonged!"

"That's good," said the elephant, with a deep sigh of relief.

"You carry us where we are going, and we will see that you are protected," continued the chipmunk.

"Where are you going?"



"We're going to see the dogs," said Josey.

The elephant pulled a great bunch of grass and put it on his head between his ears. Then he put his trunk round the little girl's waist and swung her up, and away they went at a good fast pace that took them out of the oasis and over the rolling sand. That night they camped near a river, and Josey slept soundly until morning. She was awakened by a squabble between the elephant and the chipmunk. The chipmunk said the elephant snored and kept him awake. The elephant replied, as a joke, that the chipmunk had nothing to do with what was in another animal's trunk.

"Don't be impudent to your betters," said the chipmunk, "or you may meet the fate of Miss Chatty Friske."

"Oh, what was her fate?" asked Josey, very eagerly. "You never told me about her."

The chipmunk then began :

#### MISS CHATTY FRISKE.

"The family to which I belong is a very old one, and much honored in our woods. It is true that sometimes the farmers' boys throw



"THAT GAVE HER HYSTERICS."

sticks and stones at us ; but it is their ignorance of our importance in the county that makes them do that, or perhaps sometimes they are jealous of our good looks and the attention we win. With the exception of the farmers' boys, we are very much respected, having lived in

the same tree for a long time. I believe it was my great-great-great-great-grandfather who first made his home there ; and when I came into



"WATCH ME NOW!"

the family my people lived higher than any others in the whole woods.

"Because they lived so very high, all others looked up to them, and they were known far and wide as the great people of the place. They used to say that they owned all the land about ; but they let the farmer work on it because he liked to work.

"We were a very happy family till my aunt came to live with us, and brought her only daughter, Miss Chatty Friske. Miss Chatty used to try to be smart, and thought she was clever when she was only impudent. She plagued the people who passed along the road, till a man actually brought a gun, one day, and tried to shoot her. That gave her hysterics, and when she got over them she had us all flying about getting medicine for her.

"Our next-door neighbors were the bees, who lived in the next knot-hole below. Miss Chatty thought it was great fun to steal honey from them, and upset their house. The bees were very angry ; and one old fellow, who had suffered from her jokes several times, resolved to see if he could not revenge himself in some way.

"'You should not stay in such a slow old place as this is,' he said. 'There is nobody here to understand and admire one so witty.'

"'That is quite true,' said Miss Chatty. 'This is a slow old poky place, and such a superior person as myself is not understood.'

"'You should show off your smartness to the world. When you get the idea for something witty you should go round first and call the attention of people to what you are about to do, and then they will all applaud and wonder at your wit,' said the bee.

"Miss Chatty said that she thought the advice very good. 'Can't you think of something clever now?' she asked.

"'Well, there are those people who live in that big paper house over there,' said the old bee. 'They would be good ones to play a joke on—but they are very sharp, and perhaps you had better begin on some others who are not quite so sharp. But then you'll know best.'

"But Miss Chatty was the more determined to go and play some trick upon them that would make the whole world wonder at her.

"So she called out all her family. 'Stand here,' she said; 'there's going to be some fun soon.'

"'Yes,' said the old bee, looking up at the chipmunks; 'there's going to be some great fun soon!'

"Miss Chatty ran briskly about through the woods and knocked at every one's door. 'Come out!' she cried. 'Come out and see the fun that is going to happen!'

"Then the creatures sat around waiting for the fun to begin.

"When Miss Chatty

had made all her arrangements, she went out on the grass and smiled and bowed right and left to everybody. Then she ran up the tree where the big paper house was hanging.

"'Watch me now!' she said, and made a jump.

"She struck the paper house fair in the middle, and went through it without stopping at all. She knocked all the babies out of their cradles and tore things inside to bits, and she lit on the ground smiling, and bowed right and left again. Then she stood there, waiting to hear the applause.

"Now, it so happened that the paper house belonged to people called Wasps. They were people who minded their own business, but were great fighters when any one made them angry. They were furious now, when they saw that their house had been torn to pieces. They flew at Miss Chatty and stung her.

"Her mother came out and threatened them,



THE SULTAN OFFERS ACHMET A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BICYCLE.  
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



and some of them lit on her and made her fly like mad.

"At last Miss Chatty made a desperate spring and flew off up the road. The wasps chased her and her mother till they were driven away from the woods. They never came back, and everybody was glad."

"Now it is your turn to tell a story," said Josey to the elephant. Tell us the most wonderful story you ever heard."

"But the most wonderful story that I heard was not true," said the elephant. "The man who told it is being punished for his falsehoods at this very moment. Every day he is made to sit on the steps of the palace with a sign upon him which says: THIS IS AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL!"

"Never mind about that," said Josey. "Tell us the story, and we will judge of the untruthfulness ourselves."

And so the elephant told his story like this:

#### AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL.

"On the day when the king gave a great feast there came before him all the men who tell marvelous but true tales. He heard from them about the roc, biggest of all birds, that can shadow a whole city with its wings, and of the serpents that are larger than the greatest trees, and of the lodestone mountain that is in the midst of the sea, and that draws the nails out of the ships so that they all fall to pieces when they go too near it; of the magic carpet that traveled to Persia and back in the time of wishing; of the flying horse; and of men turned to animals and animals turned to men.

"Then came one who said: 'O Sultan, may thy dog of a servant's servant speak and live? There is a certain man just arrived from the land of the giaours\* who tells of marvels seen there more wonderful than these.'

"Let him be brought," said the Sultan.

"And when the man was come he stood before the Sultan, saying: 'O Protector of the Faithful, may thy dog of a servant's servant speak and live? I am no teller of marvelous

tales. What I have said about the country of the giaours is even so — what I have seen with mine own eyes and heard with mine own ears. Thy dog of a servant's servant speaks nothing but the truth.'

"Now the Sultan smiled through his black beard and played with his jeweled simitar.

"Let us hear this marvelous truth," he said.

"Then he who had been in the land of the giaours stood out and spoke boldly:

"Know, Most Potent Lord," he said, "that the country of the giaours is very far across the great waters. Thy dog of a servant's servant, having a mind to travel, set out from these parts three years ago with merchandise and camels, and came, after many weeks, to the city which is on the shores of the sea. There he sold his goods for a profit, and rested at the house of a pious old man who knows many things. From him he heard of the floating city on which the giaours travel from place to place, and having made certain disposal of his property, he found the floating city even as it had been said. In length it was almost as great as the wall of the palace; the people upon it were men, women, and children, all having houses in the streets of the city. There were shops, also, like those of the barber and the bath-keeper, and great halls where the people sat at tables to eat, or listened to music.

"And soon after I had gone in it a bell rang, and the city left the shore and went across the sea more swiftly than the fastest of horses."

"At this point there were murmurings among the dervishes, and the Sultan spoke:

"Did the floating city go faster than the fastest of my horses?"

"The traveler answered: 'It is even so, Commander of the Faithful; thy servant tells nothing but the truth.'

"Of what were the sails?"

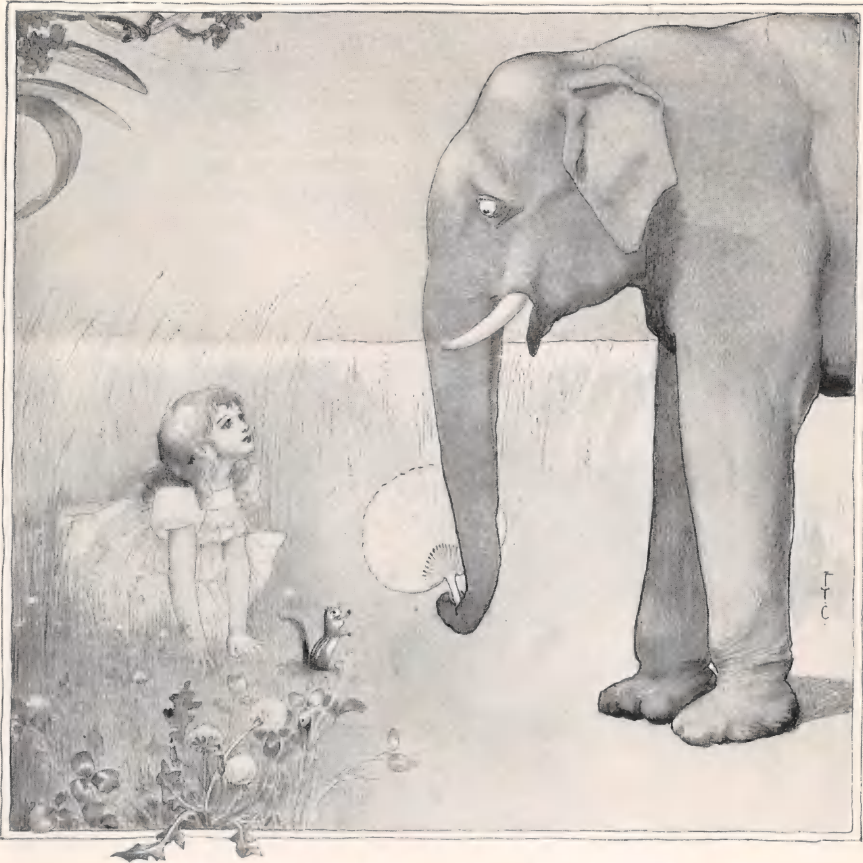
"O Lord of the Earth, there were no sails!"

"Perhaps a great roc moved the city," said the Grand Vizier.

"The greatest of rocs could not have moved it," replied the traveler.

"The giaours must have monsters of the sea that obey them," said the Sultan.

\* Pronounced "jower"; a word meaning "infidel" in Turkish, and once applied to those nations who were not Mohammedans.



"‘WHAT THE POOR MAN TOLD WAS TRUE,’ SAID JOSEY." (SEE PAGE 339.)

"‘If the tongue of thy servant may utter the truth and not wither, no monsters of the sea helped the giaours,’ said the traveler. ‘They had instead a marvelous genie called steam, in an iron prison under the city. The noise of his working could be heard almost a day’s journey. He breathed fire and black smoke, and his voice was louder than the roaring of a thousand lions. He beat the water with fins like those of a great fish, and made the city to go against wind and waves.’

"‘Against the wind?’ asked the Sultan.

"‘It is the truth,’ said the traveler. ‘We came at last to the land of the giaours, at a place where there are many cities, all larger than ours. These giaours have no Sultan, but all work, men and women, running about as if they had lost a piece of silver. And those who want to go upon a journey get into houses on wheels that are in the streets; and these go very fast, though

there is no one to pull or push them. They go far faster than camels or horses. The giaours say that this is the work of a great genie who is brother of the lightning. And some of the houses of that city are so high that a man looking down from the roof sees those in the streets as though they were ants; and men get to the roof and down again by means of a room that moves very swiftly from the top to the bottom.’

"The murmuring of the dervishes was now loud, but the Sultan stilled them with a wave of his hand.

"‘Go on,’ he said to the traveler.

"‘In the country of the giaours,’ he said, ‘they make the sun take pictures.’

"The Sultan laughed, but the Grand Vizier and the dervishes were angry.

"‘Does the sun indeed come down for the giaours, and does he make pictures for them?’ asked the Sultan, looking very severe.



"'Every day, in a thousand cities. He can make ten pictures in one place while the Commander of the Faithful breathes once.'

"The Sultan folded his legs under him more tightly, and clenched his hand on the hilt of his simitar; but he answered only:

"'Go on!'

"'The giaours have boxes which talk and sing. Speak to one of these boxes, and go away and come again a month or a year after, and it will call to you the words you said, having forgotten

"'It went a day's journey every hour for the space of a moon's age.'

"Then the Sultan said: 'O wicked man, what hath made thee bold to tell such things to the Commander of the Faithful? Knowest thou not that the earth is flat, and thy floating city would come to the end of it and drop over the edge in ten days!'

"And he commanded two wheels to be brought, and set one in front and one behind, after the manner of those ridden by the giaour



JOSEY, THE CHIPMUNK, AND THE ELEPHANT ARE ENTERTAINED BY THE ST. BERNARDS.

nothing, not even the tone. Some of these boxes speak the words and sing in the voices of men who have long been dead.

"'Every day a book tells all that has happened during the day in all the earth, and it is sold in the streets. In this country there is no Sultan; but the people, every fourth year, choose a ruler. And the women there go in the streets with bare faces; and some of them wear trousers like those of the faithful, and they sit upon two wheels that are fastened one before the other, and they go faster than the fastest horse.'

"'How fast did the floating city go?' asked the Sultan, as the traveler paused.

women with bare faces and trousers like those of the faithful.

"'Here are the wheels,' he said to the traveler. 'Now you must sit upon them and go faster than the fastest horse.'

"But the traveler could not sit upon the wheels. And the face of the Sultan grew black as the blackest thunder-cloud, and he said: 'Confess that thou hast lied!'

"Then the Sultan made a sign, and the slaves seized the traveler and beat him with the bastinado; and the demon that was in him departed, and he came to himself and cried aloud:

"'O Commander of the Faithful, it was a

lying dream that I told to thee. I know nothing of the giaours or their land. Forgive thy servant, and grant that he may live.'

"Then the Sultan ordered the man unbound; and they put the sign upon him: THIS IS AHMET THE UNTRUTHFUL. And they make him sit on the palace steps from dawn till evening, as a warning to all men."

When the elephant had finished his story, Josey opened her eyes very wide.

"Do you mean that the poor man is sitting there now with that sign on his neck?" she asked.

"Quite likely," said the elephant. "They keep him there as a warning to travelers."

"I don't know what they mean by giaours," said Josey; "but we have all those wonderful things that the traveler found, in the very country that I came from. What the poor man told was true."

"You don't say so!" said the elephant, very much surprised. "Then we must leave here immediately, and as soon as possible I must go and tell the Sultan to set poor Ahmet free."

So, leaving their camp in the warm country, Josey and the elephant and the chipmunk traveled and traveled and journeyed and journeyed until they came to some lofty mountains.

They climbed up and up and up the mountains, higher and higher, till they were in a land of beautiful snow and ice. Here they saw a great house, and when they came to it they heard big dogs barking. Some of the dogs came to the door and let them in. The biggest dogs in the world were there, walking about like soldiers, with bottles on their necks and blankets strapped on their backs, as if going out for a long journey in the snow.

Little Josey asked one of the old ones that sat by the fire what these big, strong dogs were going to do, and he told her that they were going out on the mountains to find the travelers who were freezing to death and bring them in.

"Do they truly do that?" asked Josey.

"Why, of course," said the old dog. "Everybody knows about the St. Bernard dogs.

People could not cross the mountains at all if it were not for us."

The dogs made them comfortable for the night, and they slept soundly after their climb.

The next day the elephant, who was not used to snow, had a bad cold, and his coughing was so loud that the dogs said it would not do for them to go out on the mountain again, as his coughing and sneezing would certainly shake down one of the avalanches that were hanging away high up in the sky.

They put the elephant into their biggest chair, and gave him gruel, and put his feet in hot water, and wrapped red flannel about his neck. Soon he stopped coughing, and said that he felt quite comfortable.

The dogs, who had never seen a chipmunk before, were greatly interested in him, and asked him many questions about the country that he came from. They wanted to know all about his relatives, too, and whether they were as small as himself.

"Small as I?" asked the chipmunk, in astonishment. "Why, I never knew that I was small. I think I'm pretty nearly as tall as yourself."

Then he stood on the floor beside the big dog, and tried to stretch himself to Nero's height. The other dogs laughed.

The chipmunk was angry because of what the big dog had said about his size, and at first wished to fight; but the dogs were too good-natured to quarrel, and said they did not mean to hurt his feelings. So after brushing his whiskers out as far as they would go, and stretching himself up to his full height, the chipmunk said:

"If Nero will apologize to me, and own that I am quite as big as he is, I will forgive him."

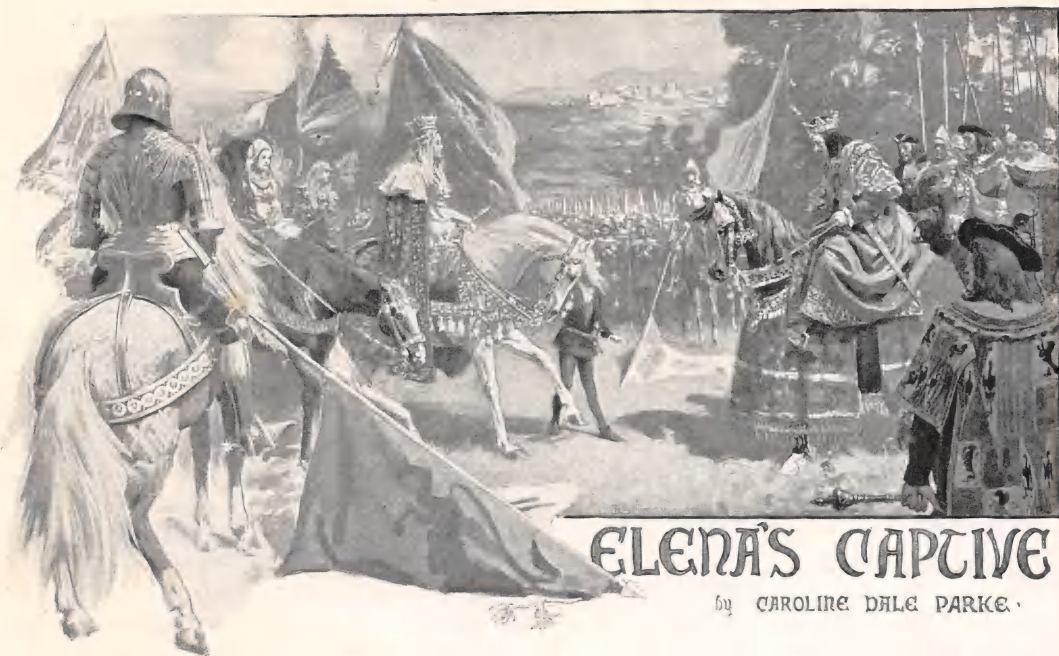
"I am willing to own that you feel quite as big," said Nero.

The chipmunk thoughtfully brushed his tail out with his paws, and finally said: "That will do. It seems to me to be the same thing."

This restored harmony, and they remained with the dogs until the next day, hearing stories about the rescue of travelers lost in the snow.

(To be continued.)





## ELENA'S CAPTIVE

by CAROLINE DALE PARKE.

*(Though complete in itself, this story is a sequel to that published under the same title in the December number.)*

THE Count of Cabra paced impatiently in front of his tent. Now in absent fashion he pulled his sword half-way from its scabbard and sent it back with a clang; now he looked for a moment at the dainty city of Granada that stood so temptingly in front of the Christian camp.

This afternoon Queen Isabella was to arrive, and the count awaited the summons to go out with the band of knights to meet her. This was hardly cause for impatience. But the Count of Cabra was not thinking of his gracious queen or of the royal reception, but of a small, black-eyed girl who had kissed him goodbye in his castle at Vaena five years ago. Since then the war had occupied him wholly.

One by one the strongholds of the Moors had fallen into Christian hands, and at length King Ferdinand had set himself down before the very gates of Granada. Ferdinand was a very determined man, so when the camp was completed he sent for the queen to come and live there, meaning thus to show the Moors that he intended to stay until he had starved them in the walls of their city.

Then it was that the queen sent word to the Count of Cabra inviting his daughter to be of

the royal retinue. The count could scarcely realize that his little girl, who had always lived so quietly in his mountain castle, was now to take part in the exciting life of the camp; and, more than this, that he should see again those dark, mischievous eyes, and feel the persuading touch of her soft round cheek against his.

The sound of a trumpet announced the approach of the queen. The count quickly mounted his horse, and swept into the bright company of knights who, with the king at their head, went to meet her. As the queen passed, the long line of standards saluted her in a gorgeous undulation, as if a great wave had appeared in the plain and plashed against her feet, all gold and yellow and red. Isabella received the homage with that winning gentleness that made her so dear to her people, and, turning toward the king, made three deep bows. These the king returned slowly, and then, riding nearer, embraced her, while the people looked on as if awe-struck at this royal meeting.

When the ceremony was at an end and the grave silence of the multitude broke up in happy greetings and laughter, the count looked hither and yon for the round face with mischievous black eyes. He heard two knights behind him discussing the Spanish ladies in low tones.

"And see the young maiden on the white mule with silver trappings," said one. "In a few years she will be a worshipful lady."

The Count of Cabra looked, and decided that she was worshipful already. She had taken off her broad-brimmed hat to get the breeze against her pretty forehead, from which the hair was blowing back in a clear arch above her brows. Suddenly she caught sight of the count, and dropped her rein, while the most enchanting smile rippled from her eyes to her mouth and across her dimpling cheeks. Could it be? Yes, there was Margian riding near and watching her. The count rode over and gave the "worshipful lady" two delighted kisses, while he peeped out of the corner of his eye to see if the knights had noticed that *this* was the daughter of the Count of Cabra. He watched her proudly as she rode into camp. Everything was new to her, and her eyes were constantly sparkling with gladness. And no wonder; for the camp was not the ordinary collection of white tents, but a little city of silk, where dainty pavilions of blue, yellow, and rose-color stood on both sides of the straight, narrow streets. And all were so full of joy at the arrival of the queen that you heard nothing but shouts and music and laughter.

Elena had an apartment in the queen's pavilion, which was a great silken tent of purple surrounded by lower tents of scarlet. Her little room was made of linen, painted on the outside with pictures of knights and horses, and lined inside with soft azure silk, embroidered with golden stars.

Several days went by, and the life at the camp was as gay as if war were the pleasantest thing in the world. The only blot upon it for Elena was Margian's crossness. Poor Margian! no doubt she was very sad to be so near her native city of Granada, knowing that she could not enter. In the morning she looked weary, as if she had not slept; and at evening she hurried Elena into bed and did not even stop to say good night. Elena was very glad when, one afternoon, Margian came and sat near the door of the tent, looking her quiet self again. Granada lay shimmering in the sunshine on its two lofty hills.

"I wish it were nearer," Elena said, looking

at the city, "so we could see the gardens and the different houses."

"Let us go out and look at it closer," replied Margian, eagerly.

"But may we do that?"

"Yes, yes. I know a way."

They went past the soldiers' huts and by an unfrequented path to the open field. Margian led the way to a grassy spot by the river Darro, whose sands, she said, were filled with gold. Here the hills of Granada loomed up majestically, and from the rounded masses of green rose the towers of the Alhambra, as if guarding the huddled houses of the valley.

Elena gazed with rapt delight. "Oh, Margian, art thou not glad we came?" she cried.

Margian did not answer, but looked behind her quickly as the muffled sound of hoofs on the soft turf came to them. She took off the lace veil from her head, and waved it three times vigorously. In a moment a Moor appeared on horseback, leading a donkey he had evidently stolen from the camp. Margian looked at him with such wide-open eyes that Elena thought at first she was frightened; but as he came nearer she met him, saying in low tones:

"They told me thou wouldst pass this way. Aben, brother, dost thou not know me?" And growing suddenly very white, she fell into his arms.

The Moor looked around cautiously, then, laying Margian on the grass, he suddenly picked up Elena, and set her, breathless, on the donkey, at the same time giving him a slap that sent him cantering along in the direction of Granada. In a moment more the Moor's horse came galloping, and passed Elena, who saw the Moor with his fluttering garments, and Margian riding behind him with her arms around his waist.

"Oh, Margian, Margian!" cried Elena, tearfully.

The man bade her be silent so angrily that she dared not speak again, but sat in a little frightened heap on the jolting donkey. Now and then she looked up fearfully from his long, bobbing ears to the form of the man before her. She longed to turn back, but the idea of that terrible Moor chasing her down the highway was too much for



her to bear. Still, she let the donkey walk along more and more slowly. Now the road was bordered on either side by high stone walls, over which peeped the branches of olives and citrons; and far ahead she saw a large oak-tree, where the road divided, one path leading toward the hill, and the other losing itself in the valley.

A thought flashed across her mind so suddenly that she sat bolt upright in her saddle; and the donkey pricked up his unwieldy ears as if to ask, "Did you say anything just now?"

What if she could take a different road from the Moor, and perhaps hide and escape him? She watched keenly, and at last saw him turn toward the valley; then, with her heart standing still in her breast, she went up the hilly lane. When the wall and bushes hid her, she kicked the fuzzy brown sides of the donkey so vigorously that the small beast, feeling himself abused, suddenly planted his smooth round hoofs and refused to stir. She tried to urge him on with motions of her own body, with little slaps on his neck, with tears and pleadings, but to no avail; and at last, being quite desperate, she jumped down and ran as fast as her stiff brocade skirts would let her. Her hair slipped from its silver net, and fell in pretty confusion down on her shoulders. At last she came to a fountain where the water gushed through the wall into a round basin. It was surrounded with myrtle-trees and thick vines that made a cozy hiding-place. Elena stopped for one moment to fling the water on her hot face, and then slipped behind the thicket, crouching down with a sigh of thankfulness. A peasant girl passed with a basket of fruit, but after that the road was quite deserted. Even the twittering of the birds at the fountain's brink was lost. And finally her eyes grew dim and heavy, her dear little head drooped sideways on her shoulders, and leaning against the wall, she fell sound asleep.

She was roused by the sound of many voices and the tramping of hoofs. A party of Moorish soldiers had stopped to water their horses at the fountain. From where she crouched, Elena could see them in the water

quite plainly. One of the cavaliers was just leading his horse away, when it stopped and began to sniff the thicket as a hunting-dog might have done.

"Ah, Ramza, thou foolish child, come away," he said, pulling at the rein. But no sooner was the delicate head lifted than it was lowered again, and the silky nostrils came breathing almost in Elena's face.

"Well, darling, what is it?" asked the cavalier, as if he were talking to some loved child. "Is there an apple there thou wilt have?" He thrust his hand into the bush. Elena stooped as low as she could, holding her breath; but in spite of all she could do, his hand touched her head.

"Holy prophet! what have we here?" he cried, as he pushed aside the bushes and dragged out the trembling Elena before them all.

"Oh, let me go home—let me go back to my father!" she pleaded, trying to remember the Arabic Margian had taught her, and looking into his face like a startled deer. "Don't give me back to the Moor!"

"I shall not be in haste to give thee to anybody, fair lady," he answered, making her a deep bow.

Elena put her hands over her face and began to sob pitifully.

"How came she here?" asked one soldier of another. "A Spanish girl, and under our very walls! Perhaps a spy."

At this word a young Moor rode up closer, saying, "Thou hast taken a fair prisoner, Amar. I think from her looks she is of gentle birth, so we must treat her gallantly."

Elena looked up. He had very kind eyes that were wide apart and honest. His neck was brown and strong, and he held his head proudly, shaking it backward when he spoke. Surely she had seen that gesture before, and the eyes too, and that proud smile. Her lips parted with a quick-drawn breath.

"Reduan, Reduan!" she cried, clasping his large, cup-like stirrup in both hands. "I am Elena. Look at me—I am indeed!"

He leaped down from his horse in a trice, and knelt before her.

"Star of the Morning," he said, "thou shalt



"SURELY SHE HAD SEEN THAT GESTURE BEFORE, AND THE EYES TOO, AND THAT PROUD SMILE."



fear naught. I and my sword are with thee, by the grace of God."

The cavaliers stood back in astonishment, and Amar looked angry, until Reduan, standing up straight, pointed to a torn ribbon on his arm.

"It is my lady, for whose honor and Granada's I will fight and die."

The cavaliers murmured applause, and Reduan, stepping nearer, said to Amar:

"Let me pay thee the ransom for thy prisoner, O Amar."

"I will take naught from my friend," answered Amar, gallantly. "The lady is thine."

Then, full of joy, Reduan lifted her to his horse, and, mounting behind her, rode away, talking to her softly about his mother and Gulnare, to whom he would bring her, and making her ever gladder as they went along. The lane led through a towered gate that the keeper opened to let them into Granada. To Elena, whose life had been spent in the quiet of a mountain castle, the wilderness of houses and crowds of people were terrifying.

Presently the steed stepped out into the light of an open square. Here warriors gathered in knots and talked angrily; peasant girls in dark, rough tunics filled their pitchers at the fountain. The streets became more and more crowded as they neared the great bazaar, El Zacatin. Elena clung to the horse's neck, and did not breathe freely again until they began to mount the eastern hill toward the Alhambra. Here the street widened into an avenue bordered by magnificent shade-trees. Looking up, Elena caught glimpses of the high, forbidding towers of the palace fort, standing dull red against the deepening sky.

"Are we going there?" she asked, with a mixture of delight and awe.

"Yes," answered Reduan. "For many months my father hath resided there by the king's wish. It is well that he be near the king. And now my mother and my sisters, Gulnare and Equivila, are there also."

They soon arrived at the Gate of Justice, a square, solid tower, pierced by a tall, narrow doorway. Over the arch Elena saw a carved hand much like the amulet Reduan had given her long ago. Here they dismounted, passing under the arch and along the narrow walled

path to the doorway of the Alhambra. They entered, and lo! the confusion of the city was gone like a troubled dream, and they stood in a hushed fairy-land. Beneath their feet were the cool marble floors, high over their heads a wilderness of lovely forms and colors—leaves, vines, geometrical figures, all outlined in gold. A maze of delicate columns closed them in—columns of gold that gleamed softly in the light shed from a court beyond; columns of marble white and slender as the jets of a fountain, that seemed at the top to burst into many-colored spray, so delicate was the tracery of their capitals. They would have been too frail for the arches above had not those arches been carved until they were as light as lace.

Reduan led her through several apartments to an open court filled with the soft light of sunset. Moorish warriors in flowing white robes sat by the fountain, talking in low tones; the fountain, sending its "cloud of pearls" into the air, spoke louder than they. Four square stone beasts held the basin and seemed to be listening stolidly. Elena wondered at them as she passed out of the light and into the restful shadow of the court beyond. Here a rosy beam of the setting sun fell through a high, star-shaped window, and quivered over the floor in the delicate pattern of the trellis through which it came. Elena was almost persuaded that an invisible spirit was weaving a lace of sunbeams, and dancing as it worked. Now a vista of arches stretched away in the half-light, each arch different from its fellow, each crowned with arabesques in velvety purples, dusky yellows, and gold. The dainty curves were softened by ornaments that hung down like tropical moss, and made the whole seem ready to float away. And there where the arches diminished to the smallness of a bird were two windows whose tracery seemed to embroider the blue sky beyond.

Elena trembled and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, it is so beautiful, so beautiful!" she whispered; and Reduan whispered back, "Now we are just beneath paradise."

"Come, now," said Reduan, at last; "I must bring thee to my mother."

He turned into a small room, and drew

aside a curtain. Elena saw a woman, white-haired, but slender and lovely, lying on a couch that was just a niche in the wall piled

has been my good fortune to find and bring thee a daughter."

The mother rose with Reduan's own smile



"THEY GALLOPED FOR SOME TIME IN SILENCE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

high with embroidered cushions. Near the latticed window stood a girl about her own age, draped in a robe of thin silk confined at the waist by a loose girdle. She held a nightingale on her finger, and the soft, interrupted notes of the bird were the only sounds.

"Mother," said Reduan, "this is Elena. It

in her eyes. "Art thou indeed our 'Star of the Morning,' of whom we have said so many beautiful things?"

She clasped Elena in her arms, and Gulnare, hurrying from the window, added her caresses. It was as if they had known her all her life.

"Thou art my daughter indeed," said the



mother, again and again, smoothing back Elena's hair and petting her as Elena had never been petted before.

Then Muza, Reduan's father, came, tall and grave, with shining eyes, and clad in white, as if he were the priest of his people. He seemed as overjoyed as the rest to see the little Spanish girl, and thought it was a good omen that Reduan had found her.

"Allah must be turning toward us again," he said, "since he lets us return the great kindness for which we are in thy debt these years."

Elena hung her head and blushed painfully. If he knew how near she had come to keeping Reduan a prisoner! But she dared not tell him; he was too great and fine—almost greater than her own dear father.

The next day at noon Gulnare took her to a large court she had not seen before. The walls were hung with heavy curtains, from behind which came the sound of lovely music, the loveliest Elena had ever heard. In the center was a long pool bordered with myrtle-trees, and in this several Moorish girls were splashing about merrily. Gulnare, after some time, persuaded Elena to lay aside her stiff brocades, and, hand in hand, they stepped into the deep, cool water. When Elena came out her own dress was gone, and in its stead was a striped silk robe like Gulnare's, with a costly girdle, and two heavy anklets.

"Sisters must be alike," said Gulnare, fondly, "and we could never give thee enough for thy gift of freedom to our Reduan."

"But I do not deserve that," stammered Elena; "I did not—"

"Thou didst a beautiful deed toward us—that is enough," said Gulnare, kissing her.

Elena was so happy she could have lived in this way forever had it not been for her father and his grief for her.

"I must go back," she said to Reduan. "My father might come within the very walls of Granada to find me, and so be killed."

"If thou goest, I go with thee, Star of the Morning," answered Reduan.

Thus it was that late one evening Elena and Reduan slipped cautiously out at the Gate of Justice. The tears were in Elena's eyes. It

was so hard to part from her new mother and sister! And they all seemed so afraid that Reduan might be killed before he could return. It was a daring deed to go into the enemy's camp; and he scorned to carry a flag of truce. They saw their path clearly by the starlight, and galloped for some time in silence. Then Elena reined her horse.

"Reduan, do not go farther," she pleaded. "See, the field is quite deserted. I shall be safe by myself."

"I would not let thee go alone—not for all the wealth of the Alhambra," was the stout answer.

They came at last to the outpost.

"Where is thy tent?" whispered Reduan, looking over the silken roofs.

"The high one in the midst with the large banner," answered Elena.

"Then come; we must be quick," he added; and gripping her bridle firmly, he gave a sharp command to his steed. They dashed into the camp, past the huts of the soldiers and up the main street, drawing rein in front of the queen's tent. Here Reduan lifted Elena from her horse, and with a soft "good-by" leaped into his saddle.

At this moment the guards ran out and caught at his bridle. Reduan defended himself gallantly, but Elena saw that he would soon be overpowered. Roused by the noise, several knights leaped up, grasped their swords, and ran out. Elena, like the brave little soldier girl she was, had flung herself into the midst of the fray and was calling to the guards to stop, when her father caught her arm.

"Elena!" he said. The exclamation was half a prayer of thankfulness. "What is this? Hold!"

His voice rose above the din, and the guards fell back from Reduan.

"He brought me back," came Elena's sweet, eager voice. "Oh, father, he is wounded!" And, as she spoke, Reduan's face grew white and he sank into the count's arms.

The count carried him tenderly to Elena's tent and laid him on the couch. Elena tremblingly brought her case of medicines and began to bind up Reduan's forehead.

"Oh, father," she cried tearfully, "he is so pale and still! Dost thou think he will die?"

"No, child; it is only a slight wound. But it is a brave, valiant youth, God bless him!"

Reduan slowly opened his eyes and smiled as he saw Elena's face bending over him; then, turning anxiously to the count, he asked, in the broken Spanish Elena remembered so well, if he might go back.

"Not until thou art fully able," answered the count, warmly. "But Granada surely needs thee. If all her sons were made of thy stuff, we should not be here before the walls."

Reduan blushed with pleasure. "It was naught," he said; "the son of Muza Gazan could not be otherwise." How proud he was to be able to say that!

By the next evening Reduan was his brave, strong self again, and begged once more to be allowed to go; but the count answered impetuously: "That shall not be. Thou art my prisoner until I have rewarded thee at thy worth."

He then led Reduan to the tent that was used as a chapel and told him he must pass the night in prayer. At sunrise the following morning this same chapel was filled with the knights and ladies of the court, all in the gayest dresses. Now the curtain of the tent was drawn aside, letting in the sunshine, and Elena caught her breath as she saw Reduan advancing toward the altar, clad in the pure white robe of a knight, his dark eyes flashing now with pride, and now lowered with humility.

Then it was that the queen advanced, and, smiling gently, buckled on him a shining cuirass inlaid with gold and jewels; the king brought his shield, the Marquis of Cadiz his helmet; and last of all Elena, with trembling, rosy fingers, buckled on the newly blessed sword.

Reduan dropped on one knee before her saying as he bowed his head:

"Be it known that the Countess Elena is my lady, for whose honor I shall fight; and



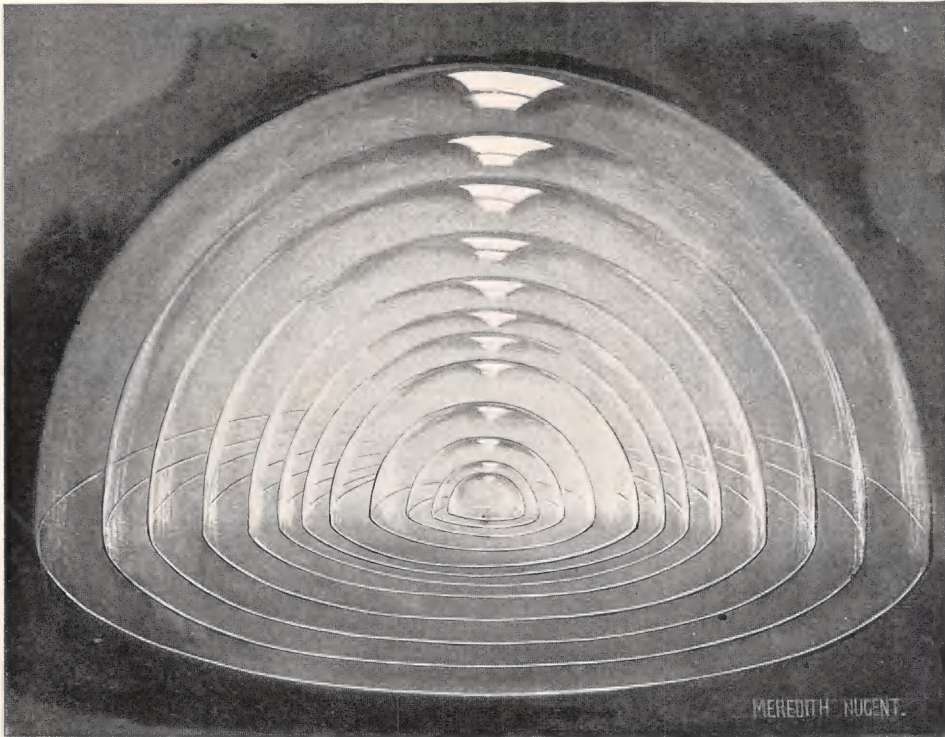
"NEAR THE LATTICED WINDOW STOOD A GIRL ABOUT ELENA'S OWN AGE. . . SHE HELD A NIGHTINGALE ON HER FINGER."

that she ever shall be my lady to my life's very end."

Then the Count of Cabra, standing beside them, struck him a slight blow on the shoulders with the flat of a sword, saying: "Reduan Gazan of Granada, I dub thee knight, in the name of God and St. James."

This was the reward the count had prepared for him, for with these words Reduan became a knight indeed.





TWELVE BUBBLES, ONE INSIDE OF THE OTHER.

## THE "SOAP-BUBBLERS'" FIRST RECEPTION.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE "Soap-Bubblers'" reception was a success from the start.

The Soap-Bubblers — but recently organized, with our old friend Phil as Head Bubbler, Harry Baker as Chief Cornucopia, the minor Bubblers occupying minor odd-titled positions, as well as all Bubblers occupying no positions at all — had resolved that the ancient and honorable amusement of blowing soap-bubbles was sadly in need of reformation; and, further, that it was their mission to reform it.

Thus it came to pass that on this late blustery November evening the interior of Masonic Hall presented such a scene of brilliancy as had rarely been equaled within its historic walls.

Never shall I forget the fairy-like transformation which followed the signal for all Bubblers to begin "bubbling." The magician's wand had hardly fallen when there arose forty-seven large bubbles from forty-seven golden cornuco-

pias, held in the hands of forty-seven rosy-cheeked boys and girls standing by twenty-four little oblong tables. A cry of delight swept round the hall, and forty-seven more bubbles arose, and still another shower of the iridescent spheres glittered in the surrounding brilliancy before the Bubblers settled down to the business of the evening.

For this occasion every member had promised to perform at least one bubble trick, and to perform it well; so that when Eddie Stark showed a top spinning within a bubble, and Minnie Sargent — seated opposite — a beautiful rose within another, it was only an indication of the wonderful success which was to characterize the entire performance. Freddie Wilder did fully as well at the table allotted to him, while "Little Victor" cleverly dropped all sorts of objects through some beautiful bubbles blown by Frank Burt. Charley Tefft had

a table all to himself, and by his funny tricks with the soapy liquid kept the onlookers in a constant roar of laughter. At another table Arthur Taylor joyfully fried bubbles to order; near by was a delighted crowd looking at the "bubble-topped top."

I cannot tell you of all the many things I saw during the first hour—which seemed scarcely ten minutes—of this marvelous entertainment, except to refer to George Wingate's attempt to beat his own record of nine bubbles inside of one another. This achievement, from a Bubbler's standpoint, was the most important event of the early evening, and just before the intermission they crowded themselves into George's immediate neighborhood just as he had succeeded in raising his record to eleven. He now had one eleven, three tens, and any

ble inside of bubble was blown until eight had been scored quickly enough; then, with remarkable precision, he placed in three more, equaling his own best record of eleven; and finally, amid tumultuous applause, succeeded in putting in the twelfth bubble.

There was much rejoicing and hearty congratulation during the twenty minutes' intermission, and then Bubbler and spectators seated themselves in readiness for the principal part of the performance, which was to be given by Phil.

The idea had spread, somehow, that the Head Bubbler would treat them to another surprise, although what the nature of this would be, not any of the Bubbler knew, excepting Harry Baker and a few assistants.

Promptly at nine Phil stepped on the plat-



"FIRST KITTENS EVER INSIDE OF A SOAP-BUBBLE!" (SEE PAGE 351.)

number of nines, and figures below that number to his credit, yet he determined to do better. He started off again by placing six bubbles with wonderful rapidity, but in putting in the ninth some broke. His next trial was still more unfortunate, as he failed on the fifth. The next attempt opened splendidly, and bub-

form, and was greeted most cordially. I failed to hear his opening remarks, as I was seated in the rear of the hall; but, whatever they were, every Bubbler boy jumped to his feet and shouted for joy, and every Bubbler girl jumped to her feet and waved her handkerchief for joy. Amid the uproar, I learned that Phil had an-





LARGE BUBBLES THROWN FROM A SOAPED WIRE RING.

nounced he would show the Bubblers how to make large bubbles without blowing them! The pandemonium increased when six Bubblers, with Harry Baker leading, formed in procession, and walked on to the platform, carrying between them two large galvanized-iron pans (each measuring nine feet in circumference), five children's wooden hoops, a number of copper and brass rings, two shining pails full of soap and water already mixed, and—think of it!—not a pipe, tube, or cornucopia of any kind! No wonder the audience shouted; no wonder the Bubblers waved aloft their gilded cornucopias. If Phil was not going to do something wonderful, what were all those pans, hoops, and copper and brass rings for? Why did he appear without a single cornucopia?

After a few words explanatory of the evolution of the soap-bubble from the clay-pipe stage to its present one, Phil dipped a wire ring into the solution, and, gently sweeping it before him, cast off a bubble fully twice the size of his head. Every Bubbler boy gave a cry of satisfaction at this, and it looked as though all the Bubblers might fling their golden cornucopias on to the stage, when the master of the soap and water tossed off five large bubbles in succession, not only from the same ring, but from the same film!

Almost immediately Phil's assistants—there were five of them—followed his example, and from that time on the stage was continually aglow with the brilliant spheres.

Harry Baker now came forward with the club's two kittens, and set them on a dry block of wood resting in the center of one of the large nine-foot pans—now filled with soapy water. Before the animals could move, Phil quickly lifted a hoop from the pan, and in a twinkling covered both kittens over with a glorious bubble. "First kittens ever inside of a soap-bubble!" Harry Baker announced, just as the little kits started to wade about within the iridescent dome. Phil sphered them over a second and even a third time, when the pussies, excited by their uproarious surroundings, offered decided objections to being imprisoned any more. Then Bubblers and audience were treated to an exhibition of what were perhaps the largest

bubbles that have ever been made. Harry Baker was especially fortunate, and, at the end of a very exciting contest with Phil, succeeded in sphering the pan over from brim to brim! Realize, if you please, that this bubble measured over nine feet in circumference! Phil followed up this feat of Harry's by launching from the large hoop a round bubble measuring fully six feet in circumference! Compare this giant in size with the bubbles you have been used to blowing from clay pipes. As one Bubbler hilariously remarked, this was "more like a balloon show than a bubble show." Not the least noticeable fact was that the bubbles often measured twice the diameter of the rings from which they were thrown. Remarkable, too, was the ease with which both boys picked up the films with their hoops. These hoops, measuring from thirty to thirty-four inches in diameter, when thus filmed over, flashed like disks of waving gold. Phil slowly revolved one of these golden disks upon the tips of his fingers, and a moment later the audience were enthusiastically applauding another of our magician's startling surprises. Here were two large elongated bubbles, springing from the same film, attached to each other in the center, and yet traveling in opposite directions, as shown in the illustration on page 354.

There seemed to be no limit to Phil's storehouse of wonders, and the spectators, who up to this time had been so very vociferous, settled down to a state of mute astonishment. "What will he do next?" was on everybody's lips. Though somewhat fatigued, the wizard of the soap and water adhered strictly to business, and now requested the audience to give their closest attention to his next performance. With a small ring in his left hand, and one twice the diameter of this in his right, Phil slowly advanced to the edge of the stage, where he covered both of the wire circles with a film. Then, from the smaller ring, he tossed a bubble high up above his head, and as the sphere slowly descended, he made a sweeping movement with the ring in his right hand in such a manner that he completely enveloped the small bubble within a second and much larger one. For a moment the Bubblers looked at each other in perfect amazement, and then



broke forth into heartiest applause. Phil responded with an encore, and again a bubble, imprisoned within another, swept its way across the stage. As I fixed my eyes upon these glittering spheres, I noticed the imprisoned bubble strike upon the bottom of the larger one, and

achievement; but, as Harry enthusiastically announced to the audience, there were more tricks to come. More tricks? What else could be done?

Fairly beaming with satisfaction at the success of his double-bubble trick, Phil took a large



"THE RESULT WAS A WHOLE SHOWER OF BUBBLES." (SEE PAGE 355.)  
(These bubbles are thrown from a network of wires crossing a wooden frame.)

bound up again. This it did a number of times. Phil might have spent the remainder of the evening in repetition of this beautiful

hoop, and dipping it in one of the great pans, withdrew it covered by a film. Then he held the lustrous disk well up in front of him, and



"THE JOLLIEST OF THE BUBBLERS LOOKED SMILINGLY UPON THE AUDIENCE  
FROM WITHIN A SOAP-FILM HOUSE!" (SEE PAGE 355.)





TWO LARGE BUBBLES SPRINGING FROM THE SAME FILM AND TRAVELING IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS.

started to blow. Had our magician been in league with the spirits of the mythical North,

he could hardly have produced a result more weird and fantastic.



"THE SMALL BUBBLE WAS COMPLETELY ENVELOPED WITHIN A SECOND AND MUCH LARGER ONE."

Starting from the hoop, first slowly, and then almost shooting forth, was an ever-moving, ever-lengthening, ever-varying, twisting, writhing shape—such a form, in fact, as might have found existence in the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe. When Phil and Harry, together with their assistants, gave themselves up fully to this exhibition of monsters, the stage looked as though peopled by one of the hobgoblin races. Sometimes great bubbles, five feet in circumference, would snap off the end of these soap-bubble dragons, and sometimes a number of very small ones. In length they varied from two to eight feet—that is, measurement in a straight line. Could all the windings and twistings have been taken into consideration, they would have been found far longer.

Phil now turned his attention to the hoops and rings again, and drew forth storms of applause by some wonderful "film tricks." One

in particular, the giant letter S, was especially brilliant. It looked like a serpentine tongue of flame; and the manner in which Phil whirled the flashing light above his head fairly thrilled the audience.

Placing the ring aside, he picked up a curiously made wood and wire framework, and, after covering it with film, swished it through the air with a long, sweeping movement. The result was a whole shower of bubbles—single, double, and triple bubbles! This display was very effective, and had to be repeated ever so many times before the Bubbles were satisfied.

"Leroy Kimball!" now shouted out Harry Baker. "Leroy Kimball!" And a minute later there walked on to the stage the youngest, shortest, and jolliest Bubbler in the club. Everybody knew Roy, and as the little fellow blushing stepped on to the square block of wood set fast in the middle of the big pan, he was greeted with loud cheers and cries of "What are you going to do there, Roy?"

Phil promptly began to answer this volley of questions by lowering a hoop over the little Bubbler until it lay immersed in the pan of soapy mixture. "Oh!" cried the Bubbles in unison, "Phil's going to put Roy in a soap-bubble!" And the excited audience rose to their tiptoes.

Amid a profound silence Phil started to lift the hoop; but after raising it a short distance, the film broke with a peculiar noise, sounding



"THE GIANT LETTER S."

like "w-h-e-e-p." "W-h-e-e-p" went the film again, "w-h-e-e-p, w-h-e-e-p."

Suddenly there was a swish, a flashing gleam of silvery light, and Leroy Kimball, the jolliest of the Bubbles, looked smilingly upon the audience from within a soap-film house!



"AN EVER-MOVING, EVER-LENGTHENING, EVER-VARYING, TWISTING, WRITHING SHAPE."





# NATURE AND SCIENCE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



### THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

#### QUEER HOMES IN ICY PALACES.

UNDER the ice of the pond or brook, in queer little homes or cases, are the interesting creatures known as the caddis-worms or caddis-larvæ.



AN "ICY PALACE"—A FROZEN BROOK IN WINTER.

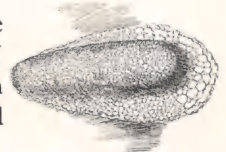
They can be obtained by breaking the ice and plunging in a long-handled dipper or net.

A common glass dish (not a jar) makes an excellent aquarium in which to place them and study their habits. Cover the bottom with sand, add tiny gravel stones, a twig, a few leaves (willow preferred), and a piece of water-starwort, or some other plant that grows in water, and your little guests will have all that they require to make and repair their overcoats, and you will find, by watching the various species, that their manners and customs differ from each other almost as widely as the shapes and materials of their cases. Whether there is any connection between the strength of the case and the habits of its maker, is an interesting problem for all of us to study.

For example, there is the well-protected caddis known as the *Molanna* larva, that moves

with curious, intermittent jerks; and as its flat case of sand allows neither head nor legs to be seen from above, the effect is as if a patch of sand were traveling about by itself.

The larvæ of two other kinds are very pretty swimmers. One makes a slender, pointed case, of bits of water-starwort arranged in a spiral; the other makes a short tube of sand and bark; and both protrude their fore legs and swim about merrily.



MOLANNA'S HOME IN ITS CASE OF SAND.

The larger larva, called the *Neuronia*, has a striped yellow face, and an overcoat made of large pieces of leaves fastened by their edges into a cylinder. I call it the "Iroquois," because it is forever on the war-path, traveling restlessly about the aquarium, pausing only to kill and eat other insects, so that, unless the aquarium is to be depopulated, it is necessary to keep this small savage in a dish by himself, where he can be fed on rare beef. While his manner seems to us very savage, that manner is, doubtless, from his point of view only greater industry in seeking food.



HOME OF THE "IRO-QUOIS" IN BITS OF LEAVES FASTENED TOGETHER, WITH CAP FOR THE END.

A species of about the same size, which I name "Huronian," after a more peaceable tribe of Indians, clothes itself in a sort of log-cabin of cross-wise twigs, has a gray face with a mild expression, and is gentle in its temper and tranquil in its movements. C. H. C.

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THE "LOG-CABIN" HOMES OF LITTLE STICKS WITH THE ROUND CAP OR DOOR AT THE END.

### ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT HOME.

EVERY girl and boy may have one of the largest astronomical observatories in the world. Possibly many will say, "That can't be, for I have read of the Yerkes Observatory at Williams Bay, Wisconsin, and the next largest, the Lick,



ENJOYING THE STARS FROM THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE.

at Mount Hamilton, California, and the other large observatories, and I cannot hope to have one as large as those."

You mean that those have large telescopes and large buildings. Let us look at the Century Dictionary, and see what an observatory is. Here is the part of the definition that applies to your observatory: "A *place* or building . . . for making observations. An astronomical observatory is so planned as to secure . . . an unobstructed view, together with such arrangements as will otherwise facilitate observations."

So your observatory, one of the largest in the world, is the *place* near your home where

you can get the best view of the starry sky, from the point directly overhead, called the zenith, to the great circle where earth and sky seem to meet, called the horizon. Other places may have large buildings and instruments, but no more of the sky than from zenith to horizon can be seen. Find your best observatory,—that is, where you can get the most "unobstructed view,"—and make "such arrangements" of easy-chairs, dark lanterns, star-maps, and opera- and field-glasses as you may be able to obtain. Even with no aid from glasses, you may see stars billions of miles away, and the beautiful groups called constellations, that have been named and written and talked about for centuries. Try this on the next starry, moonless night, and then write the editor of this department, telling what you saw.

### THE SNOW CRYSTALS.

How beautiful is the snow, as the flakes fall, winging their way night and day to the fields, trees, and houses! We like to watch them as they come so silently and gracefully, and we like to see the white covering over the earth. In the parks and in the country the trees are very attractive in their rich ornaments, of which Lowell says:

The poorest twig on the elm-tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

Then what a variety of sports comes with the snow! There's snow-balling, fort-building, sliding, and sleighing with the musical bells. But these are not all the beauty and enjoyment to be obtained from the snow. The snowflakes are made up of beautiful crystals. In each storm, and in different parts of the same storm, there are presented new patterns of the little flakes.

Without any aid to our eyes we can see much beauty in the flakes as they fall on our clothes, and by examining them with a pocket-lens, on a piece of black cloth or card, we can



A MAGNIFIED SNOWFLAKE WITH FEATHERY AND VERY ORNAMENTAL ARMS.



see still more, and can easily make a sketch of the forms. For several years, Mr. W. A. Bentley of Nashville, Vermont, has been photographing them through a microscope, and he sends us a few beautiful pictures of these magnified forms from his large collection.

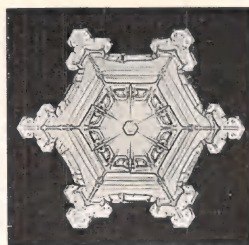


ROUGH SPEARS AROUND A JEWELLED CENTERPIECE.

He finds that in some storms the crystals are large and feathery, in others solid like little balls, and often they are little rough, glistening, icy needles.

Not all are beautiful, nor all in the flowery form. Because the very best are rare, there will be all the greater joy in hunting for them.

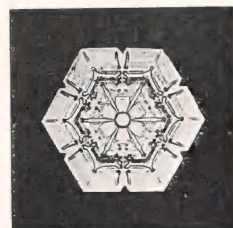
Press a broom-splint lightly upon the edge of the crystal, and it will stick to it so it can be



SIX THREEFOLD KNOTS AROUND A PRETTY "MAT."

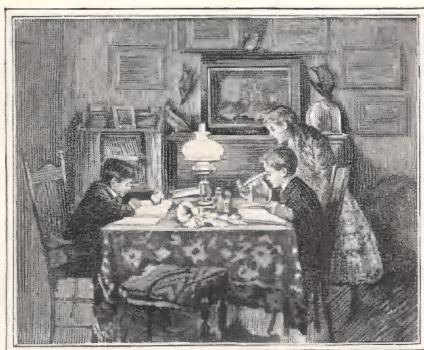
crystals are found in greatest numbers, especially if the wind is from the west or north. Then the crystals fall singly, in good form for examination; for they are not very likely to become clustered into large flakes that float

put on a card or glass for examination or drawing. The most beautiful specimens are to be found in from five to fourteen storms each winter. In the hardest snowstorms, such as we call blizzards, the



PLAIN OUTSIDE AND BEAUTIFUL INTERIOR PATTERN.

down in the still air like big feathers, as is often the case in smaller, less severe storms.



FOR A COZY EVENING.

NATURE is a kind and loving mother, and owns many pleasures given freely to those who see and think carefully. We not only delight in our own discoveries, but share in the pleasure and enthusiasm of others. "Study-table evenings" might be made frequent, enjoyable, and profitable in many ST. NICHOLAS homes.

Old and young, in all seasons, in city or country, can find much of interest to be studied. Perhaps you have for this evening several bundles of twigs from different trees and shrubs near your home. While you are looking at them, with their interesting buds, or have in



hand other specimens, I will tell you of some interesting things in nature and science.

#### GROWING FIGS IN CALIFORNIA.

PLANTS and insects are in very friendly relations. The insects carry from flower to flower, in their visits for the sweet nectar, the pollen which is necessary in order to produce fruit and seeds. The fig requires a special insect. If we bring the fig-plant from its home in Greece, Smyrna, or other foreign places, and wish it to thrive, we must bring the insect, too.

Professor L. O. Howard, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has been in California for a few weeks past, experimenting with these fig-plants and their insects, which are called *Blastophagas*, and has been meeting with good success; which means that there are good prospects of fig-culture in California.

## TEA-GROWING IN THIS COUNTRY.

OVER fifty years ago tea was successfully grown in this country, but not to a great extent. Our government aided the attempt by money fifteen years ago, but the result at that time, for various reasons, was not successful. About ten years ago the work was taken up at Summerville, South Carolina, on a small scale, which has gradually increased till now over fifty acres are planted with tea. The crop is picked mostly by negro children. Near the tea-gardens a school-house was built and a teacher engaged for it. The colored families of the neighborhood were then invited to send their children to this school free of charge. Here they had the ordinary school-work, and also were taught to pick tea so they could earn money to buy food and clothing.

The tea-bushes are low and thick. The colored children, both boys and girls, pick the leaves, which are then taken to the building called the factory. The leaves are roasted in an iron pot, and rolled by hand on a table. The superintendent of the farm thinks that tea will be grown extensively in this country in the near future.

## THE PASSENGER-PIGEON.

UNTIL about twenty years ago, the passenger-pigeons, commonly called wild pigeons, were very plentiful. John Burroughs wrote: "Few spectacles please me more than to see *clouds* of the passenger-pigeons sweeping across the sky, and few sounds are more agreeable to my ear than their lively piping and calling in the spring woods."

It was not then uncommon to see them in immense numbers; now they are nearly extinct, but not wholly, as has often been claimed. A few were seen in various parts of the country this past autumn. In one case it was claimed that a fair-sized flock was seen. It is frequently but incorrectly reported, in newspapers and otherwise, that the Smithsonian Institution at Washington has offered a reward for specimens. If there were to be any reward in this matter, it should be a reward offered by each State for the capture and punishment of any person who kills one of these beautiful and rare birds.

## PHOTOGRAPHING STARS AND PLANETS.

LAST February, the Harvard College Observatory at Cambridge, Massachusetts, proposed a plan of a telescope of unusual length for photographing stars and planets. People interested in science have given money for that purpose, and a telescope over one hundred feet long has been completed. The glass is twelve inches in diameter. Ordinarily a telescope with an object-glass of that size would be only from fifteen to eighteen feet long. This unusually long telescope is an experiment. Astronomers think it will have especial advantages in photography.

## THE NORTH STAR.

DOUBTLESS you all know where the North Star is. If not, you can easily get some one to tell you, or, better still, perhaps you can find it yourself. Look at the northern sky any clear evening and you can easily find the seven bright stars of the Big Dipper in the group (constellation) *Ursa Major*. As is well known, the two in the end of the bowl of the Dipper are in line with, or point to, the North Star.

This star has recently attracted much attention from the fact that in September, 1899, Professor W. W. Campbell of the Lick Observatory, Mount Hamilton, California, announced that it is really three stars which appear as one.

Even the big telescope, with its glass a yard across, at his observatory could not tell that, as the star is so far off; although the telescope can show a great deal of the form and surface markings of the sun, moon, and planets, and help us to see millions of stars not visible to the unaided eye.

Professor Campbell attached to this telescope an instrument called the spectroscope, which analyses the light itself, and tells what it is made of, and whether the star from which it comes is in motion or at rest, and whether coming toward us or going away.

He found by careful study that Polaris is really three stars though appearing to our eyes as only one, and that the three are revolving around one another, and that the group is ap-



proaching the earth at the rate of about seven miles a second.

Mizar, which is the star in the handle of the Dipper at the point where it appears to be broken, was discovered at the Harvard Observatory in 1889 to be multiple: and, as in the case of Polaris, the spectroscope revealed the secret. It was found at that time, and noticed many times since, that the lines of the spectroscope changed once in fifty-two days. As these

lines also changed irregularly at other times, it is suspected that Mizar is made up of more than two stars.

So you see that some of our bright stars are not really one, but several stars appearing as one. As they are billions of miles away, even our best telescopes cannot see them as they really are, but the spectroscope shows that what seems to us one star is sometimes really a group of stars—a star family.



## Correspondence

### SEE AND TELL.

NEXT to the pleasure of observing is that of telling. Discoveries in nature and science are not selfish—at least, with the young folks. “See what I have found!” is the natural expression of desire to share the pleasure with a playmate or teacher.

I have two good eyes, and so has every one of my grown-up friends assisting me, but not one of us has better eyes than many of you, and we will enjoy having you tell us and others what you have seen. Here are letters relating what some of our wide-awake young observers have to tell us:

WESTMINSTER DEPOT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think it is very funny how the muskrats can live in the mud for a while and then come up to the surface and stay for many hours.

What I have seen are of a brownish color. They have a little black on the tip of their nose and on their toes. They are not much larger than a large rat. The only difference that I can see between a muskrat and a large common rat is in the color, shape, and fur. They can dive like a beaver. If you see one on the ice in the winter, he would be sitting on the ice eating an apple or trying to find something to eat. The way to catch these animals is to set traps that will kill them right off or catch them so they cannot get out, or, if they are very large, you could catch them in a steel trap. But if they are small they will gnaw their own leg off.

I must close now. Yours, HERMAN N. CURTIS.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am now in the high school, and have not as much time as before, but shall keep up my nature work. My former teacher assists us considerably in our nature work. We are to have some badge-pins soon.

I have been gathering many autumn leaves and pressing them, and am now going to wax them. I think they will be very nice after I get them done. I would like to ask you a question, and it is this: What can I put on my leaves so as to have the green stuff come off without hurting the veinlets?

I must close, hoping you will answer soon.

EDNA MOSER.

BIG FLATS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This past autumn we have had many pleasant trips in the fields. Our teachers and a grown-up friend from Cornell University asked us to go out and find the seed-travelers. We went down in the old pasture, all the boys and girls running just the same as the colts that I saw scampering up the hillside when we went through the bars of the fence. May said: “See these horrid sticktights; my clothes are just covered.” Burr called one kind “pitchforks.”

“I know,” said Bessie, “they are seeds; Uncle John said so.”

“They stick fast to us,” said Hulda.

“Just look at these burdocks,” said Ray; “they’re just as bad as the others.”

I think we all found enough seed-travelers, and we had a hard time brushing them off when we got home. I think they will grow where we brushed them off, don’t you think so?

We wrapped each kind in a paper and put the name on it. I had about thirty papers, and my table looked as if the doctor had been here and left a lot of powders.

ANNA G.—.

ATHENS, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last May I decided to make a bird-house and see if any birds would come to live in it. I took a box and put a piece of board in the middle of it,

so that two families of birds could live in it, if they wanted to. Then I put it up in a tree and watched it for several weeks; but no birds came near it.

One day, my mother learned that the Bureau of Nature Study of Cornell University was trying to get children all over the United States to start Naturalist Clubs. I wrote for one of their leaflets, and the one they sent me was about birds. It also told how to start a club and named several other leaflets which they had published, so I sent for them. I took them around among my friends, and eight or ten of them were soon interested. In about a week we organized our club, and elected a president and an assistant secretary. We chose the dragon-fly for our emblem, because its head is nearly all eyes. One of the members had read a story of some children who had a Naturalist Club, and we named our club after theirs, the "Inquisitive Investigators Club." Our call is "Eye, eye, dragon-fly!" A college professor who lives here found us our motto: "Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." We have meetings every two weeks, and take rambles every week when the weather is pleasant.

In the summer we hunted for insects and flowers, in the autumn for seeds, and this winter we are studying the twigs of apple-trees. Our club has been organized six months, and we have collected one hundred and thirty-four specimens, including butterflies, moths, dragon-flies, bugs, and beetles. Our president mounted them, and I have hunted up about half the names. They are going to be on exhibition in our museum, which is upstairs in our new library building. We are also going to have a place in our library where we can keep books and leaflets on natural history.

LOUIE E. MURRAY.

#### "INQUISITIVE INVESTIGATORS."



THAT'S the name of the club of girls and boys at Athens, Pennsylvania, and that name expresses the spirit of all young scientists, as well as older ones.

The letters

from all our sharp-eyed girls and boys show that they have the good foundation — a desire to learn.

#### TWO KINDS OF WINGS.

MARLBOROUGH, MASS.

4. This cricket has wings very different from those of the cricket I caught a few minutes ago. Is this a different kind of a cricket? G. C.

ANS. It is not another kind in the sense that we mean when we say another "species,"

or group, but it is another sex. This is the male cricket with short wings, looking on the top of the "box form" like a delicately engraved shield or a badge. You see it is of a beautiful pattern. On the little ridges there are a "scraper" and a "file," as they have been called. When the cricket wishes to call, he raises these wings so that the scraper of one rests on the file of the other, then one is moved back and forth so as to make the "music"—a sort of insect violin.

He's a patient little hummer,  
Though he only knows one song.  
He's been practising all summer,  
And he never sings it wrong.

The other is the female cricket, with the longer, plainly veined wings. I will tell you more about the crickets later. In the meantime, can't some one tell me something about them? Did you ever put them under an inverted tumbler and feed them with bread or a bit of apple?

5. How does the house-fly walk up or down on the smooth glass of the window, or along the ceiling with feet up? D. T. W.

My young friend is to be congratulated on having a mind that thinks and wants to know reasons. Every one has probably seen this common occurrence, but most people, old and young, take it for granted that "it just walks, that's all," as an older friend once expressed it.

At the tip of each leg are two claws that are especially for assistance in walking on rough surfaces. Between these claws is a tiny cushion-like pad, which is called the empodium, and has also several other big names. From this pad extend many small hairs with ends slightly knob-like, and through these hairs is given out a sticky liquid. This is so difficult to see, even with a microscope, that scientific men were in doubt about this till within a few years.

So the foot sticks to the smooth surface, strong enough to hold the weight of the fly, but not strong enough to prevent the fly from pulling up the foot as each step is taken.





"But twenty-eight, and one day more  
We add to it one year in four—"  
Till nineteen hundred comes around,  
And then no extra day is found.

POOR February! Our way of dividing time into years and seasons is not perfect, and it is she who must bear the burden of it all. Other months go along peacefully and unchanged through year after year, with their full measure of thirty or thirty-one days, while little, cheerless February struggles along with her twenty-eight, and the "one day more" which we grudgingly give her every four years, until at the very end of the century, when, of all times, she would like to make a good showing, we say, "No, little girl, not this year; we've given you more now than you deserve."

And February tries to be mild and pleasant about it, and makes each one of her precious days a little longer, with a little more sunshine in it, and the warmth of new life. Then presently there comes a day when we go along singing without knowing it, when the sparrows rattle and chatter and quarrel in the coping, and when along the melting snow-drift there is a fringe of green. Dear little February! She is stormy sometimes, and who could blame her! But beneath it all she is tender and patient, and, down where we cannot see, she is tenderly nursing the bloom and fragrance of summer-time.

"Nature and Science," a new department in *ST. NICHOLAS*, will appeal to League members, and to chapters especially. The fascinating facts of science to be presented, and those brought out in the "Correspondence" pages, will delight and benefit every reader, and furnish many subjects for discussion at League

chapter meetings. Members might collect and bring specimens to these meetings, and such questions as arise could be forwarded to the "Nature and Science" editor by their secretary.



POEM. The title to contain the word "valentine."  
Gold badge, Margaret Widdemer, 221 East Thirty-first Street, New York city.

Silver badge, Charlotte F. Babcock, Downer Avenue, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

PROSE. "When Washington was Young."

Gold badge, Janet Percy Dana, 1a Fifth Avenue, New York.

Silver badge, Elford Eddy, 140 West Twenty-second Street, Los Angeles, California.

PEN DRAWING. "In Winter-time."

Gold badge, Marjorie Watmough, 21 Summit Street, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Silver badge, Marguerite Rogers, 1303 North Twelfth Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

PHOTOGRAPH. "December Byways."

Gold badge, Raymond Barker, 274 Chestnut Street, West Newton, Massachusetts.

Silver badge, Frederic Ullman, Jr., 282 Forty-eighth Street, Chicago, Illinois.

PUZZLE. To contain some word or reference to Washington, or to one of his victories.

Gold badge, Marian Johnson (address wanted).

Silver badge, Walter C. Holmes, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest to December puzzles.

Gold badge, Grace C. Norton, 3855 California Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

Silver badge, Tessie McMechan, 368 King Street, London, Ontario, Canada.

Owing to the unusual excellence of work received from two very young members this month, it has been decided that two additional gold badges be awarded as follows:

POEM. "My Valentine." By Helen Read, 301 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Age 10.

DRAWING. "In Winter-time." By Henry Clinton Hutchins, 166 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts. Age 10.

By a curious coincidence, both of these talented young contributors live on the same street and in the same city.

## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS YOUNG.

BY JANET PERCY DANA.

*(Gold Badge.)*

It was the winter of 1750, and on this particular evening Williamsburg looked wide awake, for Governor Dinwiddie was holding a levee. This the grand coaches which were constantly arriving showed plainly.

Within, the audience-chamber was brilliantly lighted, and ladies leaning on the arms of gentlemen in court costume promenaded to and fro. From the adjoining room came sounds of music, for a minuet was in progress, in which youths and girls, some still in their teens, were taking part.

The governor was walking through the assembly, conversing earnestly with a handsome young man whose gentle manners and manly bearing were attracting some attention. Now and then he bowed graciously as some young beauty curtsied before him. In the course of his tour through the rooms, he paused before a lady and her daughter, a girl of sixteen. She was not beautiful, but very attractive, with her pleasant mouth and laughing eyes, while her hair defied all the hair-dresser's art with its irrepressible curls.

The governor smiled at her, and, bowing to her mother, said:

"Madam Henry, I crave the favor of a few words." Then, turning to the girl:

"Mistress Betty, allow me to present to you a partner for the evening, Mr. George Washington."

Betty curtsied, and, taking Washington's proffered arm, walked to the dancing-room, where both were soon engaged in the intricacies of a minuet.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten evening. Dance followed dance, and in the same delightful company she enjoyed the supper for which Virginia cooks were, and are still, famous.

When at last it came to an end, Washington saw Betty and her mother to their coach, and, thanking her for her company, raised her hand to his lips. So ended Betty's first ball, but not her acquaintance with Washington, which lasted till death.

To-day, on the mantel of a Virginia manor-house, there rest a faded glove and the miniature of a girl. The children look at them with awe, but often beg for the story of great-grandmother Betty, whose hand Washington kissed, and who knew him as a youth and as the man who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

## A LOST VALENTINE.

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER.

*(Gold Badge.)*

OH, who are you, in silk and gold,

So gaily riding by?

"A gallant I of faeryland—

An airy land, a merry land—

A true knight I of faeryland

Upon a dragon-fly."

What seek ye, far from faeryland?

For fast and fast ye fare.

"I come to seek my valentine—

A ladye fine, a true love mine—

A sweet maid for a valentine,

With sunlit eyes and hair."

Oh, I have seen your sweet ladye  
In wand'rings wide and far.  
But she is held in weary thrall—

In dreary thrall, uncheery thrall;  
They hold her fast in cruel thrall  
Where snow and shadows are.

"Oh, I will go and rescue her,  
My faery maiden lone;  
And she shall be my valentine,  
For whom I pine, this ladye mine—  
And she shall be my valentine,  
My true love and my own."

## WHEN WASHINGTON WAS YOUNG.

BY ELFORD EDDY.

*(Silver Badge.)*

NEAR the shore of the Potomac River, at a spot between Bridge's Creek and Pope's Creek, there lies a stone slab, crumbled and overgrown with vines, which bears this inscription:

HERE,  
ON THE 11TH FEBRUARY, 1732,  
GEORGE WASHINGTON  
WAS BORN.

There is not a sign of the house in which our first President first saw light. It was burned soon after George's birth. Some bricks taken from the chimney of the house form a bed upon which the stone slab lies. This is the sole landmark.



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY MARJORIE WATMOUGH. (GOLD BADGE.)

After the house was burned the family removed to a spot on the Rappahannock River opposite Fredericksburg.

Here George Washington spent his childhood. At a country school he learned to read, write, and cipher. His copy-books were a model of neatness.

Young Washington was a tall, athletic fellow, and fond of all outdoor sports. His playmates took pride in pointing out the spot where he had once stood and thrown a stone across the Rappahannock River.



The story of Madam Washington's favorite colt, and how George conquered him, is familiar to all. It shows that George Washington did not fear to speak the truth.

Augustine Washington, George's father, died when George was eleven years old, and the boy was left to the care of an excellent mother. Madam Washington made George the truthful, honorable, brave man that he became.

Boys have always delighted to play soldier. "Captain" George had a juvenile military organization, which



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY MARGUERITE ROGERS. (SILVER BADGE.)

he drilled and paraded with all the show of a drum-major.

George's oldest brother had been a soldier, and he wished George to enter his Majesty's service. George thought he would like to become a sailor, and Lawrence Washington procured for him a warrant as midshipman in the navy.

Madam Washington did not cherish the idea of her son becoming a sailor. She refused to allow George to go to sea just as he was about to go aboard his ship.

When George Washington was fourteen he went to visit his brother Lawrence, who owned an estate at Mount Vernon. Together they went down the river to visit the Fairfaxes. Here George made the acquaintance of Lord Fairfax, an English nobleman. Something in this tall, quiet boy appealed to the old man, and they soon became warm friends.

George Washington and a friend surveyed Lord Fairfax's land. This was his first step in life toward independent manhood.

#### MY VALENTINE.

BY HELEN READ (AGE 10).

(*Special Gold Badge.*)

THERE came to me a valentine.  
I thought and I thought who it came from;  
But that was too much for me.

Mama said, "It may be Johnny, Mary, or Ruth."  
But I never knew;  
My little valentine was the only one who knew it.

#### THE LITTLE VALENTINE.

BY CHARLOTTE F. BABCOCK.

(*Silver Badge.*)

A LITTLE valentine am I,  
And you would hear my tale, you said,  
My little maid with sparkling eye  
And dimpled cheeks so rosy red.

I 'm decked in filmy golden lace,  
With snow-white doves and golden hearts,  
And Cupid, with his winsome face,  
Holding a quiver filled with darts.

With other valentines I dwell,  
And many a time suppressed a sigh,  
And secret pangs of envy felt,  
For some were fairer far than I.

One day a jolly little lad  
Bought me, *liked* me the very best;  
And oh, it made my heart so glad  
To be preferred to all the rest!

He left me here for you to-day,  
And he just rang this very bell,  
And at this moment runs away,  
And hurries to his home, pell-mell.

To you, dear little maiden mine,  
I bear his message, heartfelt, true.  
Only a little valentine,  
And yet I had my work to do.

#### MY VALENTINE.

BY JAMES STRATTON CARPENTER.

'T WAS on a wintry evening,  
The weather it was fine,  
When I asked my little lady  
To be my valentine.

You think she was a lady  
Of twenty-one or so.  
But ah! you are mistaken;  
She 's just my age, you know.

We were standing on the door-step,  
And her answer I could guess;  
And as a cloud passed o'er the moon,  
She softly answered, "Yes."

Then home I went in triumph —  
I never felt so fine:  
Because my little lady  
Was now my valentine.

#### INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS FROM OUR PROSE-WRITERS.

Subject, "When Washington was Young."

From the essay of Ruth Eliza Pett, age 7:

"When George Washington was a small boy his father got him a hatchet. George had been wanting it for some time. So he went out and chopped down his father's cherry-tree."

The above sheds a new light on little George's reason for cutting down the tree. He had grown tired of "wanting" that hatchet. And this essay by I. C. Elmer,

who does not give his age, but who is perhaps eight, gives us some idea of these times:

"I will tell you what people did when George was young. The men wore powdered wigs. Both men and women used snuff. Plenty of tobacco was raised and sold. The men wore cocked and three-cornered hats. The Indians were plentiful and wild."

### THE VALENTINE.

BY LAURA E. MCCULLY.

He made a little valentine,  
And left it at her door.  
A cavalier of six was he,  
His lady-love was four.

He wrote, in baby letters round:  
"Dear Elcie, I love yu,  
And when I 'm prinse in faryland,  
Yu 'll be the prinsees to."

But little Jamie went to win  
His spurs in other lands,  
And Elsie laid a marigold  
Upon his folded hands.

"He 's lots of gold up there," she said,  
"And shining flowers, I know;  
But maybe he will 'member 'bout  
The ones he helped me grow."

Her hair was gray, her face was worn,  
Her heart was aching hard,  
When, searching in a musty drawer,  
She found the little card.

And then she saw beyond the skies  
Her little love of old.  
He smiled, and in his hand he held  
A yellow marigold.

### GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

The following are stanzas selected from a number of the good poems received. Some of them are pretty, some amusing, and all of them interesting.

Margaret Doane Gardiner's poem is cleverly done and has a pretty fancy. We quote the first four lines:

Once a pretty bluebird lighted on a tree,  
Sighing in the sunshine, "Oh, dear me!"  
"What," I cried, "has vexed you, sighing there  
above?"

And the bluebird answered, "'T is my love."

Rebecca F. Isaacs has an excellent idea of rhyme and rhythm, as the following stanza will show:

On Valentine's Day came a missive gay  
To the pearl of girls, our Margery fair,  
The blue of the skies in her shining eyes,  
The glint of the sun in her golden hair.

In a pretty poem by May A. Chambers a little girl plays a jolly little joke on her mama:

I felt two arms go round my neck,  
And a little voice in my ear:  
"I thought I 'd be your valentine—  
Do you like it, mother dear?"

There is a pretty picture presented in these lines by Inez Josephine Gardner:

A little fairy messenger—  
His pink cheeks all aglow—  
Flies ever through the falling mist,  
Bearing a silver bow.

Harold Hoover's poem is irregular in its meter, but it contains some good lines:

I went to the window as she passed by,  
And her beautiful face made the gloomy sky  
Like a sweet spring day;  
The singing of birds was in my heart  
As she came this way—my valentine.

And no one could have a better valentine than little Elinor Kreer, who is ten years old, and writes these charming lines:

My valentine 's my mama, for she 's the very one  
To comfort all my sorrow and join me in my fun.  
When I was but a little babe she loved me night and  
day;

When I was naughty she would scold, yet I shall  
always say,

"My valentine 's my mama."

Leo Schiff writes of a grandfather's day-dreams on Valentine's Eve:

The wedding in the village church,  
The birth of Kate and John and Sue,  
Two graves beneath the churchyard sod—  
All this his memory brings to view.  
He hears a step—he turns his head,  
To spy a fair-haired lass of nine.

"What dost thou wish?" he smiling says.  
"Why, grandpa, I 'm your valentine!"



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY HENRY CLINTON HUTCHINS, AGE 10.  
(SPECIAL GOLD BADGE.)

Bessie Alter, another little poet of ten, begins with these pretty lines:

Loving maid with eyes divine,  
Wilt thou be my valentine?  
You have blue eyes and golden hair;  
Your skin is soft and smooth and fair.



While Ruth S. Lighton sings of the joy that comes to sweet old age:

Although so old in years, sweetheart,  
This lesson you and I  
May learn together ere we part:  
"True love can never die."

Grace B. Coolidge was pleased with one of her valentines, as you will see:

Oh, I've a valentine from my love —  
The daintiest little letter;  
'T is filled with rhymes of "love" and "dove,"  
And I never saw any better.

Lucille E. Rosenberg's valentine begins very prettily:  
She was a lovely maiden most beauteous to behold;  
Her cheeks were pale, her eyes were blue, her hair  
was flaxen gold.

Now and then there is something of the good old spirit in the boys of to-day. Arthur Edward Weld writes as men wrote in the brave days of old:

Here 's to the girl that I love best!  
The one more beautiful than the rest.

Oh, Christmas comes once more  
With all its joy and fun,  
And valentines all in a row—  
They make a grand display.

And before the fireside bright and red  
We hang our stockings in a row,  
So Santa Claws will not forget  
To leave us our Christmas goods.

You see, Stanley was thinking so much about Christmas when he wrote that poem that he could n't help it to save his life. We'll forgive him, though, if next time he won't put "claws" on dear old Santa.

Robert Trumbull, age nine, has a kind heart, and remembers poor little Cupid:

Is this Cupid's busy day?  
Then he ought to have a valentine.  
What do you say?  
For he seldom gets one.

Virginia Coryell Craven has a good command of verse, and will write even better lines than these by and by:

What lovely hues of pinks  
and blues,  
And oh, the flowers so fine!  
What thoughts expressed,  
what love confessed,  
In my sweet valentine!

Graham Hawley, age 13,  
wastes neither his words  
nor his opportunities, as  
you will see:

TO MY SWEETHEART.

I send to you a valentine  
To ask you if you will be  
mine.

You are the sweetest girl  
I know.

I take these means to tell  
you so.

I think you're just the  
dearest girl

That ever put her hair in  
curl.

Of a nicer girl I ne'er have  
read.

I'll always be your loving  
Ned.



"DECEMBER BYWAYS." BY RAYMOND BARKER. (GOLD BADGE.)

Her voice is like the birds in June,  
Her eyes as bright as the sun at noon.

Irene R. Tucker's contribution is so short that we can print it in full. And this, you see, is an advantage.

This valentine I send to thee  
To beg thy heart be sent to me.  
Be sure and mark it "C. O. D."  
Yours forever, I. R. T.

Grace M. Bernstein's little stanza tells of a little valentine disappointment, such as all must expect:

The postman blew his whistle loud.  
My sister said, "It's mine!"  
But it had my name — 't was a heart aflame;  
It was my valentine.

Stanley Randall gets somewhat mixed in his poetic undertaking. He says in his letter: "It" (meaning the poem) "contains the word 'valentines' in the third line," and so it does. Here are two stanzas. What do you think? Is it a valentine poem?

And when I'm grown to be a man,  
With a big mustache and lots of tan,  
The richest man in all the State,  
Then will you be my darling Kate?

For a little girl of twelve these lines by Ruth Getchell are certainly excellent:

The lilies, cowslips, and daisies,  
The dandelions, violets, and all,  
The sunflowers that bloom in the morning  
And hang o'er the old stone wall,

The buttercups, clover, and asters  
That are nodding their heads in the grass,  
And the primrose that opens at evening  
And the mullein that bows as we pass,

Are nodding their heads together,  
With dresses of tinted green,  
As they sweetly say to each other:  
"Ah, surely the rose is our queen!"



"DECEMBER BYWAYS." BY FREDERIC ULLMAN, JR. (SILVER BADGE.)

But now, for another month, we will say good-by to the young poets.

Graham Weller ends his poem with:

At last, when St. Valentine's Day is o'er,  
Cupid goes home and closes his door.

And we will "close the door" here, too.

#### A SAMPLE OF THE MANY LETTERS RECEIVED FROM ST. NICHOLAS READERS.

Hundreds of letters like the following have been received since the November announcement of the St. Nicholas League. We are only sorry that we have not space to print them all.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Inclosed please find stamped and directed envelope, and enroll me as a member of the St. Nicholas League.

I beg leave to add that you were in the family before I was born, and you're in the family yet. I am now seventeen. I often wondered why there was not some organization to bring ST. NICHOLAS readers nearer together; and you can well imagine that I hailed the League's announcement in the November number with the utmost delight.

In closing, please believe me the League's most sincere friend and well-wisher,

ARTHUR THOMAS STRAY.

#### CHAPTERS.

SPECIAL TO TEACHERS: Chapters of the St. Nicholas League are being formed in many schools, and a number of teachers have taken a kindly interest in these organizations. To all teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge.

Sixteen new chapters of the St. Nicholas League had been formed when the December prize competition closed. They are as follows:

No. 8. Ernest Shillabeer, Secretary; President's name not given; nine members. Address, Junior Department Y. M. C. A., Dayton, Ohio.

No. 9. Jessie Chesbro, President; Hinman Strother, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 700 Park Street, Taylorville, Illinois.

No. 10. Elsie Danner, President; Mary Casey, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, Overbrook, Pennsylvania.

No. 11. Louis Caplan, President; Moses Levy, Secretary; seven members. Address, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

No. 12. "The Petrel," Hubert W. Eldred, President pro tem. Not fully organized. Address, 849 Manhattan Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, Station G.

No. 13. Paul Butterworth, President; Edwin S. Bonnet, Secretary; six members. Address, 64 Hamilton Avenue, Columbus, Ohio. No. 13 ought to be a particularly lucky chapter.

No. 14. Ruth E. Schade, President; Gladys G. Woram, Secretary; five members. Address, 76 Pleasant Street, New Britain, Connecticut.

No. 15. "The Model," Elsie McFarland, President; Roy E. Marsh, Secretary; ten members. Address, Valley City, North Dakota.

No. 16. "The Busy Bee." Officers not reported. Address, Alice Scott, 50 Elliott Row, St. John, New Brunswick.

No. 17. Madeleine Dickie, President; Eleanor Smith, Secretary; five members. Address, 123 Pierrepont Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 18. Mary R. Sanford, President; Edith J. Woodruff, Secretary; five members. Address, Redding Ridge, Connecticut.

No. 19. Ruth Bliss, President; Margaret Murdaugh, Secretary; six members. Address, "The Essex," N Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

No. 20. Bessie Dewyer, President; Elsie Wells, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, North Easton, Massachusetts, Box 406.

No. 21. Marie Keller, President; Bessie Wheeler, Secretary; five members. Address, 121 Amity Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 22. Gordon Ewings, President; Graham Hawley, Secretary; eight members. Address, Tarrytown, New York.

No. 23. Fred J. Brodie, President; Eva Robinson, Secretary; eight members. Address, Evans, New York.

The addresses given are those of the secretaries. In reporting new clubs, the names of officers should always come first, followed by the names of other members, one below the other, and signed by the secretary, with full address. Club number will go with the buttons.



"DECEMBER BYWAYS." BY ERNEST A. BROTHERHOOD.



## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A list of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.



BY MARIE VAN LIEW.

## POEMS.

Louise Hurlbutt  
Irma R. Knight  
Shelley E. Bennett  
Cuthbert C. Lee  
Allan Carroll  
Dorothea Davis  
Frances Fox  
Ivan M. Bernkopf  
Lillian I. Bennet  
Helen Haines  
Ruth Perkins Vickery  
Emore Lee  
Emma Kellogg Pierce  
Harry E. Wheeler  
Mary Ayres Leal  
Mary Cornly  
Alfred Brand  
Marian Stewart  
Elizabeth Babcock  
Helen Nichols  
Isabel Henry  
Marjorie Turner  
Althea Warren

## PROSE.

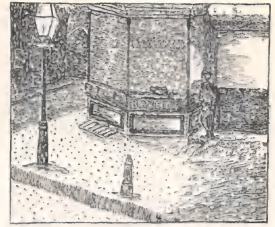
Ina M. Ufford (too long)  
Knight Rector  
William F. Moore  
Eunice Fuller  
Mary Louise Newman  
George Webb  
Henry Kelley Davis

Jennetta M. Scott  
Florence Conway Engstrom  
Jeannette Palen Hunt  
Gladys A. Knight  
Elizabeth Gladden Marshall  
Sarah Davis Lapeer  
Helen E. Smith  
Ellen H. Skinner  
Frank Flack  
Josephine Howes  
Marion J. Barton  
Frank G. Fahnestock  
Ashton B. Collins  
Louise Sharp  
Marguerite C. Kolo  
M. Hayward Post, Jr.  
Helen M. Rives  
Franklyn Curtiss Wedge

## PEN DRAWINGS.

Leonard Bloomfield  
G. Hobbs  
Carol Bradley  
Katherine Denison  
Horace L. Gardner  
J. M. Cooper  
Ellen Burditt McKey  
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.  
C. A. Greene  
J. Dates Purcell  
Ruth Osgood

Christine Payson



BY MELTON R. OWEN.

Helen M. Bissell  
Florence E. Goldschmidt  
Alan M. Osgood  
S. Oppen

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Stanley Randall  
Alex G. Atworth

Edna M. Duane  
Elizabeth Williams  
Marian Foster

## PUZZLES.

Ella Varick Morrison  
Ruth Allaire  
Constance Fuller  
Clarence B. Georgen  
George S. Bringle  
Bonnie Lesley Fasset  
Mary B. Camp  
Adele Howard Halley  
Mary F. Watkins  
Anna McCandlish  
Victoria McCook  
Annie Smith  
Arthur W. Betts  
Lawrence Dinkelspiel  
Dorothy Morris  
A. B. Silva  
A. Bendit  
Helen Murphy  
Ralph E. Parr

The prize puzzles and list of puzzle-answerers will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY EDITH C. BARRY.

Dorothy Ellen Siebs  
Julius W. Park  
Roger Burlingame  
Robert W. Hammatt  
Laura C. Westcott

George A. Richardson  
M. G. Osborne

## TO NEW READERS.

The St. Nicholas League, as explained in the November number, is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an instruction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

*Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nicholas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of The St. Nicholas League.*



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN.



"IN WINTER-TIME." BY W. H. GLINES.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 5.

NOTE.—*Prize Competition No. 5* will close on February 25. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

POEM.—“A Day in the Woods.” This must not contain more than twenty-four lines, and may be either descriptive or narrative, serious or humorous.

PROSE.—“One Day at School.” This must not contain over four hundred words, and should be as nearly the “true story” as the author can remember it.



BY M. C. WOODWORTH.

DRAWING.—“A Winter Evening.” India ink or very black writing-ink must be used, and only white paper. Either indoor or outdoor subject may be selected.

PHOTOGRAPH (not smaller than 3 × 3).—“Our School in Winter.” This may be either an indoor or an outdoor view.

PUZZLE.—The answer must contain the name of some flower that blooms in May.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS.—The best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to the puzzles in this (February) number of ST. NICHOLAS.

If a letter accompanies any contribution it should always be written on a separate sheet.

## A SPECIAL PRIZE.

It has been decided to repeat the January special prize offer to encourage the pursuit of game with the camera instead of the gun. Here it is:

For the best photograph of wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars in gold and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars in gold and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge. This competition closes February 25.



BY ELINOR L. DANIELS.

## A FEW DON'TS.



BY SARAH HELEN CROLL.

Don't write on both sides of the paper. (See rules.)

Don't draw with lead-pencil or colored inks. (See rules.)

Don't make your stories more than four hundred words in length, nor your poems more than twenty-four lines long. (See rules.)

Don't fail to put your name, age, address, and parent's indorsement on your contribution. (See rules.)

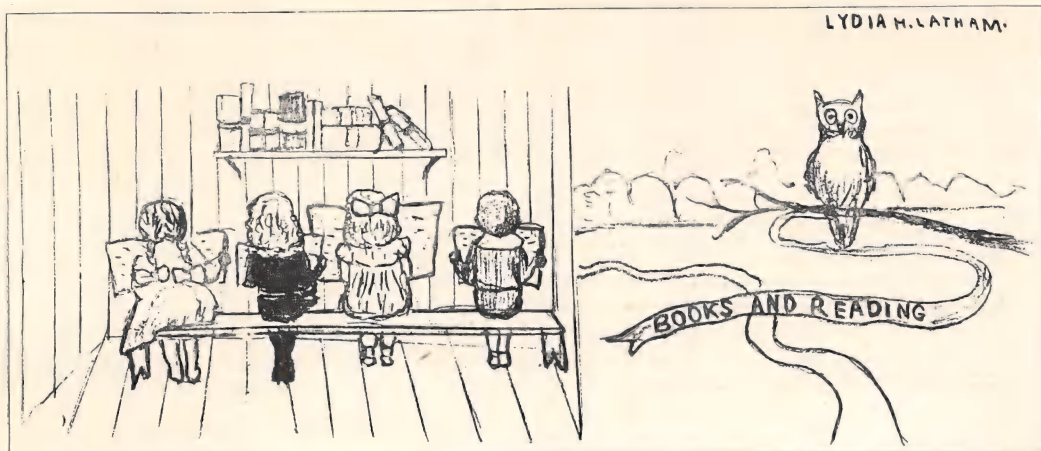
In fact, don't send any contribution until you have “seen” all the rules, including the new rules in the January number, and don't be discouraged if you don't immediately get a prize, or your work published, or even your name on the roll of honor.

Address all applications, letters, and contributions to  
THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York City.



“IN WINTER-TIME.” BY HARRY PRATT.





OUR heading this month is the work of a young contributor from Indianapolis. We thank her for the drawing, which seems to us very effective, and creditable as the work of a young artist.

The work necessary in preparing the holiday numbers of ST. NICHOLAS has caused a postponement of the publication of the list of "one hundred best books" for young folk, but the list is under way and will appear in the next number. We thank several friends, young and older, for sending in suggestions to aid in making it.

From California this department has received a School Manual containing, among other valuable hints to teachers and scholars, two independent lists of fifty books, or authors, chosen for young readers, and recommended to trustees buying books for school libraries. The first list was selected by the teachers of Riverside County at a meeting held in 1899, and included many of the books already given in the ST. NICHOLAS lists. There were, however, some new titles, such as Jane Andrews's "Seven Little Sisters" and "Ten Boys"; Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona"; "Stories of Olden Time," by James Johonnot; "Beautiful Joe," by Saunders; Parton's "Captains of Industry"; and Hayes's "Cast Away in the Cold." The second list contained some other new names: "The Orcutt Girls," by C. M. Vaile; Jordan's "Matka and Kotik"; Indian stories by E. and

G. Eggleston; Mrs. Richards's "Captain January"; General King's "Cadet Days"; Lummis's "Strange Corners of our Country"; Bayard Taylor's "Boys from Other Countries"; and Dan Beard's "American Boys' Handy Book."

In examining these lists ST. NICHOLAS readers would be surprised to see how many of the stories and writers have been made known to them through this magazine. There are Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Jackson, Eggleston's "Hoosier School-boy," Kipling's "Jungle Stories," Mark Twain, Trowbridge, Mrs. Dodge, John Burroughs, Stockton, Noah Brooks, W. O. Stoddard, Tudor Jenks, John Bennett, Rupert Hughes, William H. Shelton, Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. Richards, Theodore Roosevelt, C. F. Lummis, Frederick Schwatka, Horace E. Scudder, Howard Pyle, Mrs. Catherwood, and Dan Beard—all well-known contributors to the pages of ST. NICHOLAS, and all contributing one book or more to form this list from our Western shore.

The authors of this pamphlet have found in ST. NICHOLAS much to recommend, and we take pleasure in saying that this School Manual is full of excellent suggestions to all who are interested in children's school-work.

Many a puzzled admirer of Browning's "Ride from Ghent to Aix" has tried to find the historical basis for the poem. No one has found it, as the following letters will prove:

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1899.

To the Editor of ST. NICHOLAS.

DEAR MADAM: In 1882 I was United States consul at Ghent, Belgium. That city is famous for its clubs and societies organized for improvement and pleasure, some of them public, but many of them in quite a private manner. Attending the meeting of one of these societies at a private house, I read, as my contribution to the evening's entertainment, my own translation of Browning's celebrated poem, "The Ride from Ghent to Aix." In the talk which followed, the Gantois present declared their ignorance of any such incident in the history of Ghent; whereupon I took the liberty of writing to Mr. Browning at London, through Mr. Lowell, and in due course received the following reply. I have deposited the letter as an autograph of Mr. Browning in the Historical Department of Iowa at Des Moines.

Very respectfully,

THOMAS WILSON,  
United States National Museum,  
Washington, D. C.

19 WARWICK CRESCENT, W., Nov. 6, 1882.

DEAR SIR: I have only this morning received (by the kindness of Mr. Lowell) your letter of October 8. In reply to the request it contains, I beg to say that the incident of the "Ride from Ghent" is altogether imaginary. I wrote the poem at sea, on the blank leaf of a book I was reading, when the subject occurred to me, and could only put down hastily the names of the towns as they came into my recollection. The "Low Countries" were the scene of so many more or less significant battles and sieges that I seemed at liberty to indulge my fancy so far.

Pray accept my thanks for the courtesy of your application, and believe me, dear sir,

Yours very faithfully,  
ROBERT BROWNING.

To THOMAS WILSON, Esq.,  
United States Consul, Ghent, Belgium.

Let no young reader think that the books called the "best books" will suit every taste, or that any boy or girl must like them all. If you were to go into a picture-gallery or to attend a concert, you would not find that you agreed with others in your tastes for certain pictures or musical compositions. In the same way, a very good book may not suit your taste so well as another book not quite so good. Read, therefore, what you like; but always use your best taste in reading and never your worst.

If you can find an author who just suits you, and is worthy of thorough understanding, —as to which the advice of good critics is valuable,—you will find it a delightful study to acquaint yourself with all that concerns the author. Some will find Cooper a favorite, others Irving, or Scott, or Aldrich, or Longfellow, or Lowell. If you can select an espe-

cial favorite, and become widely acquainted with his or her writings, you will provide yourself with a pleasure that increases with your growth. But one word of warning: Unless your chosen author is an author of genuine merit, you will one day regret the time given to his works.

As to the great authors, be slow to believe that they do not interest you. Since the beginning of literature, there has been one long "battle of the books," in which the strongest have lived. *Strongest*, not *best*. In the course of time those that are best will outlive the others; but strong, moving books outlast those merely harmless, and it is a long struggle before the books that are both good and strong can drive out the strong books that are not good.

We each can help the good books to overcome the less worthy, and when we know how great is the power of a strong book, whether for right or wrong, we shall be eager to assist these better forces in their great fight for life.

A wise man has said that the wonderful power of thought and knowledge comes from the fact that they may be given to others without passing from the giver. Fire starts other fires without being extinguished.

One flame enkindles thousands more,  
Yet burns as brightly as before.

But we must remember that, like fire also, thought and knowledge may be spread for mischief as for good.

If any boy or girl wishes to read a book that will tell about any especial heroes or heroines in history, or relate to any period of the history of any nation, let him or her write to this department, for we are sure that among the thousands of its readers will be some one who can give the necessary information that will lead to the right book. Or if the desired book does not exist, perhaps some of the authors in search of a subject will write it!

Unless the eyes are in good condition reading becomes a weariness or an impossi-



bility. Perhaps some young readers will be glad of the hint that the eyes may be relieved from strain by slightly changing the distance at which a book is held. Better yet, if the eyes are easily tired, rest them by looking at objects far away. Glance up from your book and count the trees on a distant hillside, or watch the sail-boats in the bay. The eye-muscles, like those of the hand, tire most quickly when kept in one unchanged position. Of course, real defects of vision must be corrected by oculists; but many a healthy eye is tired by lack of change in its use.

LE BOIS, ST.-ÉTIENNE, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I told you I would send the names of the prettiest French books I read. Here is the list I made:

1. Montluc le Rouge, A. Assolant.
2. Franchise, Mme. Colomb.
3. Les Voyages en Zigzag, Topffer.
4. La Bannière Bleue, Léon Cahun.
5. La Roche aux Mouettes, J. Sandeau.
6. Nous Autres, J. Girardin.
7. À la Rescousse, Mme. de Witt.
8. Un Nid, Mme. de Witt.
9. Capitaine, Mme. de Nanteuil.
10. Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette, A. Dumas.
11. L'Héritière de Vaublanc, Mme. Colomb.
12. Michel Strogoff, Jules Verne.
13. Les Aventures du Capitaine Magon, Léon Cahun.
14. Un Écolier Hanovrien, A. Laurie.

"Montluc le Rouge" is a story about the French in Canada in the seventeenth century. It is exceedingly pretty; Montluc is so brave, daring, and gay. "Franchise" is the name of a sword. This story takes place in the middle ages, and there are pretty pictures of life in a feudal castle. "Les Voyages en Zigzag" is the very funniest book I ever read. It is impossible not to laugh in reading it. It has, still more, the advantage of being quite true, since it relates the travels in Switzerland and in northern Italy of a boarding-school during the holidays, and it is written by their master himself. I think this book would be rather difficult to understand for those who do not know French *very* well. "La Bannière Bleue" is very interesting, for it speaks of the Mongols in the time of Témoudjine, and it is altogether a charming story. "La Roche aux Mouettes" is a very touching story with very funny parts, and it is perfectly

well written. "Nous Autres" is the story of a family with nice and naughty children, happy and sad times. I think it very pretty. I like "À la Rescousse." It is the story of Flora Macdonald and of the expedition of Charles Edward in Scotland. "Un Nid" is also a story of family life. All Mme. de Witt's books are pretty; they are serious and sad, generally. "Capitaine" is the story of a dog. The "Histoire d'un Casse-Noisette" is a fairy-tale. It is quite queer, for it passes from the likely to the marvelous insensibly. It is "Michel Strogoff" that I like best of all J. Verne's books, though I read many of them with great interest, especially "Au Pays des Fourrures," "Le Tour du Monde en Quatre-vingts Jours," "Les Enfants du Capitaine Grant," etc. Captain Magon is a sailor of Tyre. He is a great traveler, and sees King David. "Un Écolier Hanovrien" is the life of a school-boy in a German university. All those books were the joy of my childhood, and now that I am sixteen I read them again with pleasure. Just now some more grown-up books have been read to me. Among those my especial favorite is "Le Chevalier des Touches," by Barbey d'Aurevilly. It is so delightfully written, and it is a story about the Chouans during the Revolution. I have spoken only of French books; now I must add that some of my favorite books are translated from the English: "Misunderstood," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "The Story of a Bad Boy," "Little Women," and, above all, "Hans Brinker." I have been very pleased to learn lately that it was written by the editor of ST. NICHOLAS. I like very much the ST. NICHOLAS, and think the present year prettier yet than the year before. I liked particularly "Trinity Bells" and "The Story of Betty."

Believe me, yours sincerely,

MARGUERITE GRANGER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must add a few words to my young sister's letter, to thank you for the good idea of having a "Books and Reading" department. Indeed, I think that reading, and the way of reading, are very important matters for young folks, and you teach them both in a most interesting manner. Some of your articles are so very clever and striking that both my sister and I read them over and over again. Those on Ruskin, on poetry, and on books made expressly to teach were my favorites.

May I tell you a remark I often made in reading? I think the best way with books of value, *really beautiful* books, is to read them with a pen or a pencil in hand, and a note-book ready to write at once what is particularly striking.

Those note-books, carefully preserved, are afterward re-read with much pleasure, and often prove to be real little treasures of one's own making, which are the best of all.

With much regard, I remain

Respectfully yours,

MARIE GRANGER.





## THE LETTER-BOX.

THE following letter from the artist who drew the picture appearing as the frontispiece of this number will interest all of our readers:

August 8, 1899.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The picture about which the inquiry is sent was made by moonlight before the Great Sphinx of Gizeh, Egypt, in 1890. It was one of several studies made for my large oil-painting,—9 x 11 feet,—“The Two Great Eras,” which was, with seven other works, exhibited at the Salon Champ de Mars, 1893. This picture was hung in a conspicuous position, next to the great decoration by Puvis de Chavannes, “The Homage of the City of Paris to Victor Hugo,” and received a medal at the Atlanta Exhibition, 1895; it was shown also at the Omaha Exposition.

I spent two years in Egypt, nine months of which time I lived within a stone's-throw of the great Pyramids and Sphinx of Gizeh, having at my disposal a fine studio in the hotel (Mena House), and using the great Moorish dining-hall for a studio during the summer months.

Thinking that perhaps it might be interesting to children to know a few incidents which really occurred while I was making the picture you refer to, I will add that one evening a jackal (Egyptian wolf) and four foxes were visitors to the Sphinx, walking all over the paws and back of the stone monster. Their eyes glared at me while I sat perfectly quiet in the moonlight. We had for our use a small inclosure not far from the Great Pyramid, just below the tombs, which are covered with hieroglyphics, and are found on the rocky bluff upon which the Great Pyramid of Cheops was built. This inclosure was constructed so that it had no roof, and inside there was a bench all around it, so that we could look over the top to shoot the foxes who came every night looking for refuse from the village.

It was a common sight to see from two to seven or eight foxes at one time prowling about these dump-heaps, and once in a while an Egyptian wolf and many wild dogs—vicious beasts. The moonlight in Egypt is so brilliant that I executed the drawing without artificial light, the moon furnishing all the illumination for my work.

ERIC PAPE.

HERE is a letter that leaves off in the most interesting part:

RYE BEACH, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a toy boat seventeen inches long. I take her away down on the rocks and sail her. One day a friend of mine fell in.

Your loving reader, WALTON SMITH.

BESSIE MARCH sends this from the Holy Land:

HADETH, MOUNT LEBANON, SYRIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been a member of our family for six years, and we enjoy you very much.

There are six of us children, from the sixteen-year-old brother to the little three-year-old.

Our eldest brother is now on his way to America; we miss him very much.

In summer it is so warm in Tripoli, where we live, that we come up to the mountains.

This place is between four and five thousand feet above the sea. It takes us about eight hours on the road.

My little sister and brother, Alice and Harold, come up in large boxes which are tied on the sides of the mule. They have pillows and sheepskins to sit on, so they do not get tired out; the swaying of the mule makes it very easy to go to sleep. It is one of the most exciting times of the whole year.

While in Tripoli, not long before we came up here, we went to visit the whirling dervishes. It was very interesting to see them whirl in their long white gowns. These gowns had some weights in the hem of the skirts, so that, when they whirled, they stood out all around like a great bell. They whirled three times, the first two times for five minutes without stopping, and the last time for ten minutes. They kept their eyes half shut while whirling. These dervishes are a fanatical sect of the Moslems.

Your faithful reader, BESSIE MARCH.

WE are delighted to show our readers this cheery and beautiful letter from a brave girl:

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Would you like to know how much comfort you have brought to a little invalid?

When I was six years old I fell off a stone wall and hurt my back. I am thirteen now, and since that time I have not walked a step.

I travel north as far as my chair, or make an eastern trip to my couch, but I spend most of my time in Bedland.

I have a very dear friend who is an editor, and who never forgets that crooked girls have more time to review magazines than lazy men. So he sends me a big bundle every month. I have the “Century,” “Harper’s,” “Scribner’s,” “Youth’s Companion,” “Bird Talk,” “Bookman,”—ten in all,—but I love my ST. NICHOLAS best because I have known it the longest. I was five when I saw my first number, and I have never missed a month since. And because you have brought me just one hundred days of comfort (besides the fun of re-reading) since I knew you, I decided that I would write and thank you. Sometimes when the pain is the worst, I can almost forget it if you are there.

You must not think me a helpless invalid, for I’m not. I make lots of care for other people, but I’m not so much of a “dromedary” that I’m not happy myself. My books are my greatest comfort. Next to these are my pictures, for my walls are covered. I have a beautiful collection of photographs of the Madonnas, which I have mounted myself—I have fifty-two in all. I keep three scrap-books—one of poetry, one of the Spanish war, and one a miscellaneous assortment of pictures, jokes, and items of interest. These keep me pretty busy.

I have never been to Sunday-school or to school in my life, but yet I am enrolled as a member of both. I study lessons at home just the same as the class, and am promoted with the rest. Sometimes I am not able to work, and have to let my lessons go, but I can always make it up during vacations, you see. My tutor is one of the high-school teachers, and I am a freshman.

But the school I love best is the kindergarten. Three doors north of my home is a public kindergarten, which is another of my blessings. For the children pass my window so often that they all know me, and never go by without waving their little hands and smiling. When the weather is warm enough they open their doors and sing for me, and they send me little baskets and daisy



chains. There are eighty-five children, and I know every one by name. I make little paper toys and drop them out of my window, and then—guess how they pay me! Every morning at half-past nine they sing a little song about how much they want me to get well. It is called "Prayer for a Sick Child," and it was their own idea. If I ever do get well I shall always think that it was the children who made me so. And even if I don't, it makes me happy. When I get well and strong, I am going to be a kindergartner myself, for I love it so.

I have lots of comforts in this world: my gray pussy cat "Isaiah"; my two canaries, "Mr. Cheeryble" and "Meh Lady"; my mandolin, which I thrum when my arms are "willin'"; and my sketch-book and diary, neither of which would be of interest to any one else, but which I enjoy keeping up.

I don't do things very well, but I am trying to be as much alive and like other people as possible. Perhaps if I do my share of getting well, the Lord will be more willing to help me. I have written all about myself, but you must forgive me, for I have n't very many other things to write of.

If you knew how much your dear magazine was to me, how many dark hours it has helped to hurry along, and how much cheer and comfort it has brought into my sick-room, you would be glad you helped to write it.

Your loving little reader, JOYCE SHELDON.

HERE is an excellent account of a really interesting occurrence:

"THE CEDARS," WELLESLEY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am going to tell you about a baby woodpecker (or flicker) I caught last summer. One day, as I was out walking, I heard peeps of a young bird in distress. Going to the spot, I found a tiny little woodpecker, which I picked up and carried home. We put him in a large cage, and finding he was too small to eat for himself, we fed him ourselves in this way: he opened his beak, and we thrust the food down. So it continued for a day or so, until we let him out to hop on the lawn and gravel walk. He would go up a tree and stay there all day, coming down when he was hungry for his food in the house. He would climb up the screen door and cry until some one came and let him in. Then he would sit in our laps and eagerly hold his mouth open while we thrust the food down. Strawberries were his favorite food, but bread and milk his usual fare. If we came out and called him while he was up in the tree, he would fly down and light on our shoulders. We let him stay outdoors one night, and early in the morning we heard cries, and there was another woodpecker attacking him. Our bird flew down on the lawn, and one of us saw him and rushed down to save him. He ran under her skirts, and as the other bird flew away uttered a sharp little cry, as much as to say, "Now come and fight me, if you dare!" Whenever we went to walk he went with us, perching on our shoulders, and flying from one to another as we walked, accompanied by the dog, who ran by our side and was a very good friend of the bird—at least, we thought so. But one day we went to walk, and put the flicker down for a moment while we picked strawberries, and all of a sudden we heard a cry from the bird and a growl from the dog, and then all was still. We rushed to the spot, and there lay our little darling stretched on the ground, his beautiful golden wings outspread, and part of his head bitten off. We buried him

very solemnly, while many tears were shed over him; and so ended the life of our little bird.

Yours truly, CHRISTIANA S. HUNNEWELL.

*Archibald G. Smith*, a little reader whose hands are paralyzed, sends a charming letter written for him by his mother. He has traveled much, and owns an amusing pet monkey.

*Jessie E. and Elsie L. Anderson* send two letters with clever rhymes inclosed; but the letters are too long to print.

*H. B. Peirce* writes from St. Petersburg, Russia, where he attends a German school.

*Charles McCann* is in Paris, and complains that the French boys do not know how to play—that "they have not enough *go* about them"; but he admits that the Bois de Boulogne has good bicycle roads.

*Jeannette Ives Hoskins* is a missionary's daughter at Zahleh, Syria, and would be glad to hear from some little American friends.

*Eleanor H. Murdock* lets us see some amusing rhymes written about her pet dog.

*Mrs. Mary Roe Sanford* writes that she was measured with "Tom Thumb" when she was less than two years old, and was nearly as tall as he—though he was then ten.

*Margaret Delisle Gentle* thanks us for printing her letter from New South Wales, and her brother *Robert*, ten years old, sends an interesting letter about the rabbit-pest.

*Harriet H. Thomson's* letter comes from Maryland, with a little poem on "Snowflakes." We thank her for letting us read it.

*Georgie E. Kalman* also sends us a poem, entitled "Haying-time."

*Rebecca A. Hunt* gives a jolly description of a holiday on a farm.

*Mildred Day Potter* tries to raise the question whether the year 1900 is in the twentieth century; but her letter shows that she knows better.

*Eda Schwarz* writes a correct rendering of the long German word in the November "Letter-box." She says "Winterthurerhandwerksburschenvorwärtsgrupp" means, the "Progressive Society for the Young Mechanics of Winterthur"—a city on the Rhine.

*Karl Mann* sends a very interesting little letter, and we thank him for it. It tells about his experiences with pets—but we hear so much about pet animals!

*Juanita and Dolores Gomez* are two Brazilian girls who write that they enjoy ST. NICHOLAS greatly.

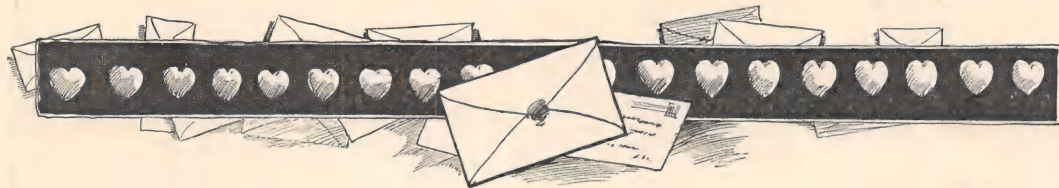
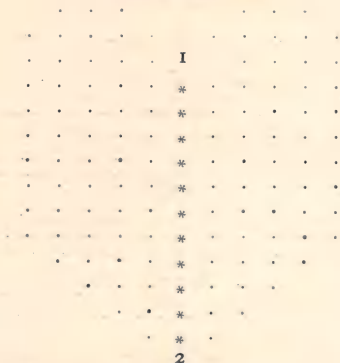
AND here is a list of good friends whose letters cannot be otherwise acknowledged than by our thanks:

*Janet Chesley, Livingston Fountain* (who tells of finding an Indian arrowhead in New York city), *Emily McLean, Anna L. Clarkson, Mary F. Watkins and Ethel C. Breed, Marian Martin, Julia Hurd, Sarah Easton, Louie Swiney, Sara Tyler, Elsie Snow, Grace Phelps, William Geary, Fredericka Going, Nathalie Taylor, Everingham Noble, Willard A. Banks, Arthur G. Gooch, Hettie L. Dalzell, Ernest La Prade, Tom McCall, A. W. Betts, Helen Sanders, Marian Shove, Grace Lawes, Edna Bennet* (who writes an excellent hand, though she has been to school only two months in all), *Ruth Eleanor Jones, Julia Robey, E. M. and L. B., Marjorie Hanson, Paul H. Prausnitz* (who was in the Isle of Wight when the memorial cross to Tennyson was built), *Esther E. Robbins* (whose little letter is very welcome), *Mildred C. Smith, Ona Kraft, Ruth Collins, Allyn R. J., Esther Dunwoody, and Louis Somerville*—the last being a very recent subscriber.







**HEART PUZZLE.**

- CROSS-WORDS: 1. Missiles used by Cupid (six letters).  
 2. A county of California (ten letters). 3. Disclosures.  
 4. To outweigh. 5. Sensible. 6. Utensils made of  
 baked clay. 7. The act of presenting. 8. One of the  
 signs of the zodiac. 9. Preëminence. 10. Fitness.  
 11. A spring flower. 12. To intrust. 13. Fatigued.  
 14. A division of time. 15. In February.

From 1 to 2, two words that greet us at every turn.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

**CHARADE.**

My *first* is often seen about a wreck,  
 And, most important, ornaments a neck;  
 'T is oft a traveled highway stretching far  
 Where never any friendly footpaths are.

My *second* is a bound; without delay  
 It leaves its native soil and runs away;  
 It ever seeks my *first*; and far and wide  
 It scatters flowers along the country-side.

My *whole* is aye the secret source of power  
 That never fails to note the passing hour;  
 It prompts the hands to action's busy round  
 And gives a face a meaning all profound.

ANNA M. PRATT.

**CENTRAL ACROSTICS.**

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

**I.**

EACH word described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a church. 2. A substance formerly much used by jewelers. 3. Odor. 4. General tendency. 5. A fastening. 6. A low, moaning sound. 7. Parts of a chain.

**II.**

Each word described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below

another, the central letters will spell the name of a famous battle.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A predictor. 2. A small fruit. 3. A chief city. 4. To advise. 5. A musical entertainment. 6. Something used by painters. 7. A famous magazine. 8. Permitted. 9. An assembly of men summoned for consultation.

MARIAN JOHNSON.

**RIDDLE.**

To be answered by two words pronounced alike but spelled differently:

Among the roses' fragrant hordes

I lift my head;

Upon the desperate gamblers' boards

I make my bed.

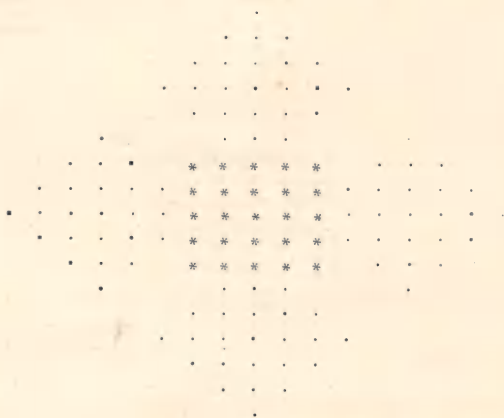
Brave men, to insure your happy lot,

Have died by me,

While on the table, smoking hot,

My form you see.

M. E. FLOYD.

**DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.**

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In orthoëpy. 2. A public conveyance. 3. Inhuman. 4. A wind instrument. 5. To repel. 6. Portion. 7. In orthoëpy.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In orthoëpy. 2. A large serpent. 3. A tree. 4. To paint the likeness of. 5. Pungent. 6. Possessed. 7. In orthoëpy.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A stratum. 2. A place of public contest. 3. A frothy substance. 4. To follow. 5. Charges.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In orthoëpy. 2. Fiery. 3. An expression of triumph. 4. An electric fish. 5. To walk with a stately step. 6. To augment. 7. In orthoëpy.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In orthoëpy. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. Detested. 4. Protecting. 5. Under. 6. A bird. 7. In orthoëpy.

M. A. STREVER.







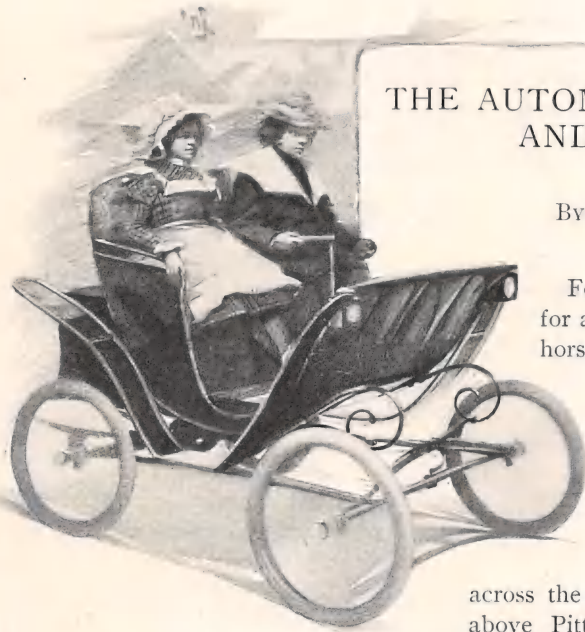
AN AUTOMOBILE OUTING.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 5.



## THE AUTOMOBILE: ITS PRESENT AND ITS FUTURE.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

FOR three thousand years, perhaps for a much longer time, men have used horses in peace and in war. In all this time no one appears to have imagined that the time would ever come when we might not need so many horses. If we examine an old map of this country, we may trace a black line beginning at Cumberland, in Maryland, and extending

across the mountains to the Monongahela River above Pittsburg. This line indicated the great national road built by the United States as a highway from the East to the then far West in the Ohio

Valley. Over this great road thousands of horses traveled in endless processions, dragging great covered wagons; swift stage-coaches ran, day and night, carrying passengers and mails. This road with its enormous traffic was regarded as one of the wonders of the New World. Washington considered it a most important public work, and believed that all the country needed in the future were more horses and more national roads. To-day this long and costly road is almost forgotten. The great wagon-trains and swift stages long ago disappeared.

When, about sixty years ago, the railroads came, many people thought that horses would no longer be needed. This was soon seen to be a mistake. It was found that it took more horses to carry the freight and passengers to the railroad stations than were used before the railroads were built. When, about twelve years ago, the trolley-cars appeared, then many people said, "This time the horses will certainly retire, for there will be nothing for them to do." Has it been true? And now, within two years, people have said the horses will surely disappear, for here are carriages without horses. Do you believe that will be true?

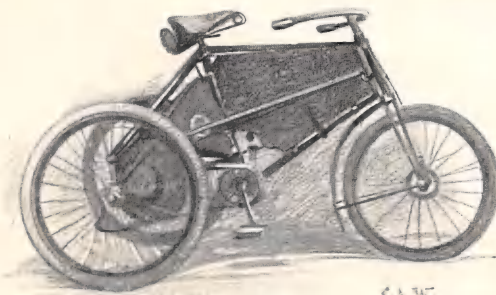


In December, 1876, there appeared in *ST. NICHOLAS* the story of "The Horse Hotel." There then lived in New York thousands of horses that have since moved out of town or have passed away, after an honorable career as car-horses in our streets. Horses were so numerous at that time that they lived in great hotels, as you may see if you look at the volumes of *ST. NICHOLAS* read by your father and mother when they were children. To-day the great horse hotels, with guests, attendants, waiters, and all, are gone. Only in a few streets can the jangling bells of the poor old car-horses be heard, and in other cities than New York many readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* have never seen a horse-car. The trolley-car has thrown perhaps a hundred thousand horses out of work, and these horses have been moved away to farms and smaller towns, or have found new employment. Naturally, in the twelve years that this change has been going on many thousands of horses have died of work and old age, and, while many young colts constantly come in from the farms, there are not so many horses in our streets as in the days before the trolley-cars. There will be a new census of the country next year, and then we shall know, for the first time, whether it is true that we are not using so many horses as ten years ago. Up to the last census the number

If, on the other hand, the next census shows that we do not own as many horses, or that increase is less rapid, we shall be glad, because we are now learning to get along without them. With fewer horses we shall have better horses. We have had too many horses in all our cities, and the trolley lines have proved to us that it would be far pleasanter if there were no horses at all, except in the country. The light, fast-walking horse used on the cars is rapidly disappearing. We do not want him any more, so the farmer does not bring that kind of colt to market. We have now only two kinds of horses—the truck- or work-horse, and the pleasure-carriage and riding horse. The truck-horse stays downtown, and it is the carriage-horse who chiefly occupies our up-town streets. And now the question has come as to whether we need even this horse in our streets. He is a road-horse, and his place is on the road; and when he leaves the city streets, never to return, New York will be a sweeter, cleaner, pleasanter, safer, and far more healthful place than it is now. Already, in some cities, it is proposed that all horses be excluded from certain streets, because it is believed we can get along very well without them.

This will be a more remarkable change than the change from horse-cars to trolley-cars, and we may well wonder what it is that can have started so remarkable a change in the streets of our cities. To understand this, we must observe that every new thing is preceded by others somewhat like it. When the safety bicycle came we had already seen the high-wheel bicycle. That machine was a failure, and disappeared, just as did the velocipede before it; yet it led the way to the present bicycle. Inventions sometimes come too soon, before the people are ready for them. The bicycle is in general use, but we are not yet ready for it, because we have so few good roads. We are hard at work trying to mend this by improving our roads, and with better roads more wheels will be used.

Now appears a new invention, and, like many others, it was preceded by a very similar invention, out of which it grew, so that we might say that one came from the other. To



G. A. W.

A MOTOR TRICYCLE.

of horses rapidly increased. This increase may stop and it may not; because, while the railroads, steamboats, and trolley lines have thrown so many horses out of employment, new work has been found for them, and we may find that, as they became cheaper, more private families were able to own horses.

understand the new invention, let us study the one we already have. Look at the wheels of your bicycle and compare them with the wheels of a wagon. The wagon wheel consists of a hub, a rim, and stout wooden spokes.

Compare this with your bicycle wheel. Here the weight is supported by the axle in the hub of the wheel, but in place of a stiff wooden spoke we have a slender wire that would not support even a very small



A MODERN HANSON-CAB IN A NEW YORK STREET.

We see that the whole weight of the wagon is carried on the axles, and that one end of each axle is supported by the hub of a wheel. The hub is supported by the stiff spoke that stands directly under it at any particular moment. When the wagon moves, each spoke, in turn, comes under the hub and assists to support

weight. Wires support a pulling strain, and not a pushing or compression strain. So we find the weight is transferred from the hub to the rim by the wires *above* the hub. The weight is suspended on the wire spokes, and we call this a suspension wheel. In such a wheel all the spokes tie the rim together, and



the rim itself supports the weight in every position of the wheel.

In the wagon wheel the axle rests directly on the inside of the hub. This wheel has a steel tire on the rim. In the bicycle wheel the axle rests upon steel balls inclosed in a casing in the hub of the wheel. The effect of this is to reduce the friction and make the wheel turn easily. The bicycle rim is inclosed in a rubber tire filled with compressed air that acts as a soft cushion or spring. Were your bicycle fitted with wagon wheels, it would require so much strength to move it that there would be no pleasure in riding for any long time.



AN ENGLISH STEAM-WAGON.

spin them along the road. Mr. Horse must think he has found a rather fine thing in the way of vehicles in these low bicycle-wheel carriages.



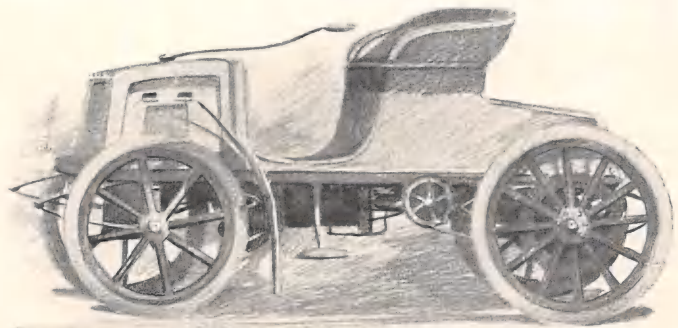
Geo. A. Williams '95

A FRENCH STEAM-OMNIBUS.

Then, we must observe one thing more: With these rubber-tired vehicles and with the bicycles came a demand for smooth, hard, even roads with easy grades. We learned, to our mortification, that our roads and streets were very bad indeed, and that we must have far better roads everywhere. All these things—better roads, lighter, easy-running wheels, and rubber tires—led the way to the new invention. They made it possible to make a carriage that would not need a horse. We have seen steam traction-engines

and self-moving steam-rollers, and long before railroads were invented there were attempts made to construct steam-carriages that would

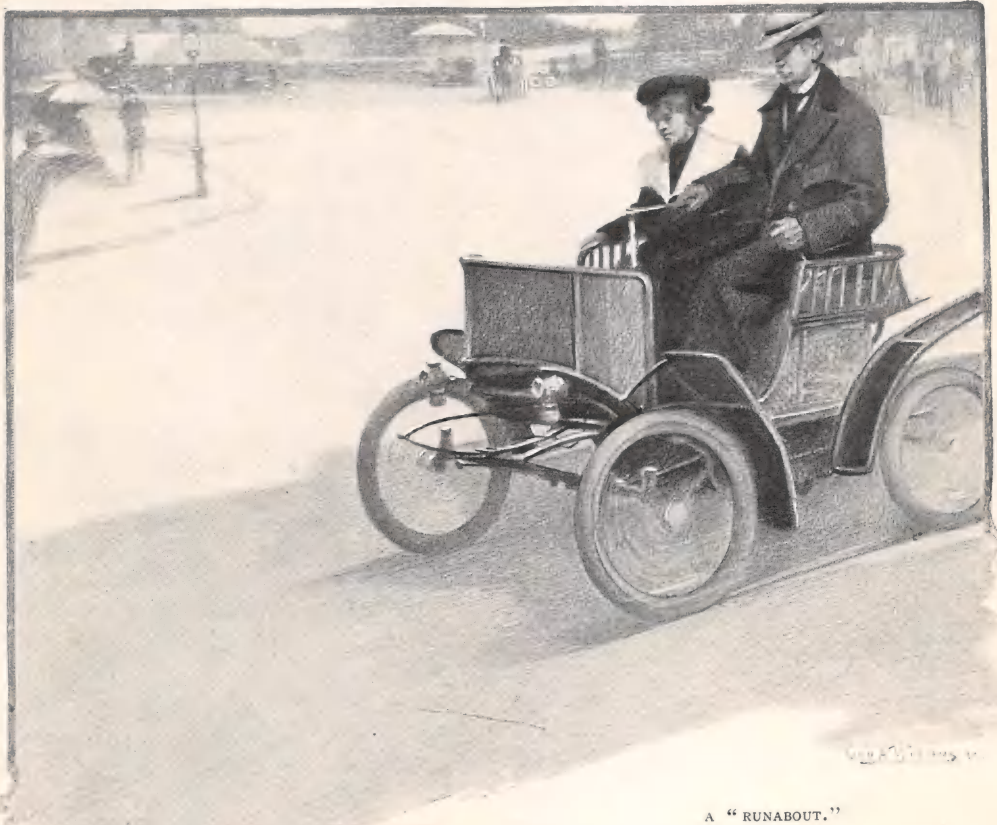
When it was seen that the bicycle could be moved so easily, some one said: "Why not put such wheels under a carriage? If it requires less strength to move it, the horse can travel faster and go farther." This was tried in buggies for speeding horses, and so great was the relief to the horse that very soon wire suspension wheels with ball bearings and rubber tires began to be applied to light pleasure-carriages. To-day we often see such carriages in the street, and we cannot fail to notice how easily and swiftly the horse can



LONG-DISTANCE GASOLINE RACER (FRENCH).

travel on our roads and carry passengers and baggage. Such carriages would hardly work at all on our bad roads, and it is hard to see what fun there would be riding on a steam-roller. The old steam-carriages failed and were abandoned because they were too early. The conditions were not right. There were no

The seat is in front, and there is a closed and covered box behind and under the seat. Take a seat, please, on the right, while I turn this crank. Don't be alarmed; she will not start. This crank fits into a socket in the side of the buggy, and a few turns set the motor going. There! Now we are ready, and I'll put the



A "RUNABOUT."

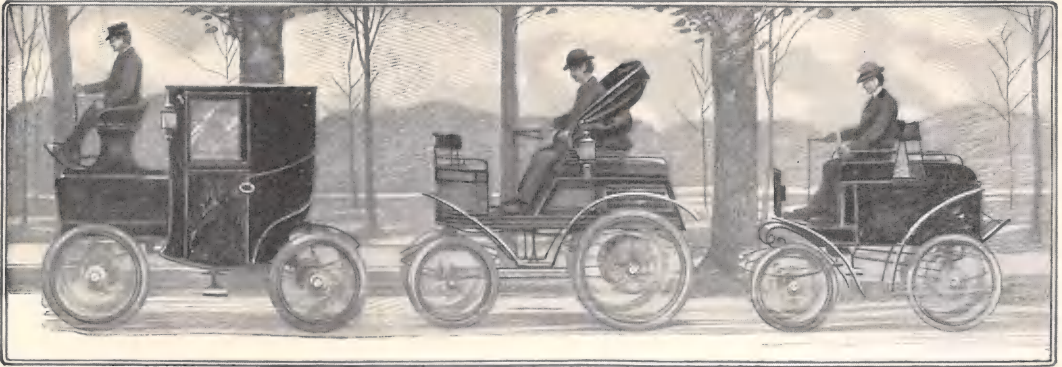
bicycle wheels, no ball bearings, no rubber tires, and no good roads. To-day the conditions are just right. The bicycle taught us what to do, and on the smooth, hard asphalt street or the macadamized road we hear the electric bell of the new carriage without horses. "The carriage waits." Let us take a ride on a "runabout" with seats for two.

Why! it's really a buggy—on bicycle wheels.

crank inside. Yes, he does tremble a little, as if eager to rush away. Now! All ready! I'll sit on the left, where I can see the road.

How perfectly delightful! The runabout is well named; for it can certainly run. No horse in front; no reins to handle; no whip; no big creature with a will of his own to be guided, urged, and controlled; and nothing to obstruct the clear view in front, nothing to obstruct the rush of pure air as the carriage flies swiftly over the asphalt. Eight, ten, twelve miles an hour. It could be more—could be twenty-five miles an hour; but twelve miles an hour is as fast as is safe in city streets.





A PROCESSION OF AUTOMOBILES.

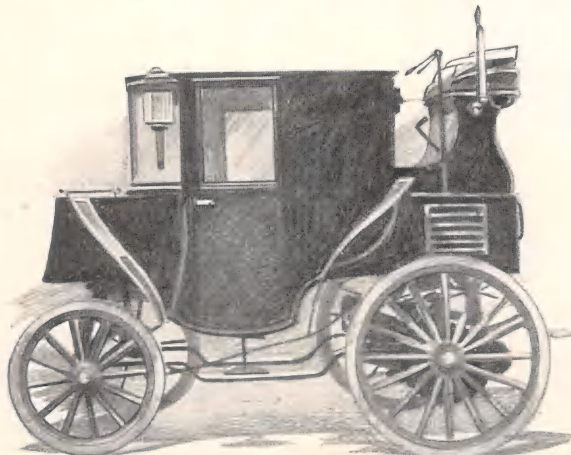
We overtake teams, carriages, and bicycles, and pass them all. We meet a trolley-car on a cross-street, and slow up to let it pass. As we stop we feel the slight jar of the motor, for it is working away while we wait. On again, turning neatly round the end of the car and rushing swiftly forward. Look out!—man crossing the street. He sees us and stops, and stands frightened and irresolute. If he would go right on he would be safe. The carriage runs swiftly, turns completely round him, and goes on. Danger? Not the slightest, because the carriage is under complete control.

The carriage is steered by this steel bar in front of the seat. Try it. See how lightly it moves to the right or left. The gentle pressure of a finger on the bar guides the carriage, and, should you wish, it can turn round and round in a dizzy circle on one spot. It steers quicker and better than a boat, much more surely and evenly than any horse. How far can we go without stopping? At ten miles an hour, it will travel ten hours, or one hundred miles. Then, to return or to go on, we have only to stop at a grocery store and buy a few quarts of gasoline, load up the reservoir, and

travel on for another hundred miles at the same rate of speed as before.

We ride on, up hill and down, over pavement, asphalt, macadamized road, or plain country road, now fast, now slow, stopping, starting, backing, turning sharp corners and wide corners, and, if necessary, stopping quickly—in fact, far more quickly than a horse can stop. And all of this without a horse, in absolute safety, certainty, and precision, at the touch of a hand or a foot. As no horse beats the road with iron shoes, there is no warning of our approach, so we touch an electric bell to warn all who may be in the road to look out. At night, electric lamps light up the road before us and warn other teams of our approach. The seat is roomy and comfortable, and the carriage rides smoothly and with very little jar or noise. Above all, we

have not to think for or care for the horse. He must be told, every step of the way, just where to go, where to turn, and when to stop. He will stop of his own sweet will if he wishes to, or if he feels hungry or tired, or if he wants to go home. He may be sick or lame, and that would destroy all



AN ELECTRIC COACH.



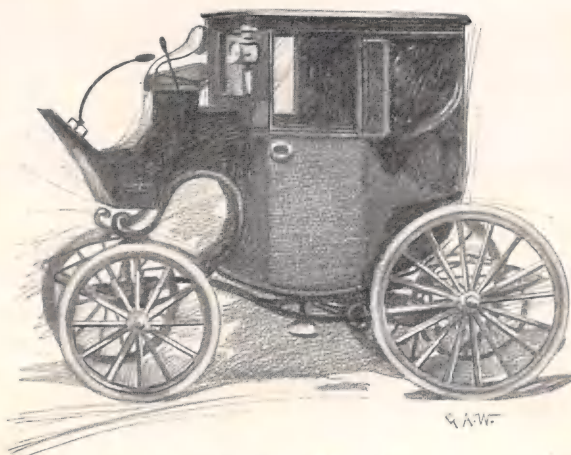
VARIOUS TYPES OF LIGHT WAGONS.

the pleasure of the ride, because we could not be so cruel as to make him suffer for our pleasure. Now we forget all that, for the whirring motor that is making us fly along the road will never grow tired, never suffer, never try to go one way when we want to go another. There is no horse living that could carry us a hundred miles in five hours. On a clear, good road this carriage could easily do it, and, in ten minutes, do it again. Had we used a horse to take a ride of twenty-five miles, we should be obliged to give him a supper, let him rest all night, and give him breakfast next morning, before he could carry us another twenty-five miles. This carriage might run all day and all night and all the next day, and several days and nights, with only stops of a few moments each to get fresh fuel for the motor. We should be tired out long before the machine.

When we return, the carriage is run into its stable and halts. A touch of the finger, and the motor stops. There is nothing to be done to it, except to wipe off the dust and see that the motor is oiled and cleaned. There it can stand for an hour, a day, or a month, and it will cost nothing. It may rain for a week, and we may

not care to ride. If we kept a horse, he would have to be fed, groomed, and exercised, whether we wished to ride or not. This all costs us time, labor, and money. The motor-carriage costs nothing until it is used again.

We open the cover of the box at the back of the seat, and find all the machinery stowed neatly away, safe from rain or dust. It consists essentially of a tank for holding the gasoline, a motor or gas-engine, a cooling-tank filled with water, and the connections for controlling, starting, and stopping the engine. There are also batteries for the electric lights and bell, and for assisting the operation of the motor. There are also brakes for stopping the vehicle, and the proper connections for changing the speed, steering, and backing. With the box at the back closed, the carriage is a neat vehicle, and looks precisely like any single-seat buggy on low wheels.



AN ELECTRIC BROUGHAM.

In New York we take the trolley-car downtown, and we transfer at Twenty-ninth Street. Here is a large car that looks exactly like a trolley-car, except that here there is no trolley-pole overhead. We see there is no slot in the track, so it cannot be a cable or underground-electric car.





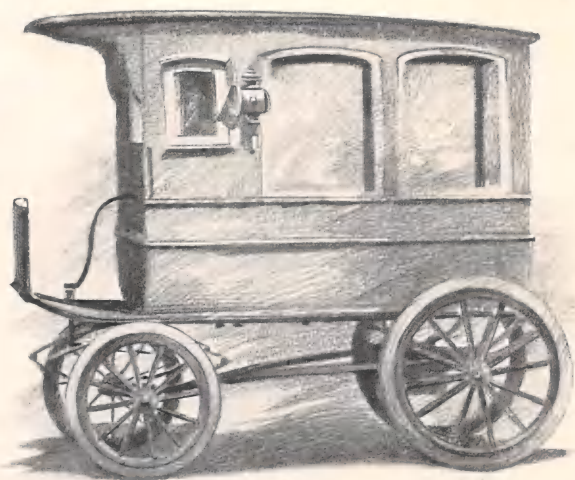
A PARK VICTORIA.

We enter the car, and find that it is just like any car, except that the seats are a trifle higher than usual and are all closed in below. The car starts slowly and easily and without jerk or jar, and is soon running swiftly toward the Hudson River. This is another motor vehicle, and, if we listen carefully, we hear a

faint puffing sound like a steam-engine. Presently the car reaches the West Twenty-third Street Ferry, and we get out to examine this new motor-car. We see a large building with a sign,—“Air Power Company,”—and looking in at the big door, see great steam-boilers, and, beyond them, see and hear a powerful steam-

engine. This engine is compressing air—squeezing it, under great pressure, into steel tanks. We go to another door, and see an empty car arrive from its trip on the road. A man brings a long pipe, that hangs from the ceiling, up to the side of the car. He connects it with the car and opens a valve. In the car, under the seats, are steel cylinders. He is now charging these cylinders with compressed air. In a moment or two the gage on the car shows that they are full. He shuts off the air, disconnects the pipe, and the loud explosion tells us something of the power he has forced into the tanks in the car. The motor-man turns his lever on the front platform, and the car rolls out into the street, ready for another trip. Here again is a motor-car—a horse-car without horses. Under the car is a motor connected with the wheels precisely as on a locomotive—with, however, this difference: a locomotive uses the elastic pressure of steam from its boiler; this car uses the elastic pressure of compressed air stored in its tanks.

We go back toward Broadway in one of these self-moving cars, and, reaching the neighborhood of Madison Square, soon happen on an electric cab. Let us try another ride in a self-moving carriage. This time it is a handsome-cab, with small wheels and rubber tires. We tell the driver we wish to go to the cab company's stables. The driver is behind us, so we are not able to see exactly what he is doing. We need not care, for we cannot fail to admire the skill with which he guides



A DELIVERY WAGON.

us through the maze of carriages on Fifth Avenue. The cab goes fast or slow, stops, starts, backs, turns in any direction, and in a moment we forget all fear and give ourselves up to the delightful sense of speed, freedom, and safety. It is a real pleasure to be free from the too close companionship of a horse. We can ride close to the ground and with a free view in front, and in open air. It is not surprising that these cabs are so popular, for this is the perfection of pleasure-riding.

Presently we turn into a side street and cross to Broadway, and near an uptown street our cab enters a large door and stops within its stable. How different from a horses' stable! There, hostlers and harnessmen; and here, motormen and carriages. It is a little dark, and there is a faint smell of acids, but this is better than the unwholesome and



A FRENCH MAIL-COACH.



even dangerous air of a stable. Our motorman turns the cab about and backs it upon a platform, while an assistant opens a door at the rear of the cab. An iron arm is thrust forward toward the cab, and at once draws back again, dragging from the cab a large black box. It disappears, and another box is pushed into the cab. The door is closed, and the cab moves forward and takes its place with the others ready for the next trip.

This seems something like the compressed-air car. We go to another part of the stable, and see hundreds of these black boxes. We see wires leading to them, and the man in charge tells us they are electrical storage batteries. He has a powerful current of electricity from the power-station downtown, and turning it into one of these batteries, he so changes its condition that it will afterward give out almost as much electricity as is put into it. He says he "stores electricity" in these boxes, or batteries.

Under the cab is an electric motor that, after it has been connected with the storage battery long enough to charge it, will give its power to the wheels of the cab and cause it to travel for twenty miles.

Observe the difference between this cab and the runabout and the street-car. In the car we had a tank filled with compressed air. Here we have a battery charged with electricity. In the runabout we had a motor using vaporized gasolene. These three vehicles represent the three principal methods of driving a vehicle that is automatic, or self-moving—electricity, compressed air, and a gas-motor.

There is also one more horseless vehicle—a steam-carriage using gasolene or naphtha to make steam for a little steam-engine. This method is practical, though not yet used so much as the gas-engine system and the electric system. Each of these four systems has its advantages. The gas-motor carriage can go farther than the electric carriage, and it is lighter. The electric carriage is cleaner, simpler in management, and makes less noise. The compressed-air motor will carry its car or carriage only as far as the supply of the air holds out. Then it must be reloaded at the

power-house. The same is true of the electric carriage. The gasolene, petroleum, or steam carriage can go wherever it can find fuel, and this it can obtain almost anywhere.

Horseless vehicles are now made with wire suspension wheels, and also with wooden wheels, and all have either pneumatic or solid rubber tires. They are usually quite low, because it is not necessary to use high wheels when there is no horse in front, and a low vehicle is safer than a high one. Horseless vehicles are made in all the styles in which horse vehicles are made—road-wagons, buggies, surreys, phaëtons, victorias, delivery wagons, etc.

There are also two-, three-, and four-wheel motor-cycles, or self-moving bicycles, for one, two, or three passengers, and driven with every sort of motive power.

There are now in Europe about ten thousand public and private vehicles that are self-moving. They are usually called "automobiles." Of these, fifty-six hundred are owned in France and three hundred in Great Britain. It is thought that there are now about three hundred such vehicles in this country. This small number will rapidly increase, and within a year there may be three thousand, perhaps many more.

The automobile is the coming vehicle. We shall see it in all our cities and along our country roads. They are safe, fast, comfortable, and to use and ride in one is a pleasure we all want to enjoy. They are now, while new, comparatively costly; but, like the sewing-machine and the bicycle, they are useful tools, and what is useful all the people want, and what every one wants soon becomes cheap, because of a large demand.

The automobile is a practical, useful vehicle. It gives us an entirely new pleasure—the pleasure of guiding and controlling a splendid piece of scientific machinery, the pleasure of traveling without a horse.

There will always be horses. Such a grand, strong, swift, and patient creature is too good a friend to send away. There will not be so many horses, and those we have will be better horses. There are too many horses now, and when we see the advantages of teams, cars, trucks, and carriages without

horses, we may wonder that we were obliged to use the great beasts so long. On the farm, on the road, and in the park they will still be useful and valuable. There they will be in the right place; for a crowded city, where so many people live so closely packed, is not precisely the best place for a horse to live, too.

We may imagine the child of the twentieth century saying: "Good-by, Mr. Horse! Your city hotel is closed. We thank you for all you have done for us. Go back to your farm and live in peace and comfort. Do the work you can do, and please don't feel offended if we prefer to go to ride without you."



"GOOD-BY, MR. HORSE!"



## THE REASON WHY.

THE big boys would n't play with me:  
They said I was too small—  
That they would have to wait and see  
If I grew strong and tall.  
And when they had their club at school,  
They all began to grin,  
And said that they had made a rule  
To let no small boys in.

But when the holidays brought Jim  
From college for a week,  
The big boys came to call on *him*  
And listen to *him* speak.  
He told them of the football game  
Where, in an awful crush,  
He slipped, and for ten days was lame—  
He played at center rush;  
He told them of the record jump  
He beat a Yale man in;

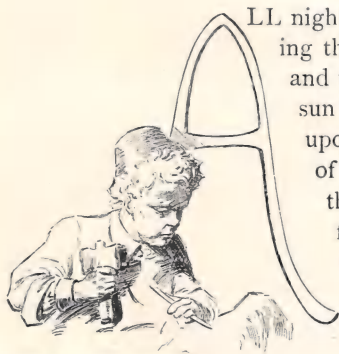
He let them feel the dreadful lump  
The ball made on his shin.  
He showed his muscles all in play,  
He raised a heavy weight,  
And looked to see what they would say—  
I know they thought it great.  
They saw his college pins and flag,  
They saw his football suit;  
They opened wide his traveling-bag,  
And thought his cap a "beaut'."  
They saw his yellow sweater there,  
A picture of the "gym."  
They liked the way he wore his hair,  
And every one liked him.

So now the big boys notice me,  
And, in some way or other,  
They let me join their club, you see,  
Because I 'm Jim's own brother.

*Montrose J. Moses.*

## A FAMOUS SNOW IMAGE.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.



LL night and all the morn-  
ing the snow had fallen,  
and when the afternoon  
sun blazed out it shone  
upon immense drifts  
of dazzling whiteness  
that covered all the  
fences and even  
made unsuccessful  
attempts to rise  
to the tops of the  
telegraph-poles.

John and his  
sister Helen, who lived far enough north to be  
quite accustomed to such storms, hurried into  
their warm wraps and were soon out in the  
yard waging a fierce battle with snowballs.

"How splendidly the snow packs!" said  
Helen, as she stopped a moment for breath.

"Yes, indeed," answered John, patting to-  
gether a fat ball.

"Oh, I 'll tell you!" he exclaimed, as a new  
idea suddenly occurred to him. "Let 's make a  
snow man over there where the wind has swept  
the ground almost clear."

"All right," answered Helen; "the snow is  
just right."

Soon they were both busily at work.

When their father came home there stood a  
fine-looking snow man in the front yard, and  
the children were just finishing his nose—which  
persisted in falling off.

Then their mother called them in to supper,  
and what appetites John and Helen had I will  
leave it to the imagination of you children who  
have played in the snow.

"That snow man of yours is well made,"  
their father said, as they settled down around

the blazing fire after supper; "but would you like to have me tell you something about the most famous snow image that ever was seen?" and even these few flakes had melted almost as soon as they had reached the ground.

"Oh, yes, indeed," both children answered; and John added, "But I did n't know snow images ever became famous."

"Well, one did, and I will tell you why," answered their father. "You know that in Italy the skies are supposed to be always bright and the climate warm and delightful; but about four hundred years ago a most singular thing occurred. In Florence, one of the largest cities of Italy, it began to snow, one morning. The people flocked out of their houses to enjoy the novel sensation of being in a snow-storm. The children looked in wonder at the falling white flakes, and asked their elders what the white things were; for they never had seen anything like them before."

"Of course the people supposed that it would stop snowing in a few minutes; but it did not, and after a time, as the ground became covered, some of the children found that the snow could be pressed together and molded, and they began to make handfuls of it into snowballs, and of course it was not long before they were pelting one another."

"All this time Piero de' Medici, the chief magistrate of Italy, was in his palace in Florence, watching from its windows the strange sight with as much eagerness as the children themselves."

"The storm kept on and on, until in some places the snow was five feet deep. No wonder the people were excited, and some of them almost frightened; for never before had they seen, at one time, more than scattered flakes of snow,

"Piero kept going to the palace windows and



"SOON HELEN AND JOHN WERE BUSILY AT WORK."

looking out, and he saw the children packing the snow into rude forms, making all sorts of fantastic images. He laughed as he saw them, and, I do not doubt, wished that he was a boy again, instead of the dignified ruler of Florence, in order that he too might go out and have a frolic in the snow.

"Suddenly an idea occurred to him. The purity of the snow reminded him of the marble that was used to make statues to adorn the squares and churches of the city; and as he saw how easily the children molded the snow with their hands, he thought of Michelangelo,





MICHELANGELO MAKING THE SNOW IMAGE FOR PIERO DE' MEDICI.

the able young sculptor who lived in Florence, and who had just begun to make people realize what a wonderful talent he had.

"So Piero, who, as ruler of the city, was very powerful, and could ask what he would of even its noblest people, sent for Michelangelo, and when the young sculptor came Piero bade the artist make for him a snow statue within the palace yard.

"Perhaps, in spite of his usually grave demeanor, Michelangelo entered into the spirit of frolic which prevailed throughout the city, for he made the statue, as Piero had requested, molding the ready snow, I doubt not, into one of the strong and powerful figures which he so delighted to carve out of marble.

"When it was done, Piero was so well pleased that he had the young sculptor come to live in the palace with him, and eat at his table.

"Michelangelo was then about twenty years old, and he afterward made some of the finest

statues that are in the city of Florence, and became one of the greatest sculptors that the world has ever known."

"How I wish I could have seen that snow statue!" exclaimed Helen.

"I suppose it was well worth seeing," her father answered. "But in Florence and in Rome to-day there are marble statues Michelangelo carved which have remained unchanged during all the four hundred years since the maker of the snow image lived. Perhaps, when you are older, you may go to those cities and see them."

"I mean to," said John, with an earnest shake of his head.

"I suppose the snow image did not last long," Helen said, after echoing John's determination.

"No," their father answered. "The climate of Italy is so warm that the snow very soon melted; and I believe that was the only time Italy was visited by so great a fall of snow."

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## THE ROYAL CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

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BY JENNIE DAY HAINES.

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WHENEVER England has had a new sovereign the coronation ceremonies have been both grand and impressive. Westminster Abbey, within whose venerable walls cluster so many memories, is the scene of action. There, in the presence of a vast, gorgeously attired and bejeweled assemblage, the Archbishop of Canterbury solemnly crowns the future king or queen, as the case may be. The stately throne-chair, too, used on these occasions, is rich in historical associations. Its seat is only a rough-looking flat rock; but, as the noted "Stone of Scone," the Scottish kings, from time out of memory, had been crowned upon it. After the last war between England and Scotland, far back in the days of King Edward I. and Robert Bruce, this stone was captured and carried in triumph to England, where, ever since the year 1296, it has been used during the coronation of the English crowned heads.

After the rites at Westminster Abbey are over, all such as are entitled attend the royal banquet served in Westminster Hall. It is at this feast that the "Royal Champion," completely clad in armor, makes his appearance, and, in virtue of his office, proceeds to challenge to mortal combat any who would gainsay the title of the new sovereign.

There have been twenty-seven successive champions of England, from the time of William the Conqueror down to King William IV., who dispensed with the office. Queen Victoria did not revive it, although the office has not yet been abolished by Parliament, and the present champion, by right of heredity, is Francis Seamen Dymoke, who numbers the twenty-ninth in the line.

The latest appearance of England's champion was at the coronation of King George IV., on July 19, 1821. Dressed in armor, he ap-



peared on horseback just as the second course had been served at the royal banquet. A herald proclaimed that if any one dared to deny that the newly crowned monarch was the lawful King of England, "here was a champion that could fight with him"; and at these words he flung down his glove. The ceremony was thrice repeated. No one answering after the third defiance, the champion advanced to the king's table, where his Majesty drank to him, and presented him with the gold cup, to keep as his own.

The office of champion is a very ancient one, even antedating the Conquest, when the Marmions, lords of Fontenay, served the dukes of Normandy in this function. It is popularly supposed that William the Conqueror brought over the custom to England, as he granted Robert de Marmion, one of his distinguished followers, the castle and town of Tamworth, also the feudal manor of Scrivelby, in Lincolnshire.

Although Sir Walter Scott has used the titles of this old family for his hero Marmion,—

They hail'd Lord Marmion,  
They hail'd him Lord of Fontenaye,  
Of Lutterwood and Scrivelbaye,  
Of Tamworth tower and town,—

still the character of Marmion in the poem is pure fiction.

After the castle and estate of Tamworth had passed down to four successive barons from Robert de Marmion, the family ended in the person of Philip de Marmion, who died, without sons, in the reign of Edward I.

The Tamworth estates went to his granddaughter Mazera, who married Alexander de Freville, and their descendant, Baldwin de Freville, in the reign of Richard I. claimed the office of Royal Champion; but it was given, instead, to Sir John Dymoke, to whom the manor of Scrivelby had descended, by another of the co-heiresses of Robert de Marmion, and it remains in that family to the present day.

When Charles Dymoke, the sixteenth champion,—who had appeared at the coronation of the unfortunate Charles I.,—died childless, in 1625, his honors passed to a cousin, Sir Edward,

who was champion at the Restoration, and who left three sons.

At this point there is a romantic story in the history of the office. The second son, Edward Dymoke, having for some reason fallen out with his kin, settled far away from them as a yeoman in Tetford, where he lived and died, bringing up his children in ignorance of their lineage. His great-grandson was but a worthy mercer in the town of Lincoln, when, in 1760, the wealthy Squire Lewis Dymoke of Scrivelby Manor died without issue, and the estate, with all its privileges, descended to a younger branch of the family, in the person of John Needham Dymoke, who thus became the twenty-second champion, and threw down the challenge for George III.

The office descended in this branch of the family to Henry Lionel Dymoke, who, at the coronation of George IV., became the twenty-seventh champion; but having no children nor any near relatives of his own name that he knew, he started an investigation to discover, if possible, some Dymoke to whom he might bequeath the estate and the championship. On examining the registers of Scrivelby, a surprising fact came to light:

It was found that the yeomen Dymokes of Tetford were not only of the true blood, but also had a better right to the championship than the squire himself. So, like the honorable gentleman that he was, Mr. Dymoke, "as an act of reparation," willed back to the yeoman branch the property of which it had been deprived since 1760. Thus, on the death of the squire's widow, in 1883, the heir of the Tetford family, Francis Seamen Dymoke, succeeded to Scrivelby; and it is his son and namesake who is to-day the twenty-ninth hereditary champion in descent from Sir Robert de Marmion.

Contrary to history, there are many popular legends and myths in which the champion's challenge has been accepted, especially with every eighteenth-century coronation, while a Stuart Pretender to the throne existed. Usually it is a woman, old and infirm, or young and beautiful, who, pushing her way through the crowd, takes up the champion's gauntlet and leaves her own in its place. One version

makes the Pretender himself, disguised in female attire, accomplish the daring feat.

It is also said that upon the coronation of George III., when the champion appeared in Westminster and, in the language of chivalry, solemnly wagered his body to defend, in single combat, the right of the young king to the crown of these realms, at the moment when he flung down his gauntlet as the gage of battle, an unknown female stepped from the crowd and lifted the pledge, leaving another gage in

place of it, with a paper on which it was written that if a fair field or combat were allowed, a champion of rank and birth would appear with equal arms, to dispute the right of King George to the British realm.

Readers of Sir Walter Scott will recall how in "Redgauntlet" he avails himself of this curious legend, and makes Lilius, his heroine, under the orders of her Jacobite uncle, pick up the "parader's gage" and leave in its stead another, in loyalty to "Bonny Prince Charlie."



"NOW, DOLLY, IT'S TIME YOU BEGAN TO TALK! I'VE SEEN A WAX DOLL NO OLDER THAN YOU, AND SHE SAYS 'PAPA' AND 'MAMA.' EVEN TOWSER CAN SPEAK FOR A LUMP OF SUGAR."



## THE WIND-BROOMS.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

THE Wind has many big, strong brooms  
To sweep the dead leaves in the fall;  
He sweeps up all the forest rooms,  
He tidies up the roadsides all.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

It 's cleaning-time!" he seems to call.

He blows the sky of clouds all free,  
He dusts the bushes clean and bare,  
He strips the leaves from every tree  
And sends them flying through the air.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

I 'm cleaning now," he cries. "Take care!"

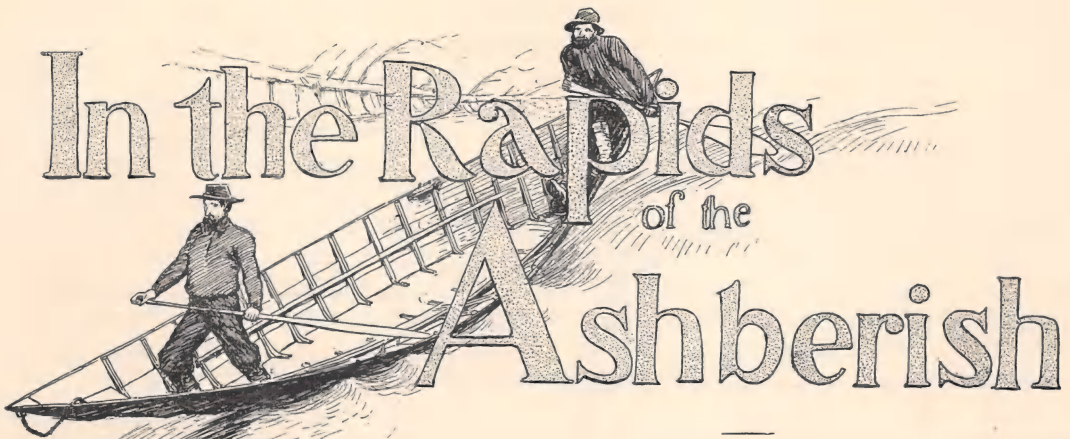
You feel the wind-brooms work and shake,  
Although they never meet the eye;  
But some fine morning, when you wake,  
You see a clean, bare earth and sky.

"Huff! Huff!

Puff! Puff!

We 're off till spring," they call. "Good-by!"





# In the Rapids of the Ashberish

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

**T**HE lumbermen, spending all the winter hours with the great silences of the wilderness, are a superstitious class; and the camp on the Ashberish they considered unlucky. It has, perhaps, more mishaps to its charge than any other lumber-camp in Canada. There, say the woodsmen, the bears and "Indian devils" (as they call panthers) are more potently revengeful than elsewhere; and there the unseen, mysterious forces of the forest make most frequent and effective assault. If, in that neighborhood, a dead limb falls suddenly, some axman is likely to be passing beneath. If a confident woodsman roams too far beyond the usual paths, there comes a day when the familiar signs mislead him and he returns not. The thirsty chopper stoops to the water-hole to drink just as the panther is stealing up behind him.

When the season of 1887 began on the Ashberish, among the "hands" engaged were two men from the St. Francis district, who seemed ill pleased to find themselves in the same camp. One was a square-shouldered, lean New-Englander, who had drifted across into Canada while yet a lad. The other was half French, half Indian, active, wiry, a most capable woodsman, but disliked for his sullen and vindictive disposition. When "Si" Bartlett and Crépín Michaud met at the rough board

dinner-table of the Ashberish camp, they swerved by instinct to opposite sides of the room. What each thought of the other was plainly to be seen in their faces. With Michaud it was a bitter hatred; with Bartlett a sort of angry disgust and scorn.

It soon became evident that the feud was one of old standing; but as for its origin, that was wrapped in an obscurity which no one dared strive to penetrate. All saw that an attempt to reconcile the two would be idle. Bartlett was wont to assert that "it made him sick" when Michaud passed between him and the daylight; and the half-breed was always ready and able to thrash any one who should presume to ask him to shake hands with the New-Englander.

"Of course," grumbled the others, among themselves, "seeing as it's in *this* here camp, it'll git worse and worse, 'stead of better and better, and afore spring there'll be trouble!"

But the "boss" of the Ashberish camp was a strict master, and under his stern rule the feud for a time merely smoldered, being allowed no opportunity of flaming out into open violence.

One day an event occurred which might have been expected to patch up a peace, but which seemed only to add fuel to the bitterness. Some of the choppers were at work on a group of huge pine-trees. They had just



stepped back from the butt of one of the tallest, and the green top was sweeping downward with that low, solemn roar whose reverberations so thrill the forest recesses. In its fall it smote upon an ancient hemlock, and a great dead limb was hurled high into the air, as if shot out of a catapult. Just in the path of this great falling limb stood Michaud, leaning on his ax. Too late came a yell of warning. But Si Bartlett, who was a few steps behind Michaud, sprang forward, grasped him by the middle, and swung him headlong aside into a clump of fir-bushes.

Livid with fury, Michaud crept out of the bushes, and for a second or two seemed to crouch like a wild beast, glaring upon Bartlett. There was a moment of breathless expectation. Then the half-breed's eyes fell on the shattered branch, and he realized what had happened. But to be thus compelled to owe his life to the man he so fiercely hated seemed almost more than he could endure. With a word or two hissed between his teeth, he picked up his ax and strode off to another part of the woods.

After this, for some weeks, things ran on as before, till the ice went out of the Ashberish in an early freshet, and the work of the teams was doubled in the effort to get all the logs out to the water before the roads should go to pieces. The snow was beginning to "slump" ominously, and the yellow chips in front of the camp steamed fragrantly in the sun at noon.

Then, one night, it happened that a horse of Si Bartlett's broke loose in the stables. There was a noise of kicking, squealing, and trampling, and two or three men tumbled out of their bunks and ran, in their socks, to see what was the matter. The loose horse, in wandering about the stables, had speedily got into difficulties with the other horses, and had cut three or four of them with the calks of his shoes. Only one was at all seriously injured, however—but that one was a fine black mare of Michaud's. It was seen that this animal would be unable to work for some weeks, and would have to be sent home to the settlements.

Michaud fairly writhed with fury, and some one told Si to "watch out for him!"

But Si laughed at these warning words.

"He ain't likely to tech me, I reckon!" said he, confidently. "He 's been an' tried that leetle game afore, an' he knows now jest what he *cain't* do!"

Of course the matter at once came up before the boss. The damage was charged to Bartlett, who agreed that the money should be reserved out of his pay and handed over to Michaud. This arrangement the other pretended to accept as final. He led the injured animal into the settlement, then returned to camp and to work.

A few nights later, when all were asleep in the camp, Michaud slipped noiselessly out of his bunk. He had a small bundle in his hand. Stealthily as a cat he moved to the door, picking up, as he went, a coil of rope that lay beneath one of the benches. Without a sound he unfastened the door. For half a second the frosty moonlight streamed in, and then he was gone.

It was but a few minutes after this that a light sleeper awoke. He seemed to have heard through his dreams a commotion in the stables. As he listened, he could hear nothing but a momentary trampling and an uneasy whinny. He was on the point of getting up and going to investigate, but even while he thought about it he fell asleep again.

When the hands turned out, and found that Michaud had disappeared, there was apprehension of mischief. On entering the stables, they beheld a sight which set them ablaze with righteous wrath. Had Michaud fallen into their hands at that moment it would have gone ill with him. Si Bartlett's horse had been brutally slashed. The poor animal had to be taken out and shot.

Three or four of the hotheads of the camp were off on Michaud's trail without waiting to take counsel. But Si was cooler. In fact, he seemed less excited than any of his fellows; but there was an expression about his mouth which promised results. In a short time the pursuers returned, crestfallen. They had tracked Michaud as far as the river, but there the trail stopped short.

"Then he 's taken the bateau!" exclaimed Bartlett, in accents of bitter disappointment.

But no. To the astonishment of the whole

camp, the boat known by its French name had been left on the shore uninjured. It was evident that the missing man had gone down the river on a raft of logs—a rude craft in the handling of which he was an expert. But all agreed that he must have quite lost his head, or he would never have left the bateau.

“’T ain’t more ’n ten mile he ’s goin’ to make *that* way!” remarked Job Cox, a Madawaska raftsmen. “Ef he ’s fool enough to try to run the sault [the rapids] on that thar thing, he ’ll git his desarts right straight.”

“Oh!” said Bartlett, “he ain’t a *born* eejut, he ain’t. He ’ll run no rapids on a couple of logs. That ’s jest a trick to throw us off the scent. ’Fore he gits to rough water he ’ll take to the woods an’ strike across to the St. Lawrence shore. You see!”

It was finally resolved that Bartlett, taking Job Cox with him in the bateau, should run down to the village of Temiscouata, and there take out a warrant for Michaud’s arrest.

About the time they were arriving at this decision, Michaud was thrusting ashore his clumsy craft at the head of the rough water. He was not the man to commit an oversight even when in a rage, and the leaving of the bateau was an essential part of his well-devised scheme of revenge.

He tied the log raft securely. The coil of rope which he had brought with him was light and strong. Carrying it in his hand, he walked down along the boiling rapid about fifty yards, to a point where the shores were not more than twenty paces asunder. There he made one end of the rope fast to the trunk of a tree. Right opposite, nearly at the water’s edge, stood another tree, while in the middle of the current that raged between was a black rock, thrusting itself above the turmoil. To the loose end of the rope he then tied a good-sized stone, and this he hurled with all his force across the stream in such cunning fashion that the rope which it carried in its flight caught and clung about the tree. Where the line sagged in the center, it was held by the rock, which prevented it from being dragged down by the waves. This accomplished to his satisfaction, Michaud returned upstream to his little raft, poled himself across the head of the

rapids, and hid it in an eddy under overhanging branches. Then, after securing the rope to the tree as he had done on the other side, he withdrew into the woods.

The current of the swollen Ashberish was running like a mill-race when Bartlett and Cox embarked upon it. There was little need of their paddles, except for steering. Now and again they dashed through a foam-crested wave, which drenched them with spray. Here and there they had to stoop suddenly to escape an overhanging branch. A white-headed eagle screamed at them from the top of a blasted pine, and once a drinking caribou fled up the bank at their approach. To these things they paid small heed. They passed the spot where the half-breed had last landed, but they failed to see the well-hidden raft. The next moment they were darting and wallowing down the mad rapids.

The black and white shores ran swiftly past them, and in a second or two they saw the rope. Cox, who was in the bow, yelled, “Snub her!” But even as the word left his mouth they were upon it. The unsteady craft plunged, swung broadside on, and rolled over. Borne down by the waves, it plowed under the rope and went battering down the trough.

Cox, in some miraculous way, succeeded in clinging to it for a few moments, and when he lost his hold he was swept ashore, all but lifeless, a hundred yards below. Bartlett, meanwhile, had made good his grip upon the rope itself, and now, with the utmost effort of his mighty strength, was working his way, hand over hand, to the opposite shore.

He was within a few feet of safety, when Michaud appeared on the bank, his lips curled with a malignant grin. Bartlett made a terrific effort to reach the shore, and at the same instant the half-breed, drawing his knife, sprang forward to cut the rope. But in his haste he forgot his caution. His foot sank into a crevice, and, falling headlong, his head and arms went into the water. He barely saved himself from being carried away by the torrent. The knife slipped from his grasp.

As he recovered himself, Bartlett was just struggling to land. With an inarticulate snarl of hate, the half-breed leaped upon him, bear-



ing him back partly into the water. Wearied by his battle with the current, the New-Englander was at a terrible disadvantage. But a fierce heat now pricked through his veins, and his strength came back to him. Breaking Michaud's grip, he surged forward mightily, and hurled the half-breed backward over a fallen trunk. The next moment he drew himself up on firm ground.

For a few seconds—to Cox, on the other bank, it seemed an age—the men faced each other in silence. Michaud, though the smaller of the two, had the lithe strength and spring of a panther. As wrestler and fighter his reputation was in all the camps. Si Bartlett, on the other hand, was never known to fight; nor would he even stand up to a formal wrestling-match. The mere clutch of his long fingers, the mere twist of his lean wrist, had always seemed enough to lay the sturdiest woodsman in the snow. But this crisis found him bewildered and breathless, with a humming of wild waters in his ears.

All at once the half-breed stepped nimbly to one side, and then like lightning sprang forward upon the New-Englander's neck. The latter, stooping slightly, strove to lay his opponent across his hip; but this trick being skilfully foiled, the two found themselves locked in a fair grip. Michaud's lips whitened as those sinews of steel contracted about him, but he considered that Bartlett's endurance must be almost at an end, and he stood the punishment.

Across the raving of the torrent, Cox watched breathlessly the progress of the struggle. He saw the writhing forms sway farther and farther down the shore. He saw them sway nearer and nearer the edge of the bank, which here grew suddenly higher and more precipitous.

He shouted a warning, but in that terrible struggle it went unheeded.

And now, on the very brink, the half-breed's strength seemed suddenly to give way. Slowly, slowly, the New-Englander bent him backward. Slowly, very slowly—till all at once Michaud's arms went up, his form collapsed, and both men lost their balance and toppled just at the river's edge.

Bartlett loosed his hold, and, turning around as he fell, succeeded in catching a root and saving himself. Michaud fell farther out, and was swept struggling down the channel. He could not swim, and his arms beat the foaming water helplessly.

As soon as Si Bartlett recovered his feet he ran on downstream, watching with a strange expression his vanquished and drowning enemy. At the foot of the rapid the latter sank in the deep water. As soon as he came up, he uttered a cry of despair, and at once sank again.

The next instant Si Bartlett was in the stream. Three or four great strokes brought him to the spot where his enemy had gone down. Then he dived, caught Michaud by the loose shirt, and before long dragged him safely ashore.

After gasping and choking for a minute or two, Michaud opened his eyes and looked at his rescuer. He lay motionless on the soggy snow, and gazed with shrinking wonder at the tall figure that stood over him. Bartlett was breathing heavily, and his face was very white. At last Michaud struggled weakly to his feet, and spoke in a low voice.

"I 'll go with you now," said he, "an' take my dose like a man. An' after I 've served my time for mistreatin' the horse, then I 'll ask yer pardon, Si Bartlett, fer all I 've ever done ag'in' you. You 're a *man*—an' I ain't fit to ile your larrigans [shoes]. An' I 'll pay fer the horse, first chance I git!"

Michaud paused, waiting for an answer, but receiving none. Then he pointed to the bateau, lying bottom up on the shore.

"Let 's git down along to Temiscouata," said he, abruptly.

"No," said Bartlett; "I ain't a-goin' to proceed ag'in' you any furdur. I believe you mean what you 're a-sayin'. Ef you ask it, I pardon you right now, and say, for my part, let bygones be bygones! But you 'd better jest skin out of these parts for a bit, till the boys cool down."

He held out his hand.

The half-breed lifted his own in slow astonishment. Then his excitable temperament got the better of him. He grasped the proffered



"AND NOW, ON THE VERY BRINK, MICHAUD'S STRENGTH SEEMED TO GIVE WAY."

hand and wrung it passionately, invoking swift blessings on Bartlett's head till words quite failed him—when suddenly, with a sort of sob, he turned and dashed off through the woods.

Bartlett slowly moved down the shore to the capsized boat, righted it, cut a pole, and thrust the boat over to where Job Cox was awaiting

him. As Cox was cutting another pole, he asked:

"How in thunder did you come to let him git off that way, Si, when you had him right thar?"

"Oh," replied Bartlett, thoughtfully, "I reckon we got the old scores all washed out, there in the rapids, and kind of come out with a clean slate!"



## THE COLBURN PRIZE.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

### CHAPTER IV.

ALICE READS HER PAPER, AND HER FRIENDS  
READ ALICE.

AFTER dinner was over, the family gathered as usual in the pleasant library, and Gertrude announced: "Alice has her paper written, mamma, but she has not read it to me yet. I wish

you would ask her to read it, so that we can all hear it."

"Certainly; we must hear it, by all means, Alice dear. It would never do to have our opinions biased from having heard but one."

"Wait, wait! I must have my after-dinner cigar before I can listen properly. Who is to get it for me?" said Mr. Folsome, playfully.

"Now, who ever heard such a broad hint, I'd like to know? I'll go hunt for his cigar-case. I dare say he has left it in his overcoat pocket."

Gertrude brought the cigar and held a lighted match for him.

"Shall I smoke it for you, too?" she asked jokingly.

"No, thank you, saucebox; I can do that for myself very well. Eh, but this is comfortable!" he added, as he leaned back in his easy-chair.

"I'm afraid mine won't be half so pretty as Gertrude's, for she knows just how to tell about things. But, somehow, I can't think of such bright things to say as she can; all my ideas seem to be such sober ones," said Alice.

"You have chosen a rather sober subject, have you not, dear?" asked Mrs. Folsome.



"NOW, WHO EVER HEARD SUCH A BROAD HINT?" ASKED GERTRUDE."

"It seems to me that a young girl like you should prefer bright, happy thoughts, and this poem, while it is very beautiful, deals with rather solemn ones for young people."

"Yes, I know it does, but I *feel* solemn, sometimes. I can just *see* Mr. Longfellow standing upon that bridge and watching the water flow beneath him, and I'm sure he was wishing, oh, so hard! for something bright and happy, just then — something that would make him glad, as other people were. Did you ever feel dreadfully lonesome, and wish somebody would say something sweet and kind to you?"

Alice little dreamed how much she was disclosing to her sympathetic listeners, or the unintentional reproach she cast upon those whose duty it should have been to make such longings impossible.

Mr. Folsome gathered the lonesome little girl close to his side.

Alice laughed a contented little laugh, and, seated upon the right arm of the huge chair while Gertrude sat upon the left, she began to read.

She had a soft, sympathetic voice, and read well. The picture was truly drawn, the story graphically told. How so young a child could put into it so much feeling, could bring everything so plainly before her hearers, was a source of wonder to them, and while they yet wished that Gertrude might win the prize, they could not fail to see that Alice's description was the stronger one, and that it would be a very difficult matter for those who adjudged them to decide upon their relative merits.

That the brighter, happier picture drawn by Gertrude would be more likely to appeal to others there could be no doubt, for we all love the sunshine of life; but Alice's was undoubtedly the more powerful of the two. When she had finished she looked from one to the other



"GERTRUDE HELD A LIGHTED MATCH FOR HIM."

with a half-expectant, half-disheartened look, and said:

"Do tell me exactly what you think of it, please, for I don't half know, myself, and I do so want to have something pretty for my very own!" And her voice choked a little.

"My little girl," said Mrs. Folsome, as her eyes exchanged a mutually understood look with Gertrude, "you have truly done wonders. Since hearing your composition, I quite tremble for Gertrude's chances."

"Really — really? Do you think it is good? I'm so happy! But I must know what Mr. Folsome thinks, too."

"I think I'd like to take some of the people in this world, and put them into a patent carpet-shaking machine, just to see if it would have the effect of shaking some sense into them!" said Mr. Folsome, his eyes looking suspiciously bright.

"But what in the world has that to do with





"THEY ROMPED WITH THE LITTLE FOX-TERRIER."

what I 've written?" asked Alice, laughing heartily.

"Nothing. Only, I wish you'd write me a pen-picture of 'Darius Green and his Flying-Machine,' or 'The Wonderful One-Horse Shay,' or 'Yankee Doodle,' or anything with a *laugh* in it. Such solemn ideas should n't be able to find place in your little brain."

"Then you don't like my picture?" And her face fell.

"Like it? Yes, I do — immensely. It is a perfect wonder of deep feeling and sympathy. But I want to see more mirth and gladness than that in a little body like you. And now scoot off with Gertrude and Dot for a grand romp, and then to bed with you both, for it is half-past eight now, and in half an hour you must both be aboard the limited express for Sleepytown."

Off the little girls flew, with the lively little fox-terrier close at their heels; and while they romped with him, hiding his ball and making him hunt for it, sending him upstairs for first one toy and then another from his box of toys, which was in mama's room, — and the intelligent little scamp knew each so well by name that he never brought the wrong one, — Mr. and Mrs. Folsome had a serious talk.

"Poor little forlorn chicken!" said Mr. Folsome. "I declare to you, I could hardly sit

still and listen to what that child had written; it showed too sad an undercurrent in her daily life. And I tell you, it's my opinion that our Gertrude is going to have a neck-and-neck race for that prize."

"I agree with you. But, much as I would love to have her win it, I could almost wish for Alice's success. The poor child has *so* little."

"Does n't your father say funny things?" asked Alice, as she and Gertrude stood before the pretty dressing-table, brushing their hair for the night. "Sometimes I don't know what he means, although I try ever so hard to think it out."

"Oh, that's only papa's way. He often talks the greatest lot of nonsense, and just as I make up my mind he is only making fun, I begin to find the sense of it all."

## CHAPTER V.

### GERTRUDE'S SCHEME.

ABOUT an hour later, when Mrs. Folsome came upstairs, she stopped to peep in at Gertrude's door. The tiny fairy lamp cast a soft light through the room, and Mrs. Folsome was surprised to discover that Gertrude was still awake.

Coming close to the side of the pretty brass bedstead where the girls were sleeping together, she bent down and whispered, "Why, dear, I thought you would be fast asleep by this time!"

Alice has set you a wise example." And she stooped lower for another good-night kiss. To her surprise, she discovered that Gertrude's cheek was wet with tears, and instantly all the mother tenderness came forth.

"Why, my darling, what is it? Tell mother at once, and let her help the trouble" — for Gertrude very seldom gave way to tears, and it was always some real grief that could draw them forth. But she only put her arms about her mother's neck and drew her close down beside her.

Alice stirred in her sleep and murmured, "Just think! a pretty watch — my *very* own."

"There! do you hear that?" asked Gertrude, rather tragically; and sitting up suddenly, she said: "Come to your room, please, mama, for I 've something to tell you, and even our whispering might wake Alice."

"Must it be told to-night, dear one? It is very late for you to be awake, and you may tell me early to-morrow."

"No, mama; oh, don't ask me to wait, for I may not have courage to tell then, and I *must* tell."

Getting quickly out of bed, she slipped on the dainty pink night-slippers, and drew on the pink eider-down bedroom robe which lay upon the chair beside her, then followed her mother across the hall to the other room, her mother's own sanctum.

"Now, mama, please sit up there in the cor-

ner of the couch and let me come close beside you, for I can talk better then."

And her wise mother, feeling how much trifles influence us when we are sad or troubled, complied with her request.

## CHAPTER VI.

### GERTRUDE'S SACRIFICE.

CUDDLING close, with her head in her mother's lap, Gertrude began:

"Ever since Alice spoke to Dora Hinton, this morning in school, I 've thought how anxious she was to win the prize; for her voice sounded so — so eager, you know. And then, when she read her paper to us to-night, and



GERTRUDE TELLS HER PLAN.



talked about it as she did, I seemed to realize what it would mean to her if she did n't win it. Of course she did n't understand what papa meant by all that queer talk ; but I did, because I 'm so used to hearing him say such things. And then, when I looked at you, I knew how dreadfully sorry you felt for her because she was so lonesome and did n't have any one to love her as I have you and him to love and pet me.

"Mama,"—sitting up suddenly and planting her chin in her hands, while her elbows rested upon her mother's knees,—“just *think* what a dreadful thing it must be not to have your father and mother love and pet you, and not to be able to go and tell them every little thing that happens! Just think! Why, it must be simply miserable!”

"Yes, my pet, it *is* miserable — far more than you can realize," Mrs. Folsome answered.



"WHEN ALONE WITH HER TEACHER, GERTRUDE BROKE DOWN COMPLETELY."

"I 'm just as sorry for her as I can be, and if I should win that watch I 'd feel as though I 'd taken something away from her," Gertrude went on.

"But, my dear little girl, there is not the slightest reason that you should feel so, if you win it fairly. Moreover, there are many girls in the class, and any one of them may win it. How many are there?"

"Fourteen."

"Well, think how many both you and Alice must compete with."

"Yes, I know there are a lot of them ; but, you see, Alice and I have always come out first in everything of this sort,—at least, one or the other of us has been first,—and so I think we may now ; and I *won't*, and that 's just all there is about it."

"But how can you help it, if your paper is considered best?" her mother asked.

"Just this way : I 'm not going to have it ready in time."

"Why, Gertrude! But I can't permit that. You must!"

"Now, mama, *please* don't say I must; for it is hard enough as it is, I can tell you. But I 've thought hard for the last hour, and I 've made up my mind. I 'd like to get that watch just as much as any girl in the school would, but not if I have to win it from Alice."

"Well, tell me your plan, dear; and if it be a wise one, I will not gainsay it."

"There is n't much plan to it —only just this: We girls are all to hand in our papers by next Friday afternoon, and Miss Case sends them to Mrs. Colburn at once. If any girl fails to have hers prepared in time, she is n't in it —that 's all," said Gertrude, unconsciously giving way to slang in her earnestness. "My paper is all written, but I sha'n't have it copied, and when Miss Case asks for it I can say it is n't ready. That will be true,



"‘PERHAPS THAT WAS HER WAY OF HAVING DELIGHTFUL TIMES,’ SAID ALICE." (SEE PAGE 409.)

too; and, after it is all over, I can copy it and explain to Miss Case; for I don't want her to think I'm careless."

"My dear, dear little daughter!" was all Mrs. Folsome said.

But Gertrude knew her plan was approved, and, jumping up, said:

"Now I'm easy in my mind, and I'm going straight to bed, and to sleep, too, for I could n't sleep one wink so long as all that was bubbling in my brain."

The next Friday afternoon fourteen eager girls gathered in the assembly-room to hand Miss Case their papers. They were varied and various as to style, neatness, and composition.

One after the other handed hers as her name was called from the roll-book, and when it came Gertrude's turn a murmur of surprise and dismay arose at her reply:

"Mine is not quite ready, Miss Case. I have n't copied it yet."

"Not copied it, Gertrude?" And Miss Case looked up in blank amazement.

"No, Miss Case, it is not ready." Gertrude looked down at her desk.

"Why, Gertrude, I cannot understand this.

You are usually so prompt. You certainly have some good excuse to offer?"

"No, Miss Case, I have n't even that. I just have n't copied it, that is all," she said, with flushed face and quivering voice.

"You may remain after the others are dismissed," was all Miss Case said, but she looked keenly at the girl, and felt that more than she suspected lay behind the words she had heard uttered.

When school was over, the girls crowded about Gertrude, plying her with questions. The poor child was nearly beside herself, and at last said in desperation:

"Oh, *do* let me be! It is just as I've told you a hundred times over. It is n't copied, and that's all I have to say."

When the others had gone, Miss Case called Gertrude to her, and putting her arm around her, said gently: "Gertrude dear, there is something more to this than you were willing to tell in the presence of the other girls. Will you tell it to me?"

"I can't, Miss Case, and *please, please* don't ask me"; and, alone with her teacher, Gertrude's feelings broke down completely.



"Then tell me this, dear: Does your mother know anything about it?"

"Yes, mama knows *all* about it, and why I've not prepared my paper in time."

"Very well, then; only I am very, *very* sorry you have missed your chance for the prize."

"You *can't* be more sorry than I am, Miss Case." And her tone told more than her words.

The following week was one of misery to her; for she was a general favorite with the other girls, and they could not reconcile themselves to the existing condition of affairs, particularly Alice, who was devoted to Gertrude, and who grieved bitterly over her supposed misfortune.

"Why in the world did n't you copy your paper during the week? It is a perfect shame, for it was such a lovely one! I know it would be best of all. I just wish I had n't given mine in. I would n't if I'd known yours was n't ready, only 'F-i' comes before 'F-o' on the roll-book, and so, of course, I had to go poking up

first. Ugh! it's horrid." Alice gave herself a disgusted shake.

"Nonsense! I'm glad you did take it up. Because I fell behind is no reason that you should. One dunce at a desk is enough." She tried to laugh, but it proved a rather forlorn attempt, and Alice was quick to feel it.

"Oh, I *do* so wish something could be done about it!" she exclaimed. "Could n't you get it ready to hand to Miss Case on Monday? and perhaps she would accept and send it, after all. Do try! I hate to have you miss the chance!"

"No," said Gertrude, decisively; "that would n't be fair at all, and I'm not going to try for it. I was n't ready at the time the others were, so I must take the consequences."

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE PRIZE IS WON.

THE important Friday came at last, and the girls, in a great state of flutter, and arrayed in



"THE GIRLS CROWDED ABOUT HER AS SHE OPENED THE PRETTY CASE." (SEE PAGE 410.)

their very best Sunday-go-to-meeting frocks, assembled once more in the big room.

Upon the platform sat Mrs. Colburn, looking as serene as a summer's day. Her great brown eyes seemed to see everything, and not a girl present but felt that those clear, penetrating eyes looked right down into her heart, and saw there all that was best or worst in her nature. The beautiful white hair lent an added charm to the calm, dignified face beneath it. But the sweet mouth, with its soft, tender curves, was her most attractive feature.

Beside the visitor stood Miss Case, with the assembly-bell held ready to bring the class to order. At the right side of the platform sat relatives and friends of the girls; and one could not fail to see that a good deal of anxiety rested upon grown-up as well as upon youthful shoulders. There was not a girl present that did not have some one there to give a look of hope or encouragement.

Yes; there was just one who was quite alone, quite unable to single out a friendly eye, and that was Alice.

The previous afternoon she had told her mother of the poem contest, and asked her if she thought she could *possibly* drive over to the school on Friday afternoon.

"Drive to the school, child! Are you daft? Even if I could drive there, it would *kill* me to sit and hear those stupid girls reading all that nonsense."

"But truly, mama, it is n't nonsense," Alice answered. "Mrs. Colburn would n't listen to nonsense."

"Oh, Mrs. Colburn has always been peculiar. As a young girl she invariably had about twenty children towing after her, and lost no end of delightful things just to have walks with them. It seems perfect folly!"

"Perhaps that was her way of having delightful times," said Alice, naively, and walked quietly out of the room.

So now she sat in the school-room quite alone, so far as any interest from those seated upon the platform was concerned, and felt very solitary.

Beside her sat Gertrude, looking very pretty in her handsome plaid poplin, with its cardinal silk trimmings, her soft hair falling about her

flushed face, and her eyes brighter than ever from excitement.

Buzz, buzz, went the voices all around her, till the soft tinkle of the bell called all to order.

As Mrs. Colburn rose and stepped to the desk a pin could have been heard to drop, and the girls' hearts beat so loudly that they believed they could be heard.

She began, in her silvery voice: "You can scarcely comprehend what it means to me to have so many bright faces gathered before me to-day, or how gratifying it is to be able to bring happiness to you all. I say 'all,' for even though the reward cannot be given to all, the pleasure you must naturally feel in the delight of the fortunate contestant will necessarily bring with it a happy moment for yourselves. And let me thank you for the very delightful week you have given me; for in reading and criticizing your papers I have learned a great deal of your true selves, and have been brought closer to you than I otherwise could have hoped to be.

"Mr. Longfellow was for many years my dear and valued friend, and it has been my great good fortune to talk with him about many of his exquisite poems, learning from his own lips under what circumstances they had been written, and their true meaning.

"Nothing could have been sweeter or simpler than his manner, nor could anything have been more lovable than his nature. He was a great man in the truest sense of the word, and to see his writings with his own eyes was indeed an inestimable privilege, and one for which I shall never cease to be grateful. And you, my dear girls, have helped me to live again those delightful days in Cambridge, for many of the thoughts expressed in your papers have been an echo of those I there heard.

"I have striven hard to arrive at a just criticism, and, believe me,"—with a sweet smile just curving the corners of her mouth,—"*I* found it a very difficult matter—so difficult that I felt compelled to ask the advice of a very clever friend in order to render a just decision. Still, I am so anxious that there should not be a shadow of injustice that I am going to beg that you will cast a vote after hearing the papers read. Of course, my own choice is made, but it will be a source of great satisfaction if I



find that you, too, select the paper I have chosen. Miss Case, will you be kind enough to call the names from your roll-book?"

After bowing slightly to the principal, Mrs. Colburn resumed her seat. First upon the roll came Constance Almont, and a sweet-faced girl of fifteen came to the platform.

One by one they followed in regular succession, and each read her paper. Meanwhile Mrs. Colburn's eyes swept the school-room, and at last rested upon Gertrude. When all had finished reading, she turned to Miss Case and asked a question, to which Miss Case replied in a low tone, but not so low that Gertrude did not catch it: "Her composition was not prepared in time." It was the hardest moment of all for the girl.

Only her mother's sympathetic look saved her from breaking down; but all through that dreadful time she was sustained by the sweet smile that never failed to meet her appealing look.

When the papers were read at last, the girls were requested to write upon slips of paper the name of the girl whose description they most admired.

Soon thirteen papers were dropped into the little box Miss Case passed around to receive them, and when all were collected she handed the box to Mrs. Colburn, who at once proceeded to read and lay them in little piles before her—five in the first pile, four in the second, three in the third, and one in the fourth.

"In these little papers lies the fate of the prize; and I am delighted to find that my judgment, that of my friend Professor Reynolds, and the votes of five of the young ladies present, have awarded it to Alice Fisher. The four other votes are for Frances Dallison, the three for Marie Whitmore, and the remaining one for Katharine Ryder. While we cannot fail to see that Alice's paper shows a greater depth of

sentiment and strong feeling than any of the others, and that she has expressed herself exceptionally well, we must not overlook the merits of the others. They are extremely well written, and I am more than gratified to express to you my warmest thanks for the pleasure you have given me, and, I feel sure, the others as well.

"Alice dear, will you come to the platform, and give to me the crowning pleasure of the afternoon by allowing me to present to you the prize which you have so justly won?"

Her face beaming with happiness, Alice walked up to the platform, and Mrs. Colburn, taking a pretty pale-blue velvet case from the desk before her, placed it in Alice's hand.

"There, dear! I hope when you wear it you will think of the noble character whose beautiful words made it possible for you to win it." And Mrs. Colburn patted Alice's cheek with a caressing gesture.

"Thank you, oh, so very, very much!" was all Alice said; but her face told volumes.

The girls crowded about her as she opened the pretty case and disclosed to their eager eyes the beautiful little watch with its pretty monograms, and the dainty heart-shaped pin to hold it. "Oh!" and "Ah!" and "How sweet!" "How lovely!" were heard upon all sides, and large and small offered their congratulations. None were heartier than Mrs. Folsome's and Gertrude's, for they rejoiced most sincerely in Alice's good fortune. After the excitement had subsided, a few brief remarks were made by Miss Case, thanking Mrs. Colburn in her own and the girls' names for her generous gift, and the school was dismissed.

Alice, naturally, was the heroine of the hour, but bore her laurels modestly.

"Now that I have the watch, and know that it is truly, truly mine, I am almost sorry I've won it, for if I had n't, Gertrude would, I know," she said to Mrs. Folsome afterward.

*(To be concluded.)*



## HOW PEPPER HELPED TO DISCOVER AMERICA.

BY KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE.

How would you like a pie not only sweetened and spiced but made hot with a sprinkling of pepper? or a cake full of fruit and also strongly peppered? I rather think you would call these things spoiled, and beg to have them made in a different way. If, however, we had lived some four or five hundred years ago, we should have thought, like every one else in those days, that no dish, sweet or otherwise, was complete without the pungent taste of pepper. No doubt it is as well for our digestions that we in these times like our food prepared in simpler fashion.

Perhaps it would surprise you to know that this taste for pepper, and the value which was once placed upon it, played an important part in the discovery of America. In case this last statement seems improbable, let me tell you something of the history of pepper, and its importance in the commerce of the world during the Middle Ages. There are a great many common things, you know, that have very interesting stories belonging to them, and they are generally worth hearing.

The native country of the pepper-plant is southern India, and its culture there is very old. The berry, or peppercorn, which is ground for our use, is produced on vines which are trained against trees, very much as you may see the grape-vines in an Italian vineyard. The berries are dried in the sun and sent to market in bags. Black and white pepper are made from the same berries, but the black contains the ground husk, which the other does not. This addition of the husk gives the darker color and stronger flavor to black pepper.

The old Eastern nations, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans all knew and used a great many spices, and among them was always pepper. How soon it came to be so highly esteemed as it was in the Middle Ages

is not certain; but as early as 410, when the great Northern conqueror, Alaric the Visigoth, besieged Rome, and was induced to retire by taking a ransom, three thousand pounds of pepper formed part of the treasure he carried away with him.

Later on, taxes began to be paid in pepper instead of in money, and the Jews, especially, who dealt largely in this, among other spices, were obliged, in many cases, to give to the government so many pounds of it yearly. In the twelfth century, according to an old law, the Jews paid to the Pope a tribute of one pound of pepper and two pounds of cinnamon. From certain Provençal villages the archbishop received annually from one half to two pounds of pepper, in payment for allowing the Jews to have a copy of the book of their law, a synagogue, a lamp burning perpetually, and a cemetery. In 1385 the King of Provence imposed on the Jews in his dominions a tax of sixty pounds of pepper.

So much traffic in this spice came to the city of Alexandria that one of its streets and a gate were named for it; and as for Venice, an Italian proverb said, "*Il nero e il bianco hanno fatto ricca Venèzia*," which means, "The white and the black have made Venice rich." In other words, it was through the pepper and the cotton, brought from the East by the ships of Venice, and by her merchants sent all over Europe, that the city gained a large share of its vast wealth. In the fifteenth century pepper was the article, more than any other, that the Venetians sent to France, Flanders, England, and, above all, to Germany.

People used to make presents of pepper. Even kings and ambassadors gave and received it. When the republic of Venice wished to show special gratitude to the Emperor Henry V., they made him an annual gift of fifty pounds of it. After a victory gained



by the people of Genoa in 1101, each soldier received as part of his pay two pounds of pepper.

In many countries there prevailed a curious system which obliged certain persons to furnish, at stated times, pepper in small quantities, in most cases about one pound. These payments were called "peppercorn rents," and the term has not entirely died out yet. In England the tax on pepper in 1623 was five shillings a pound, and even until the eighteenth century it amounted to two shillings and sixpence per pound.

You can easily imagine what a high price people had to pay for an article so much in demand, and what an enormous amount of it must have been used. I said that they put it even in sweet dishes, and, in fact, the rage for peppered food was so great that it was considered absolutely essential in every sauce. People would not have said then, "I have n't enough salt in my soup" or "on my meat," or "enough sugar in my pudding," but, "There is n't enough pepper."

In medieval days the spice trade formed the base of a large part of the commerce carried on, particularly between the East and Italy, and gave the name to it. There were a few merchants who sold nothing else but cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and such things, including, of course, pepper, and there were, in Paris, men known as *pevriers*, who dealt exclusively in pepper. Generally, however, a spice merchant enlarged his business to include a great many other things besides what we now call spices, and would sell olive-oil, dried fruits, medicines and perfumeries, paints and pigments, pearls, corals, minerals, metals, soap, and even paper; also, strange to say, he would be expected to keep on hand a stock of furs and skins. But spices were bought and sold in larger quantities than any of the other articles just mentioned, and were of greater importance. In France a grocer is still called an *épiciier*,—a spice merchant,—which is, of course, the old name that has never been changed.

You must imagine yourself in the Middle Ages, and think of all the difficulties then connected with carrying on business. When our

merchants want anything, there are swift ships and fast trains everywhere; all countries are open, and we can telegraph from one end of the earth to the other. The products of India and Africa are at our very doors, and we have only to ask to obtain them. But it has not always been so, and we ought to remember the long voyages taken, the weary searching made, the dangers from wild beasts and savage peoples encountered, before we, in our time, could obtain so comfortably and easily what seem to us only ordinary necessities.

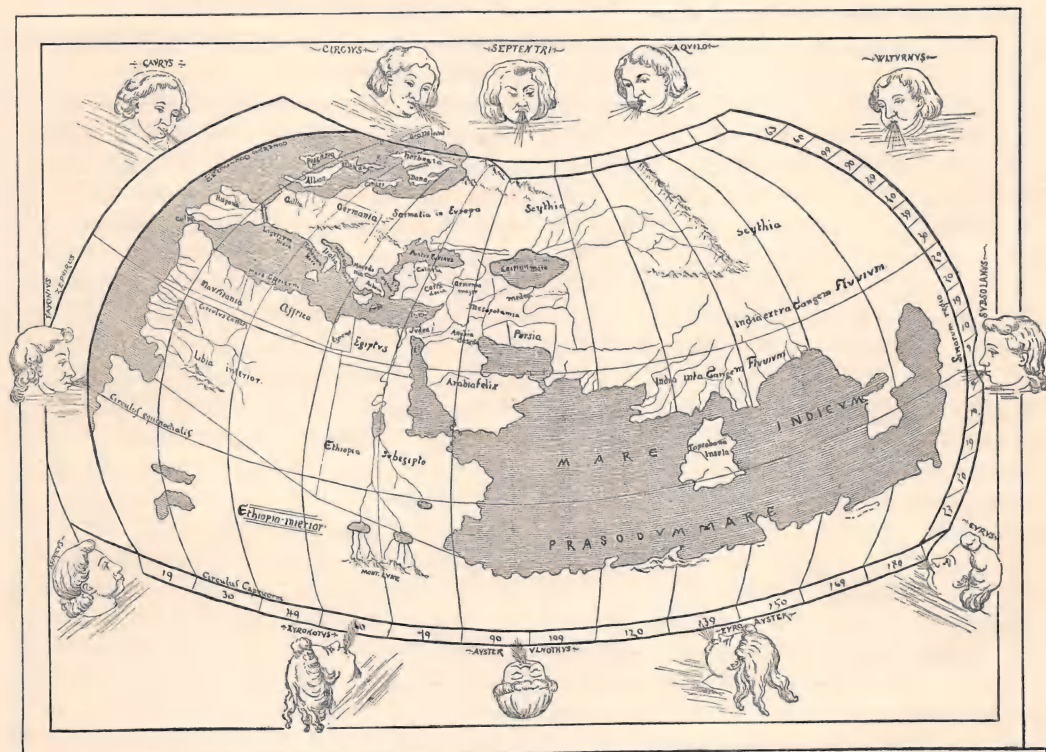
Four and five hundred years ago there was, it is true, a great amount of luxury in France and Italy. People wore beautiful clothing, magnificent jewels, and ate choice food; art flourished, and science made great progress. But at what a cost were even the necessities of living obtained! From the far East to Europe, how long the journey was, and what months were consumed in bringing, over the deserts of Arabia, across the plains and mountains of Persia, under the burning sun of India, or in boats from Syrian and Turkish ports, the things which European civilization required. When we remember the difficulties of the medieval merchants, we can understand one of the principal motives which led so many persons to search for new and shorter routes to the countries where the spices grew, and where the land was rich in products which would bring them wealth. It was the love of adventure and the desire to see new and strange places which started large numbers of the early voyagers, but it was, more than all, for commercial reasons that most of the expeditions were undertaken.

There is no need to tell American boys and girls anything about the men who discovered the different parts of their own country, but it is possible that you will like to hear about one or two of the persons who inspired those discoveries, and especially to know what part pepper had in leading travelers to new and unexplored regions.

In the year 1260 there passed through Constantinople two Venetians, named Maffeo and Niccoló Polo. They were on their way, as a matter of speculation, toward the East, and, by various chances and changes, went

on until they reached Bokhara in Turkestan, where they felt a long way from home, and thought they had made a great journey. But here they fell in with certain envoys on a mis-

There is no time to tell of how they found Kublai Khan at a place called Cambaluc (the old name of Peking), just rebuilt by him, or of his beautiful country-seat at Shangtu, north



EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY MAP OF THE WORLD.

This map is a copy of a very beautiful one made in the early part of the fifteenth century, and now preserved in the famous library of San Lorenzo, at Florence. When you look at it you will see what a small part of the world was known in those days, and what curious ideas people must have had of the relative positions and sizes of different countries. Notice, for instance, the place occupied by India, and see how the land shuts in the Indian Ocean.

You must remember that this and all other maps of the period were drawn largely from imagination and a slight amount of actual knowledge. But they were founded on the measurements and speculations of a famous Egyptian philosopher and geographer, called Ptolemy, who lived in the second century, and who left very extensive writings. Although in the copies of his

works there were no drawings of maps to be found, it is certain that such drawings were made, and he left most accurate directions for future scholars to follow. So, from his time until the discoveries of the great navigators, what was called, from this early geographer, the Ptolemaic system of geography was the best and only system known.

Some of the names on this map may puzzle you, for they are the old ones by which the people of the Middle Ages knew the countries. But you will be able to make out a good many of them. You will see the island of Ceylon called *Taprobane*, the Straits of Gibraltar, *Calpe*; *Gallia* and *Albion*, of course, you will recognize as France and England, since the names are not unknown to-day, and a little study will soon show you how the different countries were supposed to be placed.

sion to Cathay, or China, and bound to the court of the great monarch Kublai Khan. The two brothers were induced to accompany them, and thus became, as far as we know, the first European travelers to reach China.

of the Great Wall. But some day, when you read those lines which Coleridge left unfinished, and which begin,—

At Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure dome decree,



you might remember the visit the two Venetians paid the place.

The Chinese monarch was delighted to meet these intelligent men from the distant and civilized West, and when they went home he made them his messengers to the Pope, begging them to return with teachers and missionaries from Europe. After a long time they did reach China again, having visited home in the meanwhile, and although they had not succeeded in having the teachers sent, they brought with them Niccoló's son Marco, then fifteen years old, who became the famous traveler and the first European explorer to write a book about what he had seen. If you have not done so yet, you should read it.\*

When you read his book, you will notice how often he speaks of the spices of the Eastern countries, and how he mentions pepper as one of the most important articles of commerce in those lands. The Chinese, at that time, valued pepper so much that they willingly paid fifteen ducats for a bushel, and Marco Polo says that for one ship which left India with a cargo of pepper to be sent on to Alexandria, a hundred or more went to China.

Marco Polo's book made a great impression on his fellow-countrymen, and the interest already felt in the unexplored East was largely increased by reading his stories. One traveler after another sailed from the different ports of Italy, and made voyages, more or less successful, in various directions. As at this time the principal traffic of Europe came through Venice, the Venetians were the first to interest themselves in expeditions to distant countries. Every year a Venetian squadron passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and stopped at Lisbon on the way to England and Flanders. The sailors told stories of the Eastern countries with which their city carried on commerce, and the Portuguese and Spaniards were the next to catch the exploring fever, and began to make voyages of exploration for themselves. They went down the west coast of Africa, making their own one bit of territory after another, until, as you know, Vasco da Gama sailed quite around the Cape of Good Hope, and showed that path to India.

Prince Henry of Portugal, himself a navigator, was largely responsible for these African discoveries, and he was influenced by Marco Polo's book to attempt his own expeditions and encourage those of others.

Here in Portugal pepper was again of importance, for it is said that the desire to find it by an easy and cheap route, and thus to reduce its price, was one of the reasons why the Portuguese were so anxious to get to India by sea. Its price was certainly lowered after the merchants began to bring it directly from India and Ceylon in ships; and it became a monopoly of the Portuguese crown, continuing so until the eighteenth century. About this time the culture of pepper was extended to the Malay Archipelago, and part of the traffic was turned naturally from Italy to Portugal, as being in more direct communication.

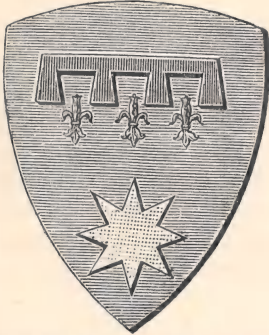
Now let us go back a little, and this time to Florence, one of the greatest commercial cities of the past, particularly during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Her merchants were of the richest in the world, and certain trades and arts flourished there as nowhere else.

Among these merchant families was one called Toscanelli, and they carried on business in "spices" and in the other articles usually coming under that head in those days. They sent in every direction for their goods, and every year visited the old Italian town called Lanciano, where was held the great fair of spices, and where merchants came to buy and sell from all countries of Europe, and even from Asia. Here one would be sure to find many travelers, and to hear many stories of strange lands and little known peoples, and here, no doubt, great impetus was given to research in new directions.

The Toscanelli family were rich, and owned a great deal of property in Florence, and a street in the city still bears their name. There is, too, a fine old villa, not far away, which belonged to them nearly five hundred years ago. But they are remembered especially for one famous representative of their name, and he was a man whom Americans should hold in great regard. Well known and esteemed in his own day, Paolo Dal Pozzo Toscanelli has

\* See "The Story of Marco Polo," in ST. NICHOLAS, from June, 1896, to May, 1897.

almost been forgotten since by the world in general, until comparatively recent times.



ARMS OF THE TOSCANELLI FAMILY.

However, in 1871, at the meeting in Antwerp of the Geographical Congress, all the scholars, historians, and scientists present unanimously agreed in calling him the inspirer of the discovery of America. He died in 1482, ten years before Columbus touched the shores of the New World; but it was by the chart he drew, and according to his plans, that the great Genoese laid his course.

Toscanelli lived out the whole of his long life in Italy, a hard student, a skilful physician, and a remarkable scientist. He was the founder of modern astronomy, and was the first to mention some of the comets best known to later astronomers. His knowledge of mathematics was profound, and his interest in geographical researches intense. There is still, in the Cathedral of Florence, the gnomon, or sun-dial, he made, and it has been considered the most perfect in existence.

On the death of his brother, he took the place almost of a father to his nephews, and, as they carried on the business, he interested himself largely in their success. It was for their sake that, aside from his scientific interest in the voyages of the day, he began to think and plan new routes and ways to the country of the spices. The Turks were interfering with the introduction into Venice, and thus into Italy, of the products of India, and merchants of Florence were beginning to feel the effect of this obstacle to commerce, when Toscanelli declared it possible to reach the East by sailing west. On the chart which he made he traced a line from Lisbon, across the sea to

Quin-sai (Han-chau), on the Chinese coast; and in a letter which he wrote on June 25, 1474, to his friend Christopher Columbus, he explained his ideas and theories regarding the voyage.

At the same time that Toscanelli sent this letter to Columbus (who was then at Lisbon), he also wrote to another person a letter to be given to the King of Portugal. In this letter, among other things, he said:

"Many other times I have reasoned concerning the very short route which there is by way of the sea from here to India,—the native land of the spices,—and which I hold to be shorter than that which you take by Guinea. For greater clearness of explanation, I have made a chart such as is used by navigators, on which is traced this route, and I send it to your Majesty. . . . I have depicted everything from Ireland at the north as far south as Guinea, with the islands and countries, and I will show how you may reach the places most productive of all sorts of spices. Also I have shown in this chart many countries in the neighborhood of India, where, if no contrary winds or misadventures arise, you will find islands where all the inhabitants are merchants. Especially is there a most noble port, called Zaitou, where they load and unload every year a hundred great ships with pepper, and there are also other ships, laden with other spices. This place is thickly populated, and there are cities and provinces without number, under the rule of a prince, called the Great Khan, which name means 'King of Kings.' . . . Here you will find not only very great gain and many rich things, but also gold and silver and precious stones, and all sorts of spices in great abundance. . . . From the city of Lisbon you may sail directly to the great and noble city of Quin-sai, where are ten bridges of marble, and the name of the place signifies 'City of Heaven.' Of it are told most marvelous things of its buildings, of its manufactures, and of its revenues. This city lies near the province of Cathay, where the king spends the greater part of his time. . . . You have heard of the island of Antilia, which you call the Seven Cities, and of the most noble island of Cipango, which is rich in gold, pearls, and

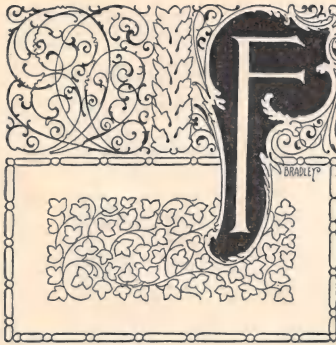


precious stones, and the temples and royal palaces are covered with plates of gold. . . . Many other things could be said, but I will not be too long. . . . And so I remain always most ready to serve your Majesty in whatever you may command me."

With such ideas as these in his mind, you know why Columbus thought he was landing in the Orient when he stepped ashore on the island of San Salvador. He had even brought with him a letter and fitting gifts for the Great Khan, or Emperor of Cathay.

To-day pepper grows in many countries besides those of the East, though the best still comes from India, and a great deal of business is carried on in its cultivation, preparation, and exportation. It has become an ordinary thing to us, and we expect it on the table as a matter of course. Perhaps, however, when you remember its old importance, and that the trade in this spice really did help to lead voyagers toward America, you will regard it as something much more interesting than a mere every-day addition to your food.

## HOW PEPPER MADE AN EMPRESS.



FROM 1500 to 1600 the Portuguese had to themselves all the trade with the East. But at the end of this century of supremacy their imports from India, of which pepper was the most important, were secured by the Dutch. Bruges, Antwerp, and Amsterdam received the spices that the Portuguese had brought from the Orient, and made a fine profit by retailing them to the Europeans.

When the Dutch became the rulers of the waves, they soon began to compete with the Portuguese for the control of the Indian spice-market. But even before they had driven the Portuguese from the trade, they considered themselves strong enough to fix the price of pepper at any figure that suited their convenience. So in 1599 they doubled the price, charging the English six and eight shillings a pound, instead of three.

The merchants of London made up their


minds not to stand this, and they called a meeting, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of forming a company to trade with the East Indies. Thus began the corporation so long known as "John Company,"—the East India Company,—an association of English merchants that, beginning in a small way with certain trading privileges, gradually increased the territory it controlled until it became the most powerful body in India.

You will read, some day, the wonderful feats of arms performed by Clive, Lawrence, Campbell, Outram, Dalhousie, and others as brave; from the battle of Plassey—in which young Clive, with a force of thirty-two *hundred*, defeated fifty *thousand* Bengalese, and established the power of the English in India—to the victories of "Bobs Bahadur," General Lord Roberts, now commanding in South Africa.

In 1858 the authority of the East India Company was transferred to the crown, and in 1877 Queen Victoria was declared Empress of India. And it all began with the attempt of the Dutch merchants to charge the English too much for a pound of pepper.

So remember never to charge too much for pepper, or otherwise you may perhaps lose an empire, as the Dutch did.

*Tudor Jenks.*



# Storm Bound above the Clouds

BY FREDERICK FUNSTON.\*

EXTENDING north from Long's Peak, in Colorado, the Front Range or Continental Divide comprises a chain of stupendous peaks reaching into the clouds, and covered even in summer with great fields of snow and ice. This range, cut up by gorges and chasms thousands of feet in depth, which reach into it from the valleys on both sides, presents views of rugged grandeur excelled by none in the entire Rocky Mountain region. Many have compared them favorably with the world-famed glories of the Alps and Caucasus.

Below "timber-line," which in this region is at about eleven thousand feet elevation, the sides of the mountains are covered with a dense growth of spruce, which gives way in the lower valleys to the yellow-pine and quaking-ash. These grand forests have never been ravaged by fires nor marred by the woodman's ax; and in their gloomy depths the mule-deer, mountain-lion, and cinnamon-bear roam undisturbed by fear of man.

Above timber-line the mountains rise from two to three thousand feet more—in some places gentle slopes covered with huge granite boulders, and in others cliffs and crags rising almost

sheer for hundreds of feet. Here and there are masses of hard packed snow, while in a sheltered spot on the south side of some cliff grow tiny alpine flowers and dwarf grasses—the food of the wary big-horn sheep, which still frequent this range in considerable numbers.

Comparatively few persons have explored these, the grandest of all the Rockies. Distance from railroads and the total absence of the precious metals have left the range uninhabited, the nearest settlers being the scattered ranchmen in Estes Park.

But few tourists have had the hardihood to scale the great peaks of this chain and risk life by exposure to the storms which almost constantly sweep them; though notably one, Mr. Frederick H. Chapin of Hartford, Conn., spent several summers in this region, and has given us his experiences in a charming book.

Great peaks thirteen thousand feet in height have never been scaled, dark chasms and gorges are yet unexplored, and mountains higher than Mount Katahdin piled upon Mount Washington have never been deemed worthy of a name.

It was only a few years ago that the writer and a single companion, Mr. V. L. Kellogg, now an associate professor in the University of Kansas, stood on the summit of Table Mountain, a great elevation about six miles north of Long's Peak. Gazing down into the awful gorge which separates the mountain we were on from Stone's Peak, we marveled at its awful depths and precipitous sides, and resolved some day to explore it together, and to follow to its

\* Reprinted from ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1891. See note, page 469.



source the turbulent little stream that flowed at the bottom.

The wished-for opportunity came sooner than we had dared to hope, and May, 1890, found us again in Estes Park prepared to attack the Front Range.

The winter of 1889-90 will be long remembered by the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountain region for its great severity and unusual snow-fall. The mild spring sunshine had made little impression on the great drifts which covered the mountains and filled the upper forests; and gazing on them from the valley on a bright May morning, it seemed to us that mountains had never looked grander. Long's Peak, rearing his great cap fourteen thousand three hundred feet in air, was a mass of immaculate glittering white, broken only by the black cliff on the northeast front; the perfect cone of Mount Hallett was as white as the drifting cloud through which it peered; while Stone's Peak, a beautiful mountain thirteen thousand eight hundred feet in height, showed not a speck of brown through its wintry covering.

Despite the arctic surroundings, Kellogg and I determined to explore the great chasm without delay, though the old stage-driver to whom we broached our project shook his head ominously and said:

"Boys, wait until the sun has hammered that snow for six weeks longer; even then it won't be any picnic."

But we were not to be scared out by a little snow. We had roamed over those mountains before, and more than once had been brought face to face with death by exposure or starvation but had always come out with little harm.

We soon procured the obstinate, mouse-colored little mule that had carried our packs on previous occasions; put "on board" blankets, cooking utensils, and three days' provisions, and immediately after dinner set out on an expedition, the recollection of which, as I look back on it, seems more a horrible nightmare than a reality.

It is needless to tell the story of the first afternoon's tramp—of the fruitless efforts of "Billy," the burro, to throw off his pack, and his almost human shamming of lameness when the steep ascent began.

Suffice it to say that for six long hours we plodded up the lonely trail and, just before the daylight began to fade, found a suitable camping place among the dense spruces near the entrance to the great chasm which was to be the scene of the next day's trials and sufferings.

The night was passed in a state of mild terror, caused by the presence of a mountain-lion, which prowled about camp for several hours, and was kept at a safe distance only by a blazing fire.

The next morning, at five o'clock, we crawled out of our blankets, and an hour later resumed the journey, leaving Billy to watch the camp and meditate upon the follies of his past life. With no encumbrance but our guns, we made good progress, and soon reached the entrance of the gorge, and for two hours followed up the little rivulet at the bottom. It was a weird, uncanny place. The growth of spruce was so dense that it seemed the damp, mossy ground could never have had a good look at the sunlight.

Here and there we passed little banks of last winter's snow, and soon crossed the base of a great field which we could see extended up the sloping sides of Table Mountain almost to the summit. Of this snow-field more anon.

Onward and upward we pushed, crossing and recrossing the noisy little stream, now and then walking over the crust of a big snow-drift, and occasionally falling in waist-deep when we came to a soft place.

As we ascended, the gorge narrowed to about three hundred yards and the sides became much steeper. The spruce-trees here were dwarfed and gnarled old fellows that had battled bravely for years against the snow and ice of their storm-beaten home, and had not yet given up the struggle. We were now only a short distance below timber-line, and a few hundred feet above us not a green sprig showed above the glittering white of the snow or the somber brown of the granite.

A little higher we followed the bottom of the gorge; but there were now no rocks to walk on, nothing but snow from ten to twenty feet deep—acres and acres of it. The direct rays of the sun, which was now high in the heavens, had softened the crust, and we broke through at nearly every step.

The fatigue of floundering through the snow, together with the rarity of the atmosphere, for we were now eleven thousand feet up, was beginning to tell on our strength. We determined to leave the gorge and push up to the left on the sides of Table Mountain, where we judged, and, as it proved, correctly, that the crust of the snow would be stronger.

A sharp, hard struggle of ten minutes brought us above the stunted growth at timber-line, where we sat down to recover wind and strength, and eat our noon lunch.

Up to this time not a cloud had crossed the sky; but now, as we looked toward Stone's Peak, Kellogg called my attention to a feathery, foamy mass which had rolled up over the range and, dropping almost to a level with us, scudded down the chasm before the rising wind. It was an ominous sign, and we finished our meal in nervous haste. Presently another and larger cloud came boiling over the pass at the head of the chasm, and followed closely in its leader's wake. For only a moment we watched the dark shadows they cast moving over the spruce forest, and rose to our feet just as two more clouds came over into the gorge.

The wind, which had been rising for an hour, moaned and whistled among the crags; and the mutterings of distant thunder could be heard from the west side of the range.

By this time, though little had been said, both realized full well the meaning of this turmoil: we were to be caught among the clouds in a mountain storm.

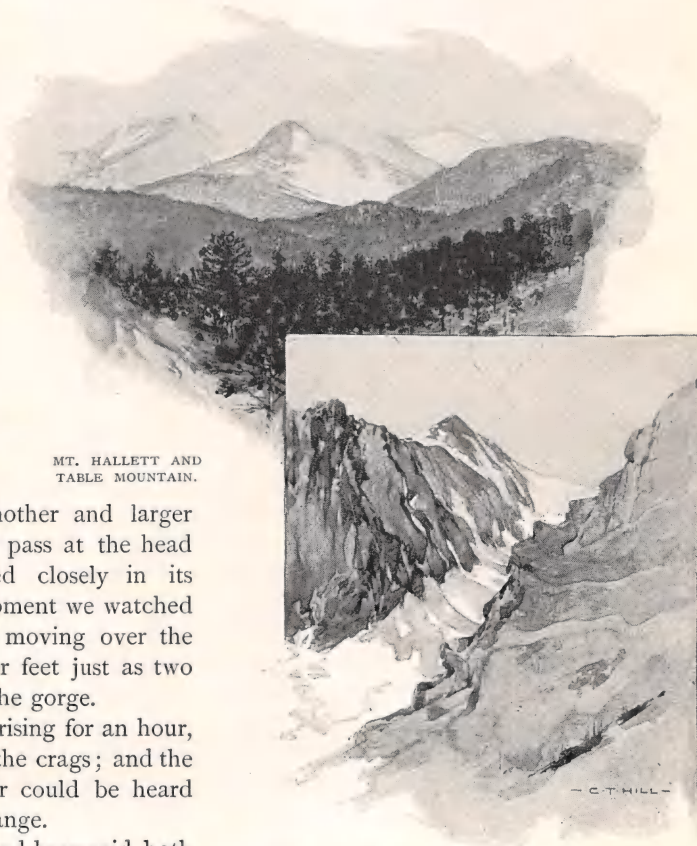
There was no further thought of exploring the gorge. All our strength and time must now be used in reaching camp.

Should we go down into the gorge and get out the way we had come in, or should we go farther up and avoid the tangle of fallen trees and the treacherous drifts below? Higher up on the mountain the snow was packed harder and would afford better footing; and that way

we started without delay, our object being to work around the north side of the mountain and reach the old trail on the east side. Up and up we scrambled over the snow and rocks.

The wind was now blowing a terrific gale, and above us, below us, and around us, the clouds were being driven before it.

The storm was gathering over the whole range. Mummy Mountain and Hague's Peak,



MT. HALLETT AND  
TABLE MOUNTAIN.

CLIFFS ON MT. HALLETT, FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN.

fifteen miles away, were enveloped in a mass of gray mist; while the thunder boomed and rolled over Estes Park from a black cloud which was deluging the lower valleys with rain. Stone's Peak, looming up through an occasional rift in the clouds, was a sight of awe-inspiring grandeur.

Despite the difficulties of the way and the surrounding storm, we made good progress upward, and in half an hour turned to the left and began working along the side of the mountain.





"I SAW KELLOGG SINK DOWN BEHIND A ROCK WHICH AFFORDED A SLIGHT SHELTER FROM THE ICY BLAST."

Here our trials began in earnest. The storm was upon us in all its fury. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and the air was so filled with sleet and fine snow that it was impossible to see more than twenty yards in any direction. There would be an occasional lull in the tumult, when we could take in our surroundings for a moment, but another cloud would envelop us and fill the air with driving torrents of frozen mist.

Hour after hour we struggled on with the nervous, frantic energy born of desperation.

The rocks and snow were covered with ice thin as tissue paper, which caused many a hard fall, and made every step a source of peril. The force of the wind, too, threw us down continually, and we were bruised from head to foot. If we had carried steel-pointed poles instead of guns, they would have been of great service; the latter were now as much hindrance as help, though we were soon to find them useful.

Our hands and faces suffered terribly from the bitter cold, and the former were so numb that we dropped our guns repeatedly. Hair and clothing were matted with ice like a coat of mail. We realized that our progress was very

slow, as we had not yet reached the great snow-field extending from timber-line to the summit, the base of which we had crossed in ascending the gorge. On and on we staggered, feeling our way over the slippery surface, and becoming weaker every moment from the hard struggle in the rarefied air of the mountain tops.

While stumbling over a mass of ice-covered boulders, I heard an excited exclamation and, looking up, saw Kellogg sink down

behind a rock which afforded a slight shelter from the icy blast. When I reached him he looked up and said, "Old boy, this is the worst box we were ever in. I guess we're at the end of our rope!" Both realized that the situation was desperate, almost hopeless. There was no sign of abatement of the storm, and weakened and enfeebled as we were by the long struggle, if we should not be able to cross the steep snow-field when we reached it, death from exhaustion and exposure would be a matter of only a few hours.

We dreaded to think of that snow-field, remembering how steep it had looked as we gazed upward from the bottom that morning, and knowing the condition it must be in now with the newly formed ice on the surface. However, it was thought best to rest a short time, and I lay down by Kellogg.

After a rest of about fifteen minutes we resumed the struggle, weak as before and much colder; but we had recovered our wind, a hard thing to keep at this altitude.

It was now four o'clock — ten hours since we

left camp, and four since the struggle with the storm began. The battle for life could not last much longer.

Slowly and painfully we pushed forward, crawling on all-fours most of the time. I chewed savagely on a piece of tough grouse, the only remains of our dinner.

Would we ever reach the snow-field? A horrible thought crossed my mind. What if we had lost the direction and were going the wrong way? I did not mention my fears to Kellogg. What was the use?

Every few moments we sank down on our faces to recover our breath. At such times I found my mind wandering and could not think clearly. Kellogg made several remarks without any particular meaning, and his face had a vacant, sullen look. Almost the last ray of hope was gone. There was no complaining, no whining, only a sort of mad desperation which made us resolve to keep moving to the last.

Finally, through a rift in the clouds not fifty yards ahead, we saw the spotless white of the long-looked-for snow-field.

With a feeble shout we pushed forward, but when we reached its edge our worst fears were realized. It was terribly steep, being at an angle of about forty degrees, and the crust was a coating of hard, slippery ice, the thickness of paste-board. Through a break in the clouds we saw that it extended downward to timber-line, fully 1500 feet, as steep as the roof of a house and smoother than the smoothest glass. How broad it was we could only conjecture.

As we came up, Kellogg struck the crust with the butt of his gun, and I threw a rock upon the surface, which went sliding and bounding down the steep face with terrific velocity.

We looked at each other in despair. "It's no use," I said.

"Not a bit," was the answer.

We sat down and talked it over. To retrace our steps was out of the question, and we could not climb to the top of the field, probably a thousand feet, in our weakened condition.

Suddenly Kellogg leaped to his feet and rushed toward the slippery mass, crying out, "Come on, we've got to do it. I'll take mine this way." Without a second thought, in my hopeless desperation I followed. By using his gun as a brace Kellogg kept his feet; but I slipped and fell on all-fours and began sliding down. In a wild frenzy I tried to drive my bare fingers through the crust, but only succeeded in tearing the skin off them.



"LYING ON MY FACE I HELD TIGHTLY ON TO THE RIFLE DRIVEN DEEP THROUGH THE CRUST."

Luckily, I had retained my rifle, and by a frantic effort drove it muzzle first through the hard crust and came to a stop, having gone about twenty feet. Had it not been for this



fortunate move my body would have been hurled to the bottom of the gorge more than a thousand feet below, and mangled beyond all semblance of human form.

Looking up at my companion I saw that he had turned away his head, unwilling to be a witness of my horrible fate; but as I called out to him he looked around, and I saw a face so white and horror-stricken that I can never forget it. Cold beads of sweat stood on my forehead, and I felt that my courage was all gone. The experience of that awful moment almost unnerved me, and I was weak and helpless as a little child.

Lying on my face I held on tightly to the rifle driven deep through the crust. How to regain my footing was a puzzle. Kellogg started to come down to me, and it was with difficulty that I persuaded him to desist.

At last I hit on a plan. Holding on to the rifle with one hand, with the other I drew my pocket-knife, and, opening it with my teeth, cut two holes in the crust for my feet, and after much effort stood upright. But we were still in a bad fix. Kellogg called out to me to break holes through the crust for my feet with the butt of the gun. Although not more than twenty feet distant he could hardly make himself heard above the roar of the storm.

But the suggestion was a good one and proved our salvation. We moved slowly forward, breaking a hole in the ice for each step. It was severe treatment to give valuable guns, but they had to suffer in the best interests of their owners.

Slowly and carefully we moved forward, occasionally stopping to rest and speak words of encouragement to each other, for now we had the first gleam of hope for five long, terrible hours.

Although very weak physically, our minds were much clearer than an hour before, and we even went so far as to chaff each other a little. But we had plenty of fears yet. Once my heart leaped as Kellogg slipped and came down on both knees, clawing frantically at the air; but he regained his feet without difficulty, and we pushed on. Would we ever get across? Every minute seemed an hour.

Kellogg said that, as nearly as he could cal-

culate, we had been floundering about on that man-trap for a week!

But we kept going; the end must come some time, and sure enough it did; and at six o'clock we stepped on the granite boulders again, having been just one hour and ten minutes on that terrible, inclined snow-field. Neither of us was much given to demonstration, but there was a hearty hand-shake and a few things said which sounded all right up there, but might look a little foolish in print.

The wind had moderated, and the clouds had now settled far below us, while the sun, nearly down, lighted up the surrounding mountains and snow-fields with a sort of a radiant glory. But the grandest picture was in the east: Below us, over the spruce forest, over Willow Park, and far away Estes Park, was a tossing, rolling ocean of foamy clouds, their upper sides glistening in creamy and golden light from the rays of the setting sun. To the right the great mass of Long's Peak and the shattered crags of Lily Mountain towered above the burnished sea.

It was a grand picture — such as only those who have the hardihood to climb the highest mountains can hope to look upon. Any attempt of art to imitate them can be but mere mockery.

But it was not to last long. The clouds drifted off over the foot-hills, and there were none to take their places; and then we saw, far below, the world that we had almost given up forever; and as we stood there it looked to us grander than any picture of sun-burnished clouds and snow-covered peaks. We were glad to have another chance at it. But we were not there yet. After a good rest we started again just as the sun was sinking below the horizon.

Compared with what we had been in before, the walking was good, though a discriminating person would not have preferred it to asphalt pavement.

Just as darkness was setting over the range we reached the head of the trail at timber-line. Here, there was some more hard floundering through snow-drifts and plenty of falling over prostrate tree-trunks. But we soon left behind the last snow-drift and ice-covered boulder, and hurried through the forest down the trail — easy to keep even in the darkness. Once we heard

the long-drawn scream of a mountain-lion, but only slipped cartridges into our guns and kept on. We were in no mood now to be frightened by such small fry as a mountain-lion.

Finally, at nine o'clock, weary, hungry, and bruised, we staggered into the camp that we had left fifteen hours before — a terrible day in which we had more real experience than many people get in a lifetime.

Our great equine freak, Billy, was on the alert, and greeted us with such a series of whinies that we feared he was trying something new in solos.

We built a fire and prepared supper with the usual accessory of strong coffee, and at eleven o'clock were asleep under wet blankets. But it was a glorious sleep, and when the sunshine

woke us the next morning we felt greatly refreshed, though still very weak and stiff.

After breakfast we repacked the burro, and started for camp in Estes Park. Billy did not need any urging now and showed great enthusiasm in jumping over fallen trees; so much, in fact, that he threw himself down continually.

At eleven o'clock we reached camp, and spent the next few days in resting and eating with commendable energy.

We determined hereafter to heed the advice of the old stage-driver and "let the sun hammer that snow six weeks longer" before we tried any more mountain climbing.

For my own part, I am willing to let him hammer it six centuries longer before repeating that experience.



THE LAST OF THE WINTER'S SNOW.





## THE STORY OF CROMWELL'S OPPORTUNITY

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

AGAINST the gray granite background of the subway station in Scollay Square stood a dull bronze statue of a calm-faced man in Elizabethan ruff and Puritan costume. A roll of parchment was in one hand, a Bible in the other.

Uncle Tom halted before the figure, and Bert, as usual, read aloud the inscription:

"JOHN WINTHROP, THE FOUNDER OF BOSTON."

"And Father of New England," added Uncle Tom.

"The Father of New England, was he?" said Jack, critically. "How do you make that out? Where do Bradford and Brewster

and Standish and the rest of the Pilgrims come in?"

"They come in as parts of New England's story, Jack—as founders and makers of New England, if you will," Uncle Tom replied; "but John Winthrop was the man who inspired, inaugurated, and directed the English movement westward that settled New England and is known as the Great Emigration. His energy overcame all obstacles; his faith strengthened the doubters and made brave the timid; his wisdom guided, his patience persisted, his courage gave heart and purpose; and, from the day of the organization (in August, 1628, in the English university town of Cambridge) of the Governor and Com-

panions of the Massachusetts Bay Company, until his death, in 1649, in the American Boston he had founded, John Winthrop, gentleman, as governor, magistrate, and soldier, laid the strong foundations of this noble and famous old Bay State—the commonwealth of Massachusetts.

"He has been aptly and justly called the Washington of colonization. One student of his life-work, indeed, declares him worthy to stand beside Washington."

"That 's saying a good deal," Bert decided critically.

"But not so far from the truth, Bert," Uncle Tom responded. "I can't tell you his whole story here; it is not too much to say, however, that John Winthrop made New England possible; and, because New England flourished, other colonies grew. But in all our colonial history no finer character appears than he whose effigy in bronze overtops this very modern subway. He was tolerant when intolerance was the rule; bold of speech when men were wont to curb their tongues; and yet so tactful as to say the right thing always. An organizer and leader of the Great Emigration, he planted a colony that grew into a famous commonwealth, from which sprang other States."

"What was this Great Emigration, Uncle Tom?" Marian inquired, as, leaving the Winthrop statue, the party climbed the slope of Pemberton Square and swung around to the shapely Beacon Monument beside the State-house extension.

"It was the departure over the western ocean of thousands of discontented and persecuted English Puritans," Uncle Tom explained.

"Not Pilgrims," Roger hastened to add; for Roger had been schooled in that matter.

"No, not Pilgrims," Uncle Tom echoed, with emphasis. "For, remember, although the Pilgrims were Puritans, the Puritans were not Pilgrims. The Pilgrims were 'separatists,' who were so determined to maintain their own religion without asking leave of the king that they were ready to separate altogether from the Church of England and its rulers, even if they had to become 'pil-

grims and wanderers,' as they did. The Puritans were those who would not conform to certain usages of the English Church, but wished, while remaining in it, to reform or 'purify' it—hence 'Puritans.' But King Charles of England, and his chief religious adviser, Laud, Bishop of London, were honest but obstinate men who simply could not and would not stand either the dissatisfaction of the Pilgrims or the opposition of the Puritans. So they harried the Pilgrims out of England, and made it so uncomfortable for the Puritans that they, too, grew restless under persecution, and many of them declared they would live no longer in England. Winthrop was one of the leaders of these Puritan objectors; having obtained a grant of land in this portion of New England, he headed a general movement of English Puritans across the Atlantic. This drew so many determined men and women from their English homes in 1630 that the flight from persecution was called the Great Emigration. In that year alone Winthrop's fleet of thirteen vessels brought over to this harbor of Boston ten hundred colonists, and during the ten years that followed the thousand swelled to ten thousand. Winthrop's plan and his successful leadership caused almost a stampede among the English Puritans, and the king and his advisers became so alarmed that at last they tried to put a stop to the emigration. That action, and a turn in affairs in England, came (so it is asserted) just in time to prevent the departure of one very great Englishman, whose action, had he carried out that intention, might have changed the history of England, America, and the world."

"Why, who was that?" asked Marian.

"One of my heroes—Oliver Cromwell," her uncle replied.

"Cromwell! Why, did he come to America?" demanded Roger, to whom this episode in history was a surprise.

"I said *if* he had come, Bert," Uncle Tom replied.

"Professor Morley says he did n't even think of coming," commented Bert, who was very much up-to-date.

"I don't think I can quite agree with Morley's statement, however. There are old docu-



ments and records that cannot be ignored, and they certainly show an attempt to come. That he did n't come is history; but the story of his opportunity, and how he missed it, as well as what might have happened had he carried out his plans, is a matter not only for the study of students, but one of interest to all Americans. Indeed, it had a marked influence on the history of America."

"How was that?" queried Bert; and "Do tell us the story!" demanded the others.

So, gathered before the slender shaft that marks the site of Boston's historic beacon on the crest of the hill to which it gave a name, Uncle Tom told his young people the story of Cromwell's opportunity.

"It was in the year 1636," said Uncle Tom, "that a certain Oliver Cromwell, a farmer of the fen-country in England,—a ranchman, or cattle-farmer, we should call him here,—having come into a modest fortune, removed from his grazing-grounds along the sedgy Ouse, and became 'farmer of the cathedral tithes' in the fine old cathedral town of Ely."

"'Where Canute King rowed by!'" quoted Marian, remembering the poem.

"Farmer of the cathedral tithes!" exclaimed Jack. "Why, I thought Cromwell was the king-pin of the Puritans!"

"First a cattle-farmer and then a tithe-farmer! What was a farmer of tithes?" queried Roger.

"He was simply tax-collector for the cathedral," Uncle Tom explained. "The tenants on church property had to pay tithes, or taxes, to the church, and Cromwell collected them. It was an office that belonged to his uncle, to whose property and business, at Ely, Oliver Cromwell succeeded as heir. He had been a member of Parliament, a justice of the peace, and a sort of civil-service reformer who sided against the authorities in behalf of the poorer farmers of certain fenlands they proposed to drain, and protested against the self-willed and persecuting methods of King Charles."

"Was n't he some relation to the king?" inquired Bert, who had dipped into history a bit.

"A very far-fetched one, if at all," Uncle Tom answered. "His mother was a Steward,

or Stuart, and so was King Charles; but whether there was any real or even distant connection is very doubtful. As a progressive man, Cromwell believed in plainness in religion, objected to the methods of the king and his adviser Laud, took a firm stand against the persecution of the Puritan dissenters, and joined heartily in the famous act of 1641, known as the 'Great Remonstrance.'"

"What was that?" asked Jack.

"It was a solemn protest, passed by the English House of Commons, remonstrating against the wilful and unconstitutional acts of King Charles, and demanding redress or remedies. It was a very important as well as very bold action for those days, and while the issue was still in doubt, Cromwell, who, for a moment, seemed to have despaired of the cause of the people, to which he was now devoted, declared to his friend, Lord Falkland, that if the remonstrance had been rejected he would have sold all he had the next morning, and 'never have seen England more.' To this he added the assurance that there were many other honest men in England of the same resolution."

"That looks almost like running away from the cause, does n't it?" queried Bert.

"There were many that had so run already, Bert," his uncle replied, "beginning with John Winthrop and his fellow-emigrants—to say nothing of the Pilgrims of Plymouth and the Puritans of Virginia. From these people and from his cousin, the famous patriot John Hampden, Cromwell had learned of the promising outlook for the Massachusetts Bay colonists, and the opportunities for religious liberty enjoyed by the people of New England. The zeal for reform and the chance for leadership had not yet come to the afterward resistless general whose army his opponents were to call 'Ironsides.' Indeed, he was not even a soldier at that time. As a farmer and a man of means, as a Puritan and a lover of truth, as an Englishman with an inborn love of liberty, and a believer in the rights of the people, Cromwell was not willing to submit blindly to the tyrannies of a stupidly self-willed king, and he hailed this opportunity for freedom of conscience and

freedom of action offered by the growing colony along the shores of Massachusetts Bay."

"Why did n't he come, then?" demanded Jack. "What a leader he would have been for Massachusetts and America!"

"Upon that query hangs all the story of Cromwell's opportunity, Jack," said Uncle Tom. "For, as yet, Cromwell was neither bigot nor fanatic; he was not even so advanced a reformer as later happenings made him."

"But did n't he try to come?" Bert inquired, who now remembered something he had read.

"Why, certainly, Bert; Uncle Tom said he did," Marian reminded her cousin.

"The story is pretty well proved, although not entirely," Uncle Tom replied. "The date is not fixed, but it has been repeatedly asserted that in the spring of 1637 a notable company of prominent Puritans, including Hampden and Hesilrige and Constable and Oliver Cromwell, really had made all their arrangements to join their friends and brother Puritans in New England; that in the Thames lay a fleet of eight ships on which the emigrants were to cross the Atlantic; and that the king was aroused to action to prevent this wholesale emigration. It was like Charles Stuart to interfere in any affair that seemed, to his narrow and selfish mind, 'disorderly and dangerous,' so an order was hurriedly rushed through his council, restraining 'the disorderly transporting of his Majesty's subjects to the plantations in America without a license from his Majesty's commissioners,' and commanding that 'the Lord Treasurer of England should take speedy and effectual course for the stay of eight ships now in the river of Thames, prepared to go for New England, and should likewise give order for the putting on land all the passengers and provisions therein intended for the voyage.' So, you see, Cromwell could not come to Boston, and you may imagine he did not love King Charles any better for this interference."

"But that was in 1637, you say," announced Bert, who was evidently keeping tally of dates, "and you told us a little while ago that the Great Remonstrance was passed in 1641.

How do you make those dates agree? It seems to me a contradictory statement."

"Is n't Bert right, Uncle Tom?" asked Christine.

"Of course he 's right, my dear," Uncle Tom replied; "but so am I. 'What man has done,' you know, 'man may do again'; and what Cromwell attempted in 1637 he again had in mind in 1641, when it looked as if the Great Remonstrance might not pass. New England was to him a haven of rest that he ever had in mind, until the mighty wave of reform and revolution swept over England in 1642, and bore Oliver Cromwell on its topmost wave—as captain of horse, colonel, lieutenant-general, commander of the Ironsides, captain-general of the forces of the Commonwealth, Lord Protector of England, and one of the greatest of Englishmen in all the long history of Britain."

"What do you suppose would have happened if he had come here, Uncle Tom?" Roger asked thoughtfully.

"Who can say, Roger?" Uncle Tom replied. "I cannot, certainly. He might have remained the simple farmer and country gentleman he had thus far been; for, you know, in 1637 and 1641 he had not yet found his footing as statesman, soldier, and leader. On the other hand, New England was a place for wonderful opportunities, and Cromwell, as a New-Englander and an American, might have joined the colonies in an earlier union, and secured their independence in an earlier revolution. But Massachusetts, as I do not need to remind you, was for years a church-governed State, as Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams and young Sir Harry Vane discovered to their cost, and Quaker and Papist learned through pain and death. Now, Oliver Cromwell was not of that school. He was tolerant, generous, and liberal-minded. He fought for liberty, and not for bigotry. The man who said, 'I had rather that Mohammedanism were permitted among us than that one of God's children should be persecuted,' would scarcely be a welcome companion to Endicott and Dudley and Peters, and other less broad-minded leaders who held the Massachusetts Bay Colony so long in thrall."



"But good Governor Winthrop was n't like that, was he?" Christine inquired.

"He was n't by nature, my dear," Uncle Tom replied; "but, as I told you, Governor John Winthrop was a very tactful man. He knew how to handle things as they were, if he could not make them as they should be. The Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony had come over the sea to establish here a religious community of their chosen sort. The charter under which they possessed the land permitted them to rid their holdings of all unwelcome or objectionable people who were hostile to the peace of the colony. Any man or woman who openly differed from their accepted religious teachings was, in the eyes of the Puritans of the Bay, both obnoxious and objectionable, and therefore to be got rid of. Governor John Winthrop—leader, guide, and governor as he was—believed in submission to the will of the majority—good American doctrine, you know; so, for the sake of policy and of peace, he said to the people like Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams, who not only differed from but disturbed the colony, 'Go! The world is wide; there is no place for you among us.'"

"And they went," said Jack.

"Yes, they left," his uncle answered. "This narrow policy sent many wise and noble men and women into exile, but also into colonization. It was this spirit of religious narrowness that sent Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson into the wilderness, and impelled William Pynchon along the Bay Path. But Long Island and Connecticut and Rhode Island became English-speaking communities because of them, while by Pynchon's going to the Springfield wilderness all western Massachusetts was opened to civilization and development. Baptists were harried, Quakers were persecuted, and all dissenters were silenced or driven away. It was narrow, but it was the Bay Colony's right, and it made those Bay colonists men who dared maintain what they believed to be their right."

"Even to hanging and pressing witches, eh, Uncle Tom?" suggested Jack.

"I expected to hear of the Salem witchcraft before we were through with the Bay Col-

ony," Uncle Tom replied. "But witchcraft was an old, old story long before Salem days. People all over the world believed it. That was a time for a Cromwell to have been in the leadership here; for Cromwell had no patience with such follies. 'The mind is the man,' was one of his sayings. 'If that be kept pure a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do more mischief.'"

"That 's good, straight talk," said Jack, who, for all his mischief-loving, was a very sensible youth.

"Cromwell had an eminently practical mind, as men would have seen had he but been here to take Salem in hand in those senseless witchcraft days," Uncle Tom responded. "It is hard to cleanse the blot from the scutcheon, for man or town or time," he added. "Salem does n't like to think of the witchcraft days, and yet Salem is more widely known throughout the land to-day as the scene of the witchcraft delusion than as the home of Hawthorne or the center of the growing commerce of Massachusetts in colonial times."

"Salem was a busy seaport at one time, was n't it?" Bert queried.

"None more so," his uncle replied. "Its sails were on every ocean, its sailors in far-separated parts. Salem, settled before Boston, became in time its commercial rival, even as it claims to be the first Revolutionary protester; for, at its old North Bridge, in February, 1775, was made what Salem folk stoutly claim as 'the first armed resistance to royal authority.' I move we take a run down to look at the quaint old town."

They all seconded the motion vociferously, as they turned away from the beacon on the hill; so, after finishing the survey of colonial Boston and its beautiful suburbs, they went along the north shore on a hunt for landmarks.

They traced the course of Winthrop's fleet from its anchorage off Baker's Island southward to Boston; they recited "The Wreck of the Hesperus" above the reef of Norman's Woe, and climbed the gruesome Gallows Hill in Hawthorne's haunted Salem; they followed, for a distance, the Bay Path, along which

William Pynchon blazed the way to Springfield and the West, heard again the tragedy of Deerfield, and in the broad main street of venerable Hadley listened to the story of the gray stranger who, "like an angel of the Lord," stayed the tide of Indian assault and saved the town from destruction.

In fact, they "did" the old Bay State so thoroughly, as time and Uncle Tom permitted, that when, once again, they stood upon the fair, broad plaza beside the new State-house in Boston town, they were quite ready to hear Jack declaim Webster's encomium of Massachusetts, while Christine recalled the words that Lowell puts into the mouth of Miles Standish as the ghost of the old Puritan captain stood upon what he called "the mount of prophesying."

"I wonder if it was Beacon Hill?" said Roger.

"Child of our travail and our woe,  
Light in our day of sorrow,  
Through my rapt spirit I foreknow  
The glory of thy morrow.

"I hear great steps that through the shade  
Draw nigher still and nigher,  
And voices call like that which bade  
The prophet come up higher."

"That is indeed prophetic, my dear," said Uncle Tom, nodding his approval as Christine ended. "The glory of the morrow did come—it has come to this old Bay State. Her sons have done much for her and for America. The names of Standish and Winthrop and

young Sir Harry Vane, of Otis and the three Adamses, of Hancock and Revere, of Daniel Webster and Horace Mann, of Phillips and Andrew and Everett and Choate and Sumner, belong not to Massachusetts alone, but to the nation they founded, and to the republic they loved and served."

"Even if Cromwell did n't make the most of his opportunity—eh, Uncle Tom?" said Jack, recalling his uncle's story.

"It was largely because of Oliver Cromwell and the new opportunity he did embrace," responded Uncle Tom, "that Massachusetts and New England assumed the position they did in the growing nation on the western Atlantic shores. For Cromwell was the Protector not only of old England, but of New England, not only of New England, but of America; for, of all the rulers of England, from James I. to the four Georges, Oliver Cromwell was the only one who did the English-speaking American colony any good. He fostered their commerce, protected their interests, let them act for themselves, and maintained the rights and privileges they crossed the seas to enjoy. The Protector of two continents, he yet awaits the praise of both. For in all England, as in all America, no marble or bronze statue yet commemorates the man who so nearly became an American, and who lived and died one of the greatest of Englishmen—a man for all ages to admire, and one for all English-speaking races to honor in proud remembrance."

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## A SONG FOR MARCH.

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BY ERIC PARKER.

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IT is the roaring month of March.  
The wild northeaster bends the larch;  
The gray rain beating on the wold  
Has closed the crocus cups of gold.

Adown the dale, adown the dale,  
The thrush pipes sadly to the gale;  
His song is sad, and I would hear  
The anthem of the coming year.

But there will be an April day—  
The thrush will pipe another lay,  
And we will find on greener hills  
White violets and daffodils.



# JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER X.

A VISIT TO THE BEES' COUNTRY — THE QUEEN OF THE BEES AND HER COURT — SHE SENDS JOSEY HOME IN HER CARRIAGE.

THE elephant, with a big red muffler round his neck, and the little girl sitting upon his head, and the chipmunk on her shoulder, went down the mountains the next day. Then the girl bade the elephant good-by, as he was going back to his own country immediately, in order to make the Sultan release poor Ahmet.



"A LAND FULL OF ROSES AND SUNSHINE."

As for Josey and the chipmunk, they went straight to a land that was all full of roses and sunshine, humming-birds and bees. Of course there were trees and grass and other flowers besides

the roses; but it was the Bees' country, and they had more roses than any other flowers. The Humming-birds' country was near by, and they came in on visits to the bees.

It was a beautiful, beautiful place, and as Josey walked along through the

flowers, she pulled roses and violets, and made them into wreaths for herself and the chipmunk.

She went on and on and on till she heard a great humming. It sounded something like singing and something like a mill and something like water falling, and it turned out to be the voices of all the bees that were working in the great hive.

It was on a high green grassy bank, under the shade of tall elm-trees. Millions and millions of bees were there, working away for dear life, while the queen sat above, watching them.

The queen had wings like rainbows, and a crown that was all one jewel, and a scepter the rod of which was clear as crystal, while the tip was just like fire.

Her servants were fanning her with humming-birds' feathers.

## THE WORRIES OF THE QUEEN BEE.

In spite of all the fine things about her, the queen did not look happy. She seemed worried about something.

When she caught sight of Josey she smiled very pleasantly.

"You sweet child!" she said. "Have you come to see me? How glad I am!"

Then she told all the bees to make way for Josey and the chipmunk, and invited them to go right up to the throne.

When they got there Josey looked all about and saw the bees working. They were making the houses, and bringing the materials, and packing the babies in little jars where they would be warm and snug for the winter-time;

and some were flying backward and forward among the flowers, bringing honey and pollen.

"How grand it must be to be a queen!" said Josey.

"You would not like it long," said her Majesty. "There are so many things to worry a person."

"You should join a Don't Worry Club."

"That is what I did. But it has made matters worse. I worry more now over the way to stop worrying than I worried before over all my troubles."

"But what troubles have you?"

"So many that I could not count them. The master builder has promised to have the new hive ready for me on a certain day, and I worry because he may not do it. Then, I worry to think that if the hive is not ready I may catch cold and have to go to bed, and that everything will go wrong in the kingdom. Then, I worry about whether all the children are wrapped up properly for the winter-time, and whether it is going to rain. Then, sometimes I worry very hard, thinking that if the sun were to stop shining the flowers would die, and then we should not get any honey, and then we would all starve. Oh, there are plenty of things to worry about, if one only looks for them!"

"But I should think that you would be happier if you did not worry," said Josey.

"That was the reason I joined the Don't Worry Club," said the queen. "But I learned two or three different ways to stop worrying, and ever since I have been worrying more than ever about which of these ways is the best one."

"I met a grizzly-bear cub who had been in your country," said Josey. "I 'm afraid he had been up to mischief. His mother gave him a good beating when he got home."

"I don't know what his name was," said the queen bee, "but there was a big black ball of hair with teeth and claws here a few days ago, with a brown ball that was even bigger. They tore one of our houses badly and stole a lot of honeycomb. I sent an army of swordsmen after them, and the way they ran and squealed made me quite cheerful. So Mr. Grizzly-bear

Cub got a whipping from his mother? Well, it served him right. Maybe he will stay at home now and leave us alone."

"What do the bees do with combs?" asked Josey. "Do they comb their hair with them?"

"Oh, not with honeycombs! How could they?" asked the queen. "The honey would make their hair all sticky, so that they could not walk."

The queen showed Josey all the beauties and wonders of her kingdom—all her fine palace and her wonderful jewels and her millions of busy people. And she offered Josey and the chipmunk all sorts of honey. There was honey made from roses, and honey made from lilies, and honey made from violets, and from lilac blossoms and mignonette. And Josey tried all these and many others just to see what they were like, and the kind that she thought the very best of all was the honey made from thistles and clover blossoms.

She ate as much as she wanted of that, spread on fine white bread. And when she had finished, the queen asked Josey where she was going.

"I must go home now," she said. "I have been seeing the animals, and I have n't seen nearly all of them, but I can't stay any longer, as my mama told me I must never stay away from home very long."

"Where is your home, my dear?" asked the queen.

"It is the big house in the garden at the foot of the tree," said Josey. "I think I can find my way down easily."

"Oh, indeed, I won't let you," said the queen. "You must go home in my carriage. I will call it for you."

So she called.

"I won't wait for it," said the chipmunk. "I can do better with my own four legs."

So saying, he sat up on his haunches, and kissed his hand first to Josey and then to the queen.

"Good-by!" he shouted, and went off down the tree like a yellow-and-black streak of lightning.

And now the carriage drew up in front of the queen. It was made all of thistle-down silk,



and it shone like glass, and was covered with the most beautiful colors, that kept coming and going and changing every moment; and shapes were on it like those on the frosted window-



"“GOOD-BY!” HE  
SHOUTED.”

pane. And the queen then kissed Josey, and said: “You must come and see me again, little girl, when you get time. While you were here I quite forgot all my worries.”

And so Josey promised, and then the carriage began to go. There were no wheels on it, and it did not jolt along as if on a rough road, but drifted as softly and as silently as a white cloud, down and down and down

and down through the sunshine. Josey thought there must be hundreds and thousands of bees flying with that fairylike little carriage and bearing it up.

The carriage landed so softly that Josey did not know it till she was in her own garden, and the carriage was rolling away from her just like a mist going before the rising sun.

She was lying down on the grassy bank under the tree, with never a jolt or a jounce to show that she had come so far.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JOSEY MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY WITH THE CHIPMUNK.

ONE bright sunshiny day Josey took Ethel out in the garden for a walk because she looked pale.

She was petting Ethel near the fence, when little Miss Meddlesome came along and looked over. Miss Meddlesome was the chief mischief-maker of those parts, and was so busy minding other people's business that she never had time to mind her own.

“Why, Josey,” she said, “that 's a Spanish hat your doll has on!”

“You 're mistaken,” said Josey. “It is n't a Spanish hat, and she 's not Spanish.”

“Well, the doll is wearing Spanish colors, anyway,” said Miss Meddlesome, as she hopped away, singing.

Josey was too much hurt to answer at all. She felt like crying.

That any one should say that Ethel wore Spanish colors was too much — Ethel, who was fair-haired and blue-eyed, and so patriotic, who never spoke to her elders unless they spoke to her, and who always remembered the saying that children should be seen and not heard. It was dreadful that she should be so misunderstood.

For a whole minute Josey felt much hurt about this, but no sooner had she taken her seat under the big tree than she forgot it for the moment.

She was very affectionate to the doll, however, and wrapped the cloak about Ethel's throat, being afraid of the damp. While she was taking such good care of the doll, she heard a voice that said:

“Pur-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r! Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r! Tut-tut-tut-tut! Urrrta-urrrta-urrrta-urrrta-urrrta!”

She looked up, and there, on the ground in front of her, with his graceful tail waving over him like a banner, his little pointed ears erect, his fine eyes glistening like beads in sunshine, was Mr. Chipmunk, looking, oh, so brisk and cheerful!

He looked at her with one eye, twisted his head in a twinkling and looked at her with the other eye, sat up and curled his whiskers, laughed in the sauciest way, and then called again:

“Pur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! Urrrta - urrrta - urrrta - urrrta! Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!”

Josey burst out laughing, and actually dropped Ethel for a moment.

“Oh, you little dear!” she said, and stretched out both hands.

The chipmunk flirted himself from side to side with quick, graceful snaps, and then, with another snap, suddenly flirted himself to his old place on the little girl's shoulder.

"Well, how are we to-day?" he asked.

"I 'm well, but Ethel is looking pale," said Josey.

"Were n't you crying just now?"

"No, not exactly. Ethel was crying, or going to cry. Miss Meddlesome came and looked over the fence, and said that Ethel wore Spanish colors because she had red and yellow on her hat — as if that was anything!"

"As if it was! They might as well say that I 'm Spanish! I wear red and yellow, and I 'm no Spaniard. I 'm a true-blooded American. Can't you see my stripes?"

"Why, of course."

"Well. I believe that it was from me that they got the idea of the stripes in the flag."

Josey picked Ethel up and kissed her. "Of course you 're not Spanish," she said. "I know

she did n't cry that time she won't cry now when we leave her."

"When we leave her?" asked Josey, somewhat puzzled. "Why should we leave her? I don't understand."

"Yes. We can't bring her where we 're going."

"Why, where are we going?"

"To Topsy Turvy Town and all the other countries."

"Oh!" said Josey, getting up and dancing about with delight. "Tell me about it! Tell me about it!"

"I 'll sing about it; that 's the only way. I have to sing and dance when I tell it. So you must keep very quiet and pay attention to the words and tune."

With one spring the chipmunk left the little



JOSEY VISITS THE QUEEN OF THE BEE COUNTRY.

that you 're American. You 're the best little girl in the whole world. You went all the way to the fair and back, and never cried once. You are a real comfort to your mother—that 's what *you* are!"

"That 's good," said the chipmunk. "If

girl's shoulder and landed on top of a stump, and there, standing on his hind feet, he began to dance and wave his paws and his tail, and wag his ears and wink, till Josey nearly went into fits laughing at him. After a few moments, he sang this song:



## TOPSY TURVY TOWN.

In Topsy Turvy Town  
 They walk upon their heads, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town  
 They go downstairs to bed, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town  
 They shiver in the heat, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town,  
 Candies are not sweet, sir!



Cows are floating in the breeze,  
 Elephants singing in the trees,  
 Dinners cooking till they freeze,  
 In Topsy Turvy Town, sir!

In Topsy Turvy Town  
 The ships run on the land, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town  
 The water 's made of sand, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town  
 The children cry for school, sir;  
 In Topsy Turvy Town  
 They never break a rule, sir!



Pigs are walking in the sky,  
 Birds are grunting in the sty,  
 Children hate the sight of pie,  
 All in Topsy Turvy Town, sir!



Down jumped the chipmunk from the stump when he had finished his song.

"Hurry," he cried, "Oh, hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry! We 'll be late for the train!"

He tore about as if he was out of his senses—up to the top of the little girl's head, and down to the ground, and up on the stump, and down to the ground again, and then round and round and round in a circle.

"Why can't we take Ethel?" Josey asked.

"Because we are going ever so far and ever so fast, and babies are a nuisance."

"Oh, you should n't say that. You were a baby yourself one time."

"Yes; but I was as big a nuisance as the others then, so what they did I did n't mind. I do now, though, and I don't want any squalling babies along when I 'm traveling."

"Very well, then!" said the little girl.

She set Ethel upon the ground with her back against the big tree, and wrapped her up well with the shawl. She spread a book on her lap and put some toys where she could reach them. Then she left her.

The chipmunk got up on her shoulder with one bound, and away they started up the ladder.

"Hurry, hurry, hurry!" said the chipmunk. "We 'll be late for the train! We 'll be late for the train!"

But Josey only walked a little way up the ladder and then stopped. "If we leave her there she may cry," she said, "or something might get her."

"Oh, dear," said the chipmunk, "we 'll be awfully late! Come on! She does n't look a bit like crying. See, she 's smiling; she wants us to go away so that she can think."

"She 's smiling 'because she 's so good," said Josey. "She does n't want to worry her mother. But I would n't go away and leave you, dear—no, not for the whole world!"

Josey went down the ladder again and took Ethel in her arms.

"Poor itty sing," she said. "Oor own muzzer would n't leave oo!"

The chipmunk climbed up on the stump and pouted. "Oh, don't talk like that," he said. "It makes me tired, really. It does sound so foolish!"

"Well, don't be cross," said Josey, "and I will give you something nice."

She gave him a little gum-drop. When he

bit it, it stuck his jaws together, and he had to shake his head very hard to get them open again. But he liked it, just the same, and when it was eaten he patted his waistcoat and said :

"Oh," said the chipmunk, "if she 's useful, of course I don't mind taking her. But hurry ! Come on or we 'll all be late."

So they set off up the ladder again, and went



THE CHIPMUNK SINGS THE SONG OF TOPSY TURVY TOWN

"Ah, that makes me feel like a new man — by Jove, it does ! It 's the real thing !"

"Oh, you must n't say such things !" said Josey. "Mama says that no gentleman ever ought to use slang."

"Well, it was fine, anyway, and I hope you have some more. If we 're going to carry that child all the way we'll need something to make us feel strong," remarked the chipmunk.

"Gum-drops don't make people strong," said Josey ; "and you won't have to carry the child at all. She 's very good, and I feel sure she won't mind carrying you part of the way."

up and up and up till they came to the place where the little train was waiting.

The chipmunk would insist on riding on top of the engine, and they had to put him off three times before they could make a start. At last they all got settled, and Josey paid the fare in gum-drops, and the engine toot-tooted, and then they flew along faster than the birds, and Josey let Ethel look out of the window to see all the country ; and she never cried once, but kept smiling all the time.

And they went ever and ever so far, and then found they were in the frogs' country.

( To be continued.)





## THE BOYHOOD OF "THE CONQUEROR."

BY ADELE E. ORPEN.



tings, though most of us know little of him before that great victory. In the years preceding the battle there was much that was notable in his career. Indeed, his whole life was stirring and full of incident.

The future conqueror of England was born at Falaise, Normandy, in 1027, about the middle of the summer-time; and he always loved Falaise with singular affection. Amid his greatest dangers, when surrounded by treacherous friends and relentless foes, his eyes turned instinctively toward Falaise as to a harbor of refuge. It is a charming place. There is the battered old castle still on the crest of the rock; there is the deep valley creeping around its base; and, above all, there is the little stream where women wash clothes, just as they used to do in the brave days of old.

The Castle of Falaise is one of the most picturesque ruins in all France. It consists mainly of an immense square keep, or stronghold, and high, round tower, with walls running around the whole. King Henry IV. battered at the walls and the tower and the keep during the Huguenot wars. Indeed, the breach in the wall, where the Béarnais troops clambered up to the assault, may still be seen. It is very steep, and a frightful place to climb. A dozen valiant men might have held the bastion against almost any number of foes; but the besieged left the spot unguarded, and paid no attention to that hole, thinking the deep marshes at the foot of the tower would prevent attack.

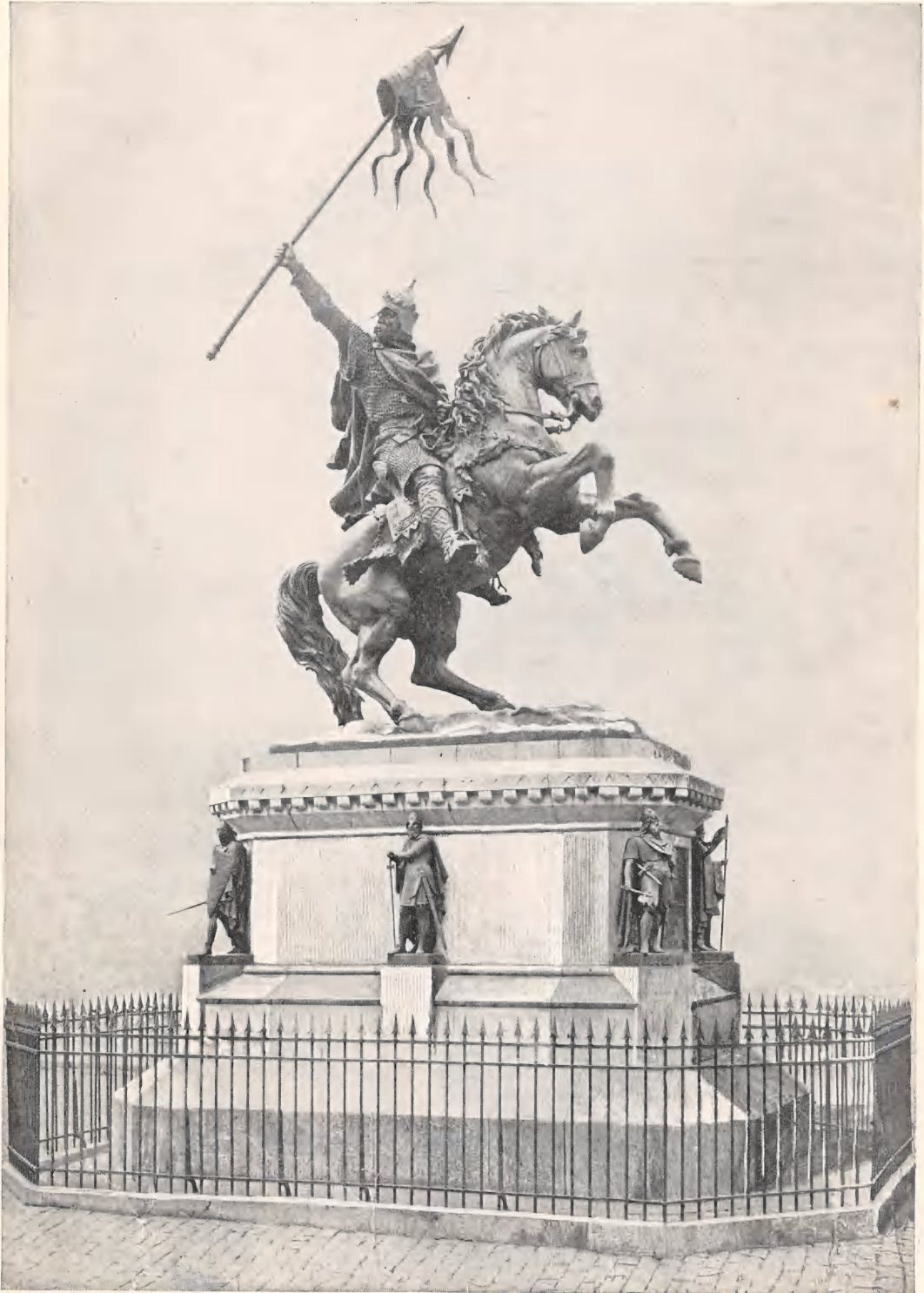
But the frost came and froze the marshes; the garrison forgot what a good roadway ice

could make; the besiegers crossed over, crept up, surprised the place, and took it.

After visiting the breach made by the troops of Henry IV., one is taken to the Talbot Tower. This superb structure one hundred and ten feet high, crowned by a diadem of *créneaux*, is rightly considered the finest tower in France. It is not the work of a Frenchman, however, but was built by the great Talbot of England, and is one of the remains of the short-lived empire of Henry V.

Yet, you say, all these things, though interesting and historical, have nothing to do with William the Conqueror. No, they have not; neither has the keep. The fact is, the Castle of Falaise, as we see it to-day, has nothing to do with William, for the reason that it was not built until the reign of his son Henry. It is true, however, there was formerly a castle on that very spot, and no doubt the foundations are those of the older building. The old guide does not tell one this. He believes that William was born in the present castle; and since he knows that travelers like to see the places where famous people were born, he leads one up a little stairway, and around the inside of the mighty keep, and whenever he comes to a window he shows how thick the wall is,—fifteen feet,—and finally he brings one to a little chamber built in the thickness of the wall. Then he strikes an attitude, and says: "Behold, my lords and ladies, where William the Conqueror was born!" One looks at the alcove, and reads, doubtingly, the lofty words inscribed on the wall which set forth how the mighty Conqueror first saw the light in that tiny room.

William's mother's name was Arlette, and she was a washerwoman—at least, she was washing clothes when Prince Robert first saw her. There is a little washing-fountain at Falaise, now, which goes by the name of the



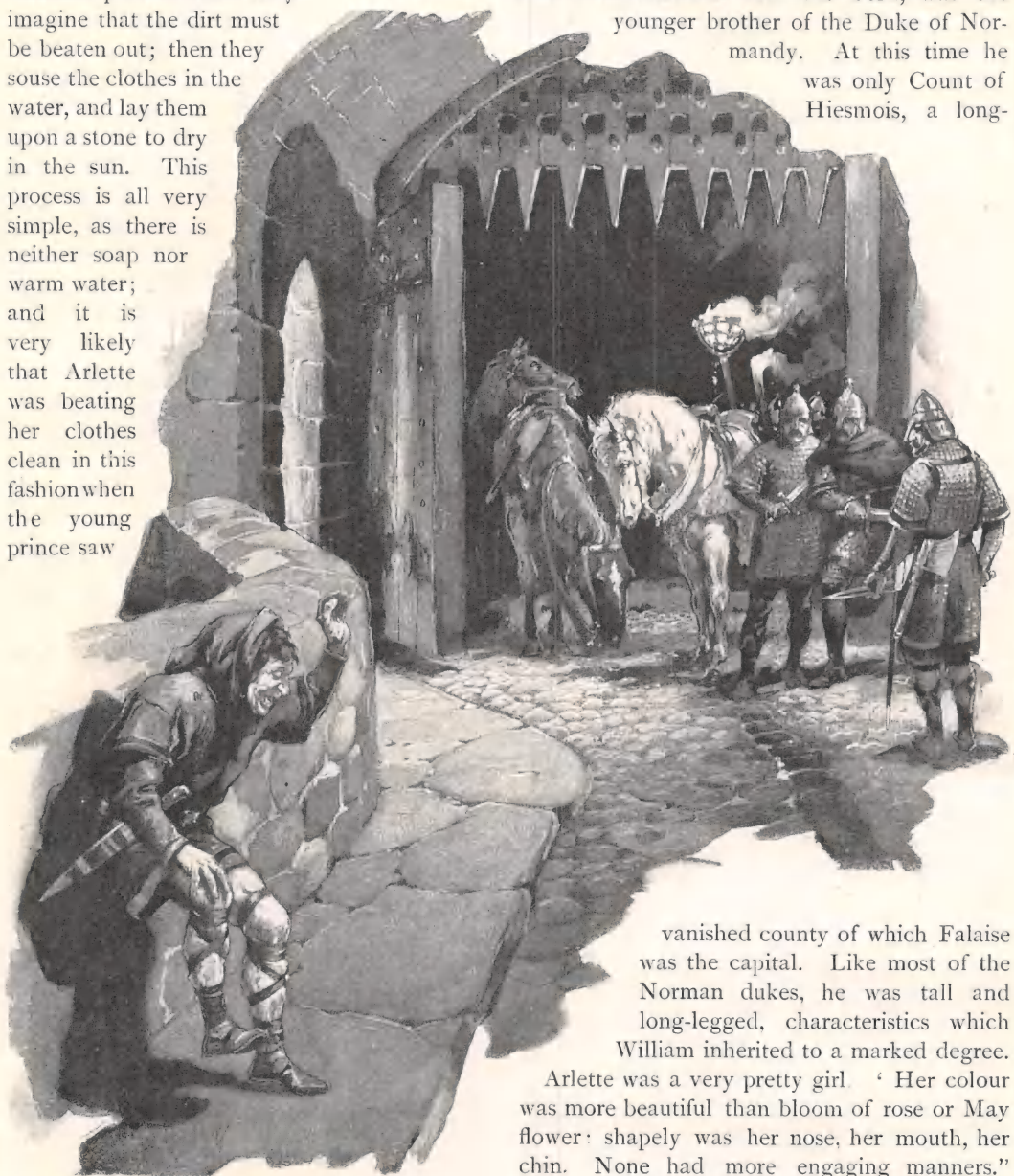
BRONZE STATUE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR IN THE SQUARE OF FALAISE, NORMANDY, HIS NATIVE TOWN.



fountain of Arlette; and people wash there just as William's mother used to wash. They put the clothes down on a board or stone, near the edge of the fountain, and whack them with a wooden paddle until they imagine that the dirt must be beaten out; then they souse the clothes in the water, and lay them upon a stone to dry in the sun. This process is all very simple, as there is neither soap nor warm water; and it is very likely that Arlette was beating her clothes clean in this fashion when the young prince saw

name was Fulbert. There are tanneries on the same spot now, and the smells of the place are probably as terrific as in more ancient times.

William's father, who was eighteen at the time his renowned son was born, was the younger brother of the Duke of Normandy. At this time he was only Count of Hiesmois, a long-



"HA, HA!" HE CRIED, WITH MAD GLEE, 'YOU 'RE LATE, MY SIR; YOU 'RE LATE. THE DUKE IS GONE!'"

her, fell in love with her, and very soon afterward determined to ask her to be his princess.

She was a tanner's daughter, and her father's

vanished county of which Falaise was the capital. Like most of the Norman dukes, he was tall and long-legged, characteristics which William inherited to a marked degree.

Arlette was a very pretty girl. 'Her colour was more beautiful than bloom of rose or May flower: shapely was her nose, her mouth, her chin. None had more engaging manners.'" So says Robert Wace, who wrote during the lifetime of her famous grandson. The first time she visited the castle she dressed herself with great care—put on a fresh white gown, and over that a pelisse laced at the throat, and then

a short mantle which well became her. Her hair was caught up in a net of fine silver. In fact she was so grand that the old chronicler cries out in admiration: "I know not if ever any one so beautiful was born." She was proud, too, this tanner's daughter, and would not come into the castle by the postern door, but bade the prince's servants open wide the great gate, so that she might ride in on her palfrey in all dignity, as befitted the chosen one of Count Robert.

Arlette dreamed a dream which turned out so very true that one suspects the dream was invented to fit the event—as often happens. However this may be, poets and chroniclers alike tell how one night she awoke sore affrighted, and on being asked what was the matter, said she had dreamed that she saw a great tree, and that it grew and grew until it overshadowed all Normandy, and the sea, and the broad English land. Of course this meant her son William, who from the very outset was a most vigorous baby. His first exploit was to grasp a wisp of straw with such force that the goodwives round about instantly predicted how he would hold all he got. The same superstition exists to-day, and nurses often foretell a baby's character from the way it holds its hands. If it sleeps with its hands open it will be of a careless, generous nature; if, on the contrary, the child keeps its hands tightly closed, it will in after years look well to its belongings. If there had been any truth in the common superstition, it was to be expected that William would grasp all within his reach and keep fast hold of it!

The count was greatly delighted with his little son. He took the child to the Church of the Holy Trinity, just outside the castle gate, and there had him baptized with much ceremony. The church stands in a square which now bears the name of that famous baby, and in the center of the square stands a statue showing him grown to man's estate, and seated upon a charger who rears aloft with all the fire and movement that art can put into bronze. This statue of William the Conqueror is one of the finest works of modern French art, and represents the hero at the moment when the battle of Hastings seemed lost, and he turns back to

look at his fleeing followers, while fiercely waving his standard in the direction of the foe.

Robert named his boy after his own famous ancestor, William, called "Longsword," and treated the mother "as if she had indeed been the daughter of the king of France."

When he was two years old, his father became Duke of Normandy by reason of the death of an elder brother, Richard; and when William was just seven, his father went on that long pilgrimage to Jerusalem, whence he was never to return.

Before he started, however, the Duke went to Rouen, where he assembled his barons; and when they all were seated in the great hall of the palace, he had his little boy brought in, and then begged the barons to swear fealty to the child. They seem to have been somewhat taken aback at first; however, they ended by swearing to make his son William duke over Normandy, in case his father should never come back. Having, as he imagined, thus made everything safe at home, the Duke set off to Jerusalem.

But he was scarce out of Normandy before the whole duchy fell into confusion. Each baron seemed to think himself independent, and claimed the right to act as he pleased. And of course the child duke could do absolutely nothing to check the disorder. His friends had their hands full in keeping him alive and safe. His mother had married and was now the mother of another son, destined to become famous as Odo, Bishop of Bayeux; but William had a hard time of it. First one governor was murdered, and then another, then his uncle, then his seneschal—almost every one about him who was of consequence. The lad was at one time hidden away among the mean cottages of Falaise, because the castle, thick as its walls might be, was not strong enough to shield him from the enemies who broke into his lodging at night and stabbed his preceptor as he lay asleep beside the little duke.

And so the stormy years of his childhood passed, and William grew in size and strength until he became one of the tallest and strongest men of his time. He was a fearless rider, and could shoot well with the bow. This was a newly introduced weapon, and Norman nobles



were very fond of practising with it. William himself became a famous bowman, and nothing delighted him more than a shooting-match where he could show his skill, with his friends to compete with him.

One of these shooting-matches nearly cost him his life. He was about twenty years old when, in early summer of the year 1047, he went, with a large train of friends and attendants, to shoot at Valognes. In those days there were great forests covering the hills and valleys around Valognes, and as these forests were full of game, the young duke and his friends expected to enjoy themselves. They formed so large a party that they had to separate and lodge where they could in the town. This left the duke with only a few servants in the castle. In the middle of the night he was suddenly awakened by a loud knocking, and the shouting of some one mounting the stairs to his chamber. He listened, and recognized the voice of Gallet, a strolling buffoon, whom he knew very well, and to whom he had frequently given little trifles.

"Fly! fly!" shouted the buffoon. "William, thou art lost! Fly, sweet friend! Thy murderers are coming! I saw them. Fly, or thou wilt be taken!"

William had been through too many dangers, and had had too many narrow escapes, to neglect such a warning. He believed that Gallet, though but a fool, spoke the truth. He sprang from his bed, and in his night-dress, with only a short cloak flung upon his shoulders, dashed downstairs and into the courtyard. Perhaps he heard the sound of armed men approaching; perhaps he needed to hear nothing more in order to realize his danger; at all events, he seized the first horse he could find, leaped upon it bareback, and rode for his life.

Not a moment too soon. He had scarce galloped out of the courtyard before several armed men rode hurriedly into it. Gallet met them at the entrance. He had seen them a short time before from his hay-loft at the inn, when they were preparing for their murderous errand, and whence he had run to warn his "sweet friend" William. He knew them and their purpose. "Ha, ha!" he cried, with mad glee, "you're late, my sirs; you're late. The duke is gone!

William is off! Your stroke has missed! But hark ye; bide a bit. He will pay you! You made him pass a bad night — he will make you see an ill day." And then he capered derisively about them.

And what of the duke? He was riding furiously eastward, heading for the wide ford where the river Vire meets the sea in a great three-mile stretch of sand, nearly bare at low water. The young man plunged into the water at Sainte-Marie-du-Mont, and owing to the clear moonlight, crossed over in safety to Saint Clément's Church on the opposite side near Isigny. It was a dangerous place to cross alone at night, but he was in a sore strait, and he had no choice.

The tide was rising fast, and as William came dripping out of the sea he knew that he had won the first round in the game. There was no other ford across the Vire, and until the tide fell again no one could follow him. He entered the church and fell upon his knees, and offered up a prayer of thanks for his safety. The little Church of St. Clément, mostly rebuilt, stands to-day in the same place, at the eastern side of the ford, which, in memory of that night, and the man who rode across, goes by the name of Vé-le-Duc (the Duke's Way). But people do not any longer cross by that long ford, for there are bridges farther inland, which, had they existed in William's time, would have inevitably cost him his life.

Whither was William riding? To Falaise. And he got there, too, in safety, after covering one hundred and twenty miles. But he did not go all the way alone and friendless. At Rye he found a true friend who not only gave him a fresh horse but lent him four young sons as escort. Hubert de Rye had no reason to regret this act of kindness toward his fugitive sovereign. Many years afterward, when king of England, William showed that he remembered this timely help by heaping wealth and honors on those four boys who rode with him into Falaise on the day of the disastrous shooting-match of Valognes.

But the men who had intended to kill the young duke did not rest quiet when they found their intended victim had slipped through their fingers. They collected a great army, and

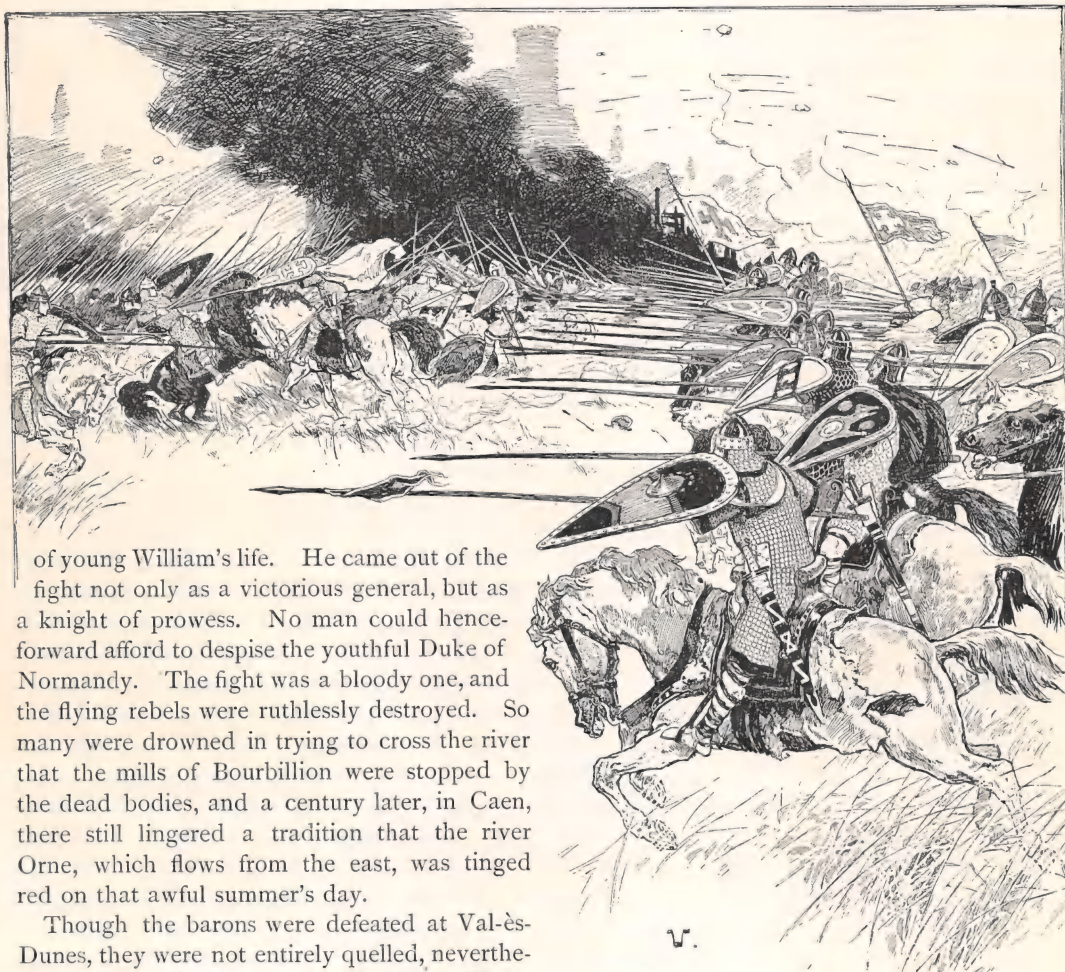


attempted to destroy him in open battle. William met them on the bleak plains east of Caen, and soon showed them he was a valiant soldier as well as a swift-footed fugitive.

The battle named Val-ès-Dunes, which was fought on August 10, 1047, is the turning-point

ous profession for the good bishop, but at Hastings he laid about him with a heavy club, killing every one he struck! He had refused to wield a sword, because he was a churchman and a man of peace.

William resented furiously any allusion to or



of young William's life. He came out of the fight not only as a victorious general, but as a knight of prowess. No man could henceforward afford to despise the youthful Duke of Normandy. The fight was a bloody one, and the flying rebels were ruthlessly destroyed. So many were drowned in trying to cross the river that the mills of Bourbillion were stopped by the dead bodies, and a century later, in Caen, there still lingered a tradition that the river Orne, which flows from the east, was tinged red on that awful summer's day.

Though the barons were defeated at Val-ès-Dunes, they were not entirely quelled, nevertheless. They rebelled again and again. There was a William at Arques who stood a long siege and was subdued only by hunger, and one, Guy of Brionne, held out for three years. Both these men were powerful nobles, and relatives of William, but he conquered both. It is curious to see how stern and unrelenting William always showed himself toward his kindred on his father's side, while he was the most loving and generous of lords to every one related to his mother. He made his half-brother Odo Bishop of Bayeux. It was rather an incongru-

slur upon the unsavory trade of his grandfather. He could not bear to be called a tanner. The most wantonly cruel action of his life may be directly traced to this feeling. When besieging Alençon, the inhabitants exercised their wit at his expense by hanging cowhides along the outside of their walls, and shouting: "Hides for the tanner!" William fell into a violent rage. He solemnly vowed that he would cause all who fell into his power to repent of their mirth.

CHARGE OF DUKE WILLIAM'S KNIGHTS AT VAL-ÈS-DUNES.



Soon afterward he captured thirty-two prisoners, and treated them with the greatest cruelty. Alençon belonged to that old William Taloas who had prophesied about William when that great conqueror was yet a baby; and in after years the old man's prophecy was amply fulfilled, for the house of Taloas was indeed brought to ruin and to shame by the hand of William of Normandy.

When about twenty-five years old, William married Matilda of Flanders, who was always a faithful and most loving wife to him. She is popularly supposed to have busied her-

self in elaborate worsted-work while her lord was away at the English Conquest. But that quaint and intensely interesting production known as the Bayeux tapestry, by far the most authentic piece of contemporary Norman history which has come down to us, was not stitched by Matilda and her maidens. It deals exclusively with the later drama of William's life, the conquest of England, for which his long and stormy boyhood had prepared him by making him, in the words of the Saxon chronicler, "eke so stark a man and wroth that no man durst do anything against his will."

## OLD EGYPT AND ITS NEWEST WONDER.

BY JENNIE DAY HAINES.



was one of the most noted places of ancient times, and she was only one of the great Egyptian cities. The Pyramids stand today, and will stand for ages, as lasting monuments of the gigantic labor and wonderful skill of the ancient Egyptians.

The Sphinx still faces the desert, as when, according to the story, she is supposed to have asked her famous riddle, "What is it that walks on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three in the evening?" Many generations of men (for "Man," who creeps, walks,

and then uses a staff, is the answer to the riddle) have walked to and fro on the face of the earth, and come and gone; but the Sphinx of the Egyptian desert still remains.

The Egyptian custom of preserving their dead is one of the most remarkable things in the history of the world, as you know from your books, and from the mummies in museums.

It is said, too, that geometry began with the Egyptians, and their system of hieroglyphic writing puzzled the learned men of all nations for ages, as St. NICHOLAS has already told you.

The oldest known canal in the world was built by Joseph (the son of Jacob and brother of Benjamin) at Pharaoh's command, and for four thousand years it has never ceased to fulfil its purpose of watering an entire province, and it has thus enabled that territory to support a large population through all these centuries.

In fact, the whole country of Lower Egypt has long been crossed and recrossed by canals, through which the yearly overflow has watered the Nile country; and the artificial Lake Mœris was dug deep, that it might draw off any excess of the river's flood.

So it seems fitting that now, during the closing years of this nineteenth century, old

Egypt should undertake a wonderful feat of modern engineering. Although about seven times the size of the whole of New England, the "practical" part of Egypt, the strip of land along the Nile, is only as large as the States of Vermont and Rhode Island, containing about ten thousand five hundred square miles of soil that can be cultivated.

Sixteen years ago the English took charge of Egypt, and the country has steadily grown in prosperity since that time. And at last, after a good deal of opposition, the English engineers have induced the government of Egypt to build a great dam across the Nile at Assuan, which will send back into Nubia a body of water one hundred and forty miles long, and create in the heart of the African desert a lake about three times as large as Lake Geneva in Switzerland. The water of the historic Nile is to be so controlled that its flood can be turned into distant channels at will — a marvelous undertaking, indeed! "Harnessing the Nile," Mr. Penfield, formerly United States consul-general in Egypt, calls this achievement in a recent number of "The Century."

The British contractors, with a large number of native workmen, are already at work, and hope to complete the great dam in 1903. It is

to be built of the same granite as the obelisk which now stands in Central Park, and the first order was for three millions of barrels of cement. Its height is to be seventy-six feet, its length one and one half miles, and the top, thirty to forty feet wide, will be used as a bridge.

During flood-time the river will have to run unimpeded through the dam for several months of the year; but when the flood subsides, and there is a surplus of water over what is necessary, it will be held for use during the parched summer months; for, as you know, Egypt is an almost rainless land. So the structure will be divided into many strong piers, with openings that can be closed at will by gates. The estimated cost of the entire work is twenty-four million dollars, to be paid at the rate of eight hundred thousand dollars a year for thirty years.

The agriculture and crops of Egypt depend on the overflow of the Nile, and the great dam from which water will be drawn with regularity for Middle Egypt and the Delta will add, it is thought, about one hundred million dollars to the value of the country, as two or three more crops may be raised every year.

If successful in its object, the great dam at Assuan which is to harness the Nile will be one of the modern wonders of the world.

## MARCH DAYS.

THE sun shone warm and the south wind blew  
Till ice and snow were gone;  
The streamlets, loosed from winter's thrall,  
Went gaily babbling on.  
The bluebird sang in the city park,  
In joy of a nest begun,  
And the goldfish wriggled their little tails  
And darted up at the sun.  
The squirrel chattered, and leaped, and frisked  
All over the leafless boughs,  
And out of his door the nut-shells whisked  
By way of cleaning house.  
The peach-tree, eager and bold, with pride  
Hurried her blossoms out,  
And a frisky frog, up from the bog,  
Piped loud, as he looked about.

Then the Winter King with a sudden bound  
Came back from the North, and whirled  
Thick clouds of snowflakes all around,  
Enshrouding the goldfish world.  
Every bush and bough he loaded with snow,  
Heaped full the unfinished nest,  
While the bluebird hid in the squirrel's home,  
A silent but welcome guest.  
He ate of the crumbs his friend let fall,  
And they tasted sweet and good;  
While the frog, asleep in the muddy deep,  
Cared neither for warmth nor food.  
But woe for the peach-tree's eager haste,  
And woe for her blossoms fair,  
When they felt the touch of the biting frost  
And the chill of the wintry air!

*Mary A. Gillette.*





# BOOKS AND READING



THE LIST OF ONE HUNDRED BOOKS.

OUR readers will remember that shortly after the book-list competition in the July number, the editors promised to suggest, by the aid of the competing lists, a library of one hundred chosen books for children's permanent reading. Owing to the extra work required by the holiday numbers, the publication of this list has been several times postponed. The first draft has now been completed, and a list from which to choose the names of the one hundred books is given below.

It must be remembered, in considering the books thus recommended, that the editors have been bound by the same restrictions announced in the conditions of the prize competition—that is, they have excluded books that are chiefly religious, books that are meant mainly for reference, and those that are educational rather than literary; in other words, the intention is to put upon this list standard books which children will read as literature rather than for information.

There has been some hesitation in including one or two of the titles given in the list. For example, certain of our correspondents, in making their lists, had spoken doubtfully on the question of naming "Pilgrim's Progress," because it is a work decidedly for religious instruction. Nevertheless, the position occupied by the immortal allegory as an example of simple, good English, and of strong, dramatic

narration, makes good its claim to inclusion in a child's library.

There are, of course, a number of selections of verse and prose which any child might be glad to possess and to read, but, owing to the difficulty of selecting among the many offered, it has been judged wisest to select few of these and to confine this list mainly to books of original work rather than to compilations.

It is not to be hoped that this preliminary list of one hundred books will prove satisfactory to all of our readers and their friends. The object of the editors in its preparation will be attained if they have succeeded in including most of the works which should form the nucleus of a permanent library for children. It is hoped that the publication of the list will call forth whatever criticism or comment will serve to complete it, revise it, and render it more useful. Correspondence for this purpose will be welcomed.

Of course, in many cases there is a choice in editions, and the age of the child for whom the work is intended will so largely influence the selection that it is impossible to indicate here which one is best for a particular reader. Therefore, as in the case of the plays of Shakspeare, it has been deemed sufficient to indicate that the parent or teacher who selects the book should procure an edition properly edited, and in other respects appropriate for the young reader.

## BEST BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK.

### I. STANDARD BOOKS.

1. Æsop, Fables.\*
2. Andersen, Fairy Tales.
3. Brown, Marjorie Fleming; Rab and his Friends.
4. Browning, Poems: Pied Piper of Hamelin; Ride from Ghent to Aix; Hervé Riel.\*
5. Bulwer, Last Days of Pompeii.
6. Bunyan, Pilgrim's Progress.\*
7. "Carroll," Alice in Wonderland; Through the Looking-Glass.
8. Cervantes, Don Quixote.\*
9. Cooper, The Spy; The Pilot; Leatherstocking Tales.
10. Cottin, Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia.
11. Dana, Two Years before the Mast.
12. Defoe, Robinson Crusoe.

\* See notes at the end of the list.

13. Dickens, Christmas Stories; Old Curiosity Shop; Child's History of England.
14. Edgeworth, The Parent's Assistant.
15. Fouqué, Undine.\*
16. Gaskell, Cranford.
17. Hale, The Man without a Country; Ten Times One is Ten.
18. Hawthorne, Wonder Book; Tanglewood Tales; Grandfather's Chair; The Snow Image.
19. Hughes, Tom Brown at Rugby; Tom Brown at Oxford.
20. Irving, Alhambra; Sketch-Book; Bracebridge Hall.
21. Kingsley, Water Babies; Greek Heroes; Westward Ho! Madam How and Lady Why.
22. Laboulaye, Fairy Tales.
23. La Fontaine's Fables.
24. Longfellow, Poems.\*
25. Lowell, Poems.\*
26. Macaulay, Lays of Ancient Rome.
27. Macdonald, At the Back of the North Wind.
28. Plutarch, Lives.\*
29. Polo (Marco), Voyages and Travels.\*
30. Porter (Jane), Scottish Chiefs.
31. Raspe, Baron Munchausen.\*
32. Ruskin, Sesame and Lilies; King of the Golden River; Ethics of the Dust.
33. Saint-Pierre, Paul and Virginia.\*
34. Scott, Poems; Ivanhoe; The Talisman; Quentin Durward; The Abbot.
35. Shakspeare, Plays; Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare.\*
36. Spenser, Poems; or Story of the Red Cross Knight.\*
37. Swift, Gulliver's Travels.\*
38. Tennyson, Poems.\*
39. Thackeray, The Rose and the Ring.
40. Wyss, Swiss Family Robinson.
41. Yonge, Book of Golden Deeds; Heir of Redclyffe; Dove in the Eagle's Nest; The Daisy Chain.

## COLLECTED POEMS AND STORIES.

42. Grimm, Household Tales.
43. Stories from the Arabian Nights.\*
44. Fairy Stories: Sleeping Beauty; Cinder-

- ella; Jack and the Beanstalk; Puss-in-Boots; Goody Two Shoes, etc.\*
45. Mother Goose.
46. Baby World.
47. Bulfinch, Age of Fable; Age of Chivalry; Legends of Charlemagne.
48. Baldwin, Story of Roland; Story of Siegfried.
49. Frost, Knights of the Round Table; Wagner Story Book.
50. Church, Stories from the Iliad; Stories from the Odyssey.\*
51. Henley, Lyra Heroica.
52. Lanier, Boys' King Arthur; Boys' Froissart.
53. Patmore, Child's Garland of Verse.
54. Thacher, The Listening Child.
55. Palgrave, Golden Treasury (for children).
56. Scudder, Children's Book.

II. BOOKS OF MORE RECENT FAME,  
OR BY LIVING AUTHORS.

57. Alcott, Little Women.
58. Aldrich, The Story of a Bad Boy.
59. De Amicis, Cuoré.
60. Andrews, Ten Boys who Lived on the Way from Long Ago to Now.
61. Bennett, Master Skylark.
62. Burnett, Little Lord Fauntleroy.
63. Burroughs, Wake-Robin; Pepacton.
64. "Coolidge," What Katy Did (series).
65. Davis, Stories for Boys.
66. Dodge, Hans Brinker.
67. Doyle, The White Company.
68. Eggleston, The Hoosier Schoolboy.
69. Ewing, Daddy Darwin's Dovecot; Mary's Meadow; Jackanapes; Story of a Short Life.
70. Grahame, The Golden Age.
71. Harris, Uncle Remus.
72. Howells, A Boy's Town.
73. Jamison, Lady Jane.
74. Kipling, Jungle Book; Second Jungle Book.
75. "Ouida," Bimbi; A Dog of Flanders; Two Little Wooden Shoes.
76. Pyle, Merry Adventures of Robin Hood; Men of Iron.
77. Richards, Captain January.
78. Roosevelt and Lodge, Hero Tales from American History.

\* See notes at the end of the list.



79. Seawell, Decatur and Somers.
80. Sewell, Black Beauty.
81. Stevenson, Child's Garden of Verses; Treasure Island; Kidnapped.
82. Stockton, Rudder Grange; The Floating Prince; Ting-a-Ling Tales.
83. Stuart, Sonny.
84. Thompson, Wild Animals I have Known; Trail of the Sand-hill Stag.
85. "Twain," The Prince and the Pauper.
86. Verne, Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea; Around the World in Eighty Days; From the Earth to the Moon; A Journey to the Center of the Earth.
87. Warner, Being a Boy.
88. Wiggin, The Birds' Christmas Carol; The Story of Patsy.
89. Trowbridge, Jack Hazard; His One Fault; The Scarlet Tanager.
90. Parkman, Oregon Trail.
91. Shaw, Castle Blair.
92. Munroe, Through Swamp and Glade.
93. Du Chaillu, African Stories.
94. Lear, The Book of Nonsense.
95. Marryat, Snarleywow.
96. De Witt, A French Country Family.
97. Hale, The Peterkin Papers.
98. Ingelow, Mopsa the Fairy.
99. Erckmann-Chatrian, Madame Thérèse.
100. Wilkins, Young Lucretia.

Our readers are invited to aid in revising this suggested list, and to make such comments as will tend to improve it in any respect.

Some remarks upon the various books or authors named are collected here for convenience. The numbers refer to the numbers in the list.

1. What are the best editions of Æsop?
4. Is there a good selection of Browning's poems for young readers?
6. What edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" is preferable?
8. What of "Don Quixote"?
15. "Undine" — what translation is recommended?
- 24, 25, 38. Longfellow, Lowell, and Tennyson appear in many editions. We should like a list of those best adapted to young readers.
- 28, 29, 31, 33. What are the best translations?
35. Rolfe's and the Riverside editions are well known. Are there more recent editions of the plays for young readers? Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" is, of course, for the youngest.
36. In what form is Spenser best read?
40. Is there not an excellent edition of "The Swiss Family Robinson"?
- 37, 43, 44. What editions of "Gulliver's Travels" and "The Arabian Nights" are best, and what are the best collections of the old "Fairy Stories"?
46. "Baby World" is, of course, for the very young.
50. In what form is it best for children to read Homer?
95. What are the best of Marryat's for young readers? Something of Jacob Abbott's should be included; but he is so voluminous a writer that we should like our readers' suggestions of his best books.

#### IN A LIBRARY.

<p>ABASHED I stand, yet eager, like Aladdin awed before The cavern of enchantment, with darksome, magic door; For 'mid the cloistered shadows there wait on every side The portals of the mystic realms my word can open wide.</p> <p>What need of sprite or genie? What use of lamp or ring? I have the word that opens, the wonder-charm I bring; I am my own magician, when, with my wand in hand, I come a seeking pilgrim into the bookman's land.</p>	<p>Why pause in doubtful longing? I need but choose the gate — I need but speak the magic word for which the hinges wait; The door will swing obedient and open me the way To Egypt or to Arden, to Chile or Cathay.</p> <p>O covers of a wealth of books, O wizard hinged doors, What treasures do you lock from me, what wonder-realm is yours! Nay, mine, all mine to conjure with, the simple A B C — The charm I learned, a little child, beside my mother's knee.</p>
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*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

## PRUE, PLEASED AND POUTING.

BY ROSE MILLS POWERS.

WHEN Prue was pleased,  
The nursery folks were happy as could be;  
Miss French-Doll smiled, and Pierrot never  
teased,  
And all the dollies lived in harmony—  
When Prue was pleased.

When Prue would pout,  
The nursery was a sadly dismal place;  
Miss French-Doll sneered, and Pierrot was  
a lout,  
And every dolly wore a sorry face—  
When Prue would pout.

“ Please, pretty Prue,”  
The little nursery people all implore,  
“ Be always sweet and gay and cheerful—  
do!  
And we 'll not scold or quarrel any more—  
Please, pretty Prue!”

## THE SKEE-HUNTERS.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

A SNOW-STORM, heavy even for the high altitudes of Colorado and Montana, had just come to an end. The wind had literally blown itself out, and the mountains, peaks, and cañons of the great inland plateau were covered with snow, heaped and piled in marvelous drifts that changed the entire appearance of the country, raising great mounds of white in unexpected places, and covering the land for thousands of square miles with a mantle of dazzling white—the winter quilt of nature, protecting the resting trees, shrubs, and other vegetation from the deadly blizzard that swept so relentlessly over the land.

The wind had gone down, and there had followed a cold so intense that the upper surface of the snow had frozen into an icy sheet, glistening in the sunlight like silver, throwing back a thousand hues and rays.

One deep cañon in particular presented a singular appearance. It was a perfect cradle of snow, many hundred feet deep, with sloping sides, and trees like huge pompons rising on the summits of them, the interior being perfectly smooth. On the morning after the storm several furred and muffled figures could be seen

stealing along beneath the trees. Each had those peculiar snow-shoes, called “skees,” fastened to his feet, and each held a long pole firmly in his hand. The skees were pieces of wood seven feet in length and half an inch thick, turned up tightly at the end, and were really little sleds on which the men walked and slid along.

The latter were not ordinary hunters, but men famous in their county for their skill in skee-racing, and trained in the dangerous art of sliding down a mountain-side at a speed inconceivable to any one who has not witnessed it in the northern counties of California, where skee-racing is a favorite pastime, and men become very skilful. These men were engaged in a more serious work. They were the hunters who supply wild animals to the zoölogical gardens, or to the circus, or to any one who desires living wild animals. Every man was a tried woodsman; every one had killed the great game of the Rocky Mountain country—grizzlies, mountain-sheep, black bear, mountain-lion, and many more; and to-day they were in search of the elk, specimens of which were desired to stock a great game-preserve in the East.

It would have been an easy matter to go out





"THE HERD PLUNGED THROUGH THE DEEP SNOW."

and shoot an elk, as the men could have crept upon them from some concealment; but it was necessary to take them alive and uninjured, and this explained the stealthy movements of the men as they crept along the upper edge of the great cañon that dropped away beneath them.

They walked from tree to tree, keeping on the side away from the edge, but occasionally they would creep to it and glance carefully over into the cañon, looking up and down.

Suddenly one of the party stopped and uttered a low whistle. Looking in the direc-

tion indicated, the others saw a herd of elk standing deep in the snow in a secluded corner. The hunters at once left the edge of the cañon, and, now out of sight, hurried on until they reached a point directly opposite the herd. Here they held a hasty consultation, and then, at the orders of the leader, they crept out and found themselves directly above the herd.

Grasping their poles more firmly, they swung themselves lightly over the edge, and then began one of the most exciting and remarkable races possible to imagine: five men rushing down the mountain-side with the speed of the wind — now sliding along the smooth surface, now rising on a slight incline and bounding into the air. They seemed more like shadows gliding down the white sides of the cañon than like mere men.

The herd had seen the hunters at once, and, terror-stricken, dashed away, breaking through the crust, plunging through the deep snow, and becoming, in a moment, at the mercy of the flying men, who, with loud shouts, dashed down among them, even going some distance up the other side in their wild race. But they turned to slide again among the terrified elk, that now headed down the cañon, urged on by the hunters, who easily approached them. The men, by cries and shouts, added to the animals' alarm.

The object of the men was to drive them out

upon the level plain below, and so, selecting the animals they wished to capture, they threw their lariats over the branching horns and literally "drove" before them the elk steeds they had chosen.

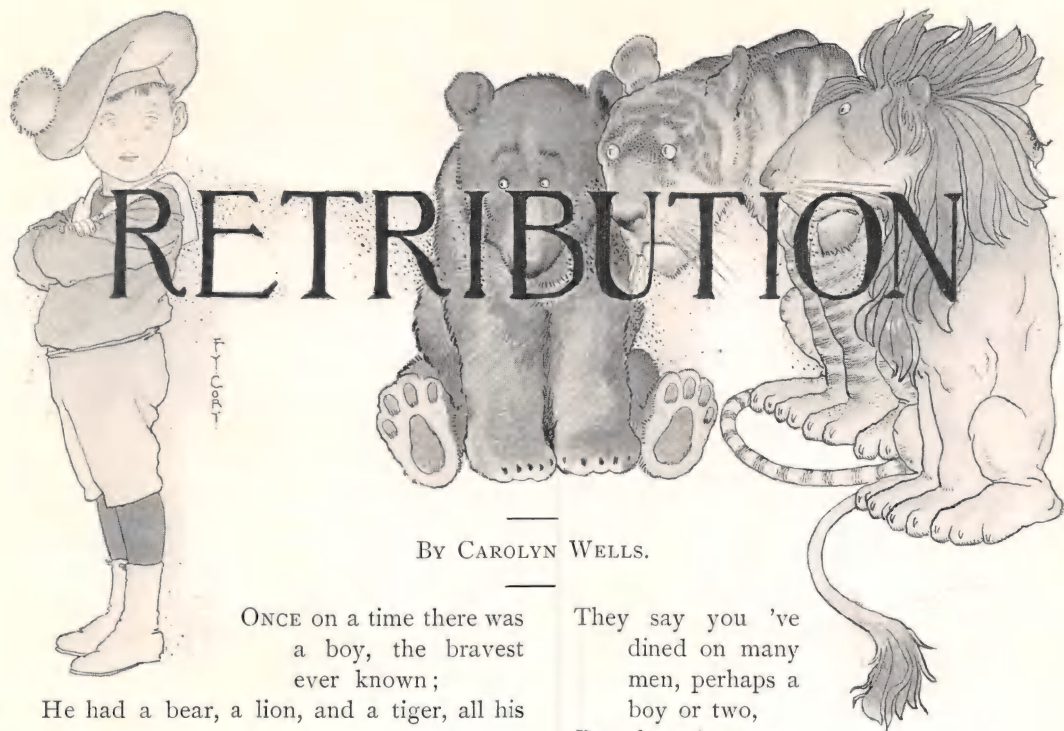
The cañon was presently left behind, and at its entrance the men selected the two elk they wished to keep, and a photographer took their pictures as they are here shown — plunged deep in the snow, no doubt trembling with fear at the strange instrument aimed at them, defenseless and helpless, though the open country was before them.

When the elk could no longer be driven, they were caught, bound, placed upon sleds brought for the purpose, and hauled to the ranch. Here they were released in a game corral, and were fed until spring, and until the snow had melted so the railway could be reached. They were then hauled to the nearest station and shipped to the game preserve for which they were captured.

In this way, by plunging down with great velocity among the animals, scattering them here and there, and forcing them to break through the snow-crust, nearly all elk are taken. Even bears and wolves are sometimes captured in the same manner, though the latter are more often followed by wolf-hounds that have been carefully trained for the purpose.

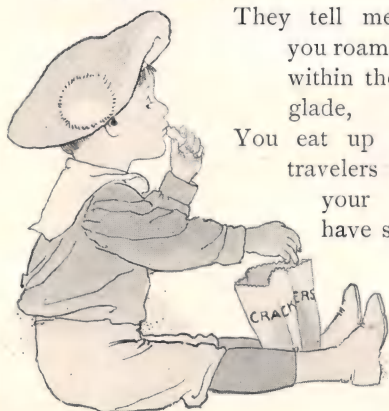






BY CAROLYN WELLS.

ONCE on a time there was  
a boy, the bravest  
ever known;  
He had a bear, a lion, and a tiger, all his  
own.  
He kept them in his nursery, and that  
boy, I do declare,  
Would boldly face the lion and the tiger  
and the bear.  
One day he proudly spake to them: "Well  
may you crouch and cower!  
O mighty beasts, your fate is sealed; I  
have you in my power.  
But ere I send you to your doom, to you  
I 'll kindly state  
Why on your unprotected heads must fall  
this direful fate.



They tell me, when  
you roam at large  
within the jungle  
glade,  
You eat up passing  
travelers who in  
your haunts  
have strayed.

They say you 've  
dined on many  
men, perhaps a  
boy or two,  
But there 's a pos-  
sibility these tales may not be true.  
So one last chance I 'll give you your  
defamers to defy:  
I 'll set you free if you their accusations  
can deny."

When the lion and the tiger and the bear  
this offer heard,  
They sat in sober silence and they never  
said a word.

"Ha!" cried the boy, "you cannot say  
these stories are not true;  
Then tit for tat! Justice demands, my  
friends, that I eat you!"

The shamefaced beasts could not deny  
that this was only fair,  
So that boy ate up the tiger and the lion  
and the bear!

THE END

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

"YE auld scamp! an' wad ye be killin' the wee one?"

The big lake steamer was plowing her way through the blue waters of old Superior, and it was the captain who was speaking out so angrily.

I was standing on the upper deck near the wheel-house when I heard him cry out, an unusual thing for this taciturn Scotch captain. I had been on other voyages with him, and had seen him in fierce storms and under annoying circumstances of various kinds, but I had never seen him so aroused before.

And the ire of the good captain, strange as it may seem, was all due to his tenderness. A wide-winged brown hawk had swooped down to the deck and was trying to kill a tiny bird which had come on board for safety. The captain drove off the hungry hawk, and gave the little wanderer protection.

We were not more than a dozen miles from shore, and a flock of these tiny birds had been following the boat for an hour. They had taken up their position alongside the extreme bow of the steamer, where the spray sometimes dashed over them, for the wind was high. They seemed tireless as with graceful, rhythmic leaps and bounds they kept pace with the swift boat. Still, now and then some poor little fellow, too tired to fly farther and unwilling to alight on board, would drop suddenly and be engulfed in the icy waters. If we had been going south instead of north, the whole flock would have been seen perched on the rigging or hiding away in secluded places about the decks. It was late in the season, and we were headed northward, and the birds knew it. It was time for them to be on their way to the warm South, and they knew we were going away from that sunny region. Had the captain turned our boat's prow about and headed the steamer for the South, it would not have taken them long

to have discovered the change in course. They knew it was high time for them to be sailing southward, and yet they were too far from land for them to venture to leave the companionship of the boat, and the South they longed for was too far away across the great lake for them to make the passage a-wing.

It is quite wonderful what instinct — or possibly we ought to call it sagacity — these little birds show in cases of this kind.

One day from the deck of the same steamer a gentleman shot eleven of these fierce brown hawks. They were attracted to the boat by the flocks of tiny birds following the steamer.

Many odd bird incidents happen on the Great Lakes. Some of the land-birds have great endurance, even if tiny in size; but when the boat to which they have come for a friendly visit steams out into the broad lake, scores of miles from shore, the birds often become tired out with long flying, and then they will settle themselves down in out-of-the-way nooks and wait for the steamer to come again within flying distance of land.

The birds then become very tame. They will alight on the deck, run and hop along in and out among the steamer-chairs, perch on the gay canvas canopy above the heads of the passengers, and pass so close to you that you would think they had been accustomed to people all their lives long. If you wish, you may approach to within a foot or two of the bright-eyed little fellows. They will eye you sharply or shyly, as the mood seems to come over them. There is a great fascination in approaching so close to birds wild from the great pine forests of the wooded shores. They are like wild animals, who, in the presence of great danger, are not afraid of man, but are the rather calmed by his presence.

I have several times seen a bird alight on the open book in the hands of a lady reading on



the deck, and you need not be surprised if one of them puts his tiny feet lightly down upon your shoulder when you are sitting quietly in some sheltered place.

A dainty little fellow dressed in brown and green flew directly into the captain's arms one

tain came back to the boat after an hour or so on land, he found his little pet overcome by the heat of the cabin, and all his tender care did not bring it back to life. The captain is a bluff man, not given to many words, and the last man in the world to show any unnecessary sentiment, but his voice was soft and low as he told me how sorry he was when the "wee thing" could breathe no more.

One day this same captain saw two long-legged cranes away aft on the lower deck, near the capstan, trying to hide themselves under a ledge near the rail. Birds of many kinds are passengers on the lake boats, but this was the first time he had ever seen such distinguished travelers from the feathery realm as these two giant cranes. So he thought he would capture both of them alive, since they seemed so tame. They made no attempt to fly away as he approached them, but looked hopelessly at him.



"TWO GIANT CRANES, DISTINGUISHED TRAVELERS FROM THE FEATHERY REALM."

day, and he caught it in his hand. He took it into his cabin, and it became very tame. It would eat little crumbs of bread and dead flies from the captain's hand, and no long-caged canary with a line of ancestors bred to captivity would have sat any more contentedly on his shoulder.

When the captain reached port, after a two-days sailing, he left the bird in his cabin, with the curtains drawn for safe-keeping. He feared, if he left it on the deck, seeing land, it would escape, and that would have pained him, for he had become deeply attached to the defenseless thing.

It had been very cold on the lakes, even though it was midsummer, but when port was reached it was excessively hot. When the cap-

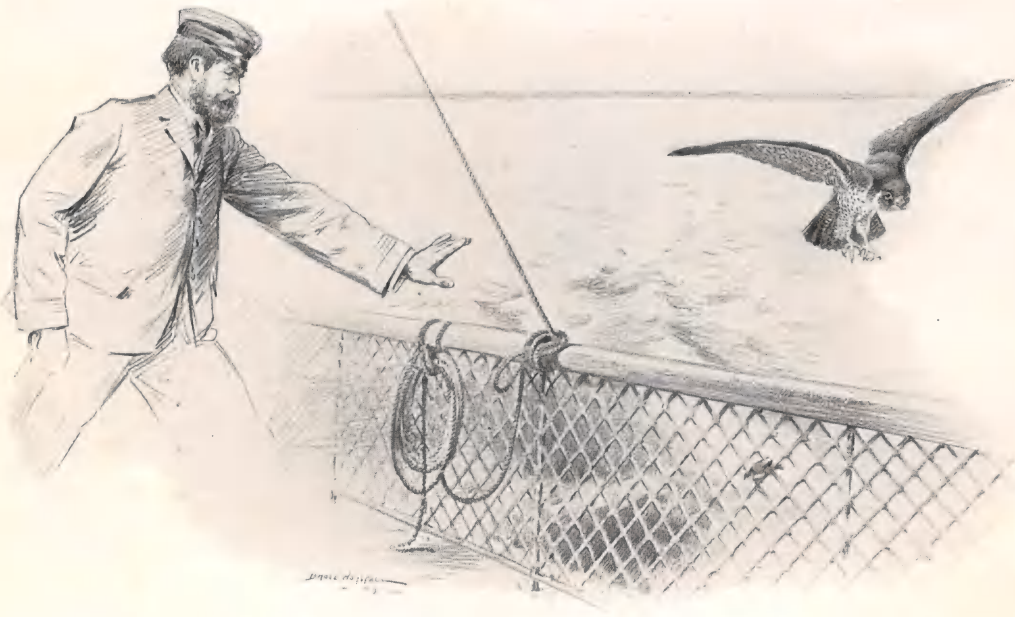
Spreading out his arms for fear they might take a notion, after all, to try and escape, he was closing slowly in upon them, when suddenly he gave a spring forward. Just as he did so the boat, as sometimes is its wont, gave an ugly lurch, and the captain slipped. He is a heavy man, and as he fell upon the deck in a most undignified heap for the captain of a big steamer, by accident he landed full on one of the cranes, crushing it. He captured the other one alive, however.

The cabin-boys and the waiters in the dining-rooms take great delight in the company of the birds. One day one of the boys on the boat on which I was traveling found a brownish, black-eyed bird on the hurricane-deck, and

offered it a crumb. Shyly the bird crept up toward the boy and picked the crumb from the deck. More crumbs followed, and then a dead fly. That fly completely won the bird's affection, and you never saw two more devoted friends than the boy and the bird all the rest of the voyage. As soon as the bird had a taste of the fly it followed the boy down into the cabin, where he caught and fed other flies to the bird until it had dined to satiety. All the bird's timidity and fear vanished, and from that hour they were fast friends.

Terrible storms of hail sometimes come up quite unexpectedly on the Great Lakes, especially on Lake Superior, the coldest of all the noble chain. When these hail-storms are raging it is as much as one's life is worth to be out on the deck unprotected. In such storms as these the snowy-winged gulls that follow the ships so tirelessly mile upon mile are struck down by the hundred and fall into the water to die.

By the far north shore of this lake there is a green island which the Indians long ago named Spirit Island. You may see it easily from the steamer any clear summer day. Thousands upon thousands of gulls make their home upon this island. At some seasons of the year there are so many of them that they fairly make paths in the grasses down near the edge of the lake. The Indians, though they should know better because of their wonderful woodcraft and their knowledge of the habits of birds and animals, have believed for hundreds of years, so their traditions tell, that these paths are formed by the spirits of the dead, and they will never, under any circumstances, visit this island. The tradition has become a truth to them, and even the present-day Indians who live in the region will never disembark on this mysterious shore, but will reverently and awesomely guide their canoes away from the pine-clad place and leave it to the "spirits" and to the beautiful white gulls.



"THE CAPTAIN DROVE OFF THE HUNGRY HAWK, AND GAVE THE LITTLE WANDERER PROTECTION."





# NATURE AND SCIENCE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY  
EDWARD F. BIGELOW.



### THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

#### MISCHIEVOUS AND PRETTY RACCOON.

A FEW years ago, in the top of a large hollow tree in a moist bit of woods in northern Pennsylvania, there lived a family of four young raccoons. Their mother, with a feeling common to all mothers, thought these four, fluffy, frolicsome youngsters to be the finest babies in the world. All went well with the little fellows while they remained in the hollow tree, under the care of their wise old mother. As they grew older, however, they felt a desire to



THE RACCOON ON A BRANCH OF A TREE.

see the big world outside, and, accordingly, fell into the habit of taking long rambles by night.

It was while returning home, early one morning, from one of these rambles, that the prettiest one of the lot came face to face with a bright-eyed boy of about fourteen. For a moment both were too frightened to move; but the boy

soon recovered, and made a prisoner of the poor little raccoon. For a time the little captive bore his imprisonment very sullenly; but good food and kind treatment soon changed his wild, shy nature into a spirit of love and confidence. When he had attained full size, his appearance was between that of a fox and bear, on a smaller scale, of course.

For the benefit of our girls and boys interested in nature, our friend Mr. E. A. Sterling sends a photograph of this pretty and intelligent little animal climbing up the big limb of a tree.

In the wild state the raccoon always conducts himself like a perfect little gentleman. His favorite feeding-grounds are along the shady banks of streams, or in some swampy bit of woods, where can be found those large delicious frogs he loves so well. He has, however, no scruples against going out into the fields and orchards in search of nuts, fruits, and green corn; and, moreover, when Dame Fortune puts nice fat poultry in his way, Mr. Raccoon is too much of a gentleman to refuse them, which often gets him into trouble with the farmer. He also eats mice, rats, insects, eggs—in fact is almost omnivorous. He is active day and night.

A curious and interesting habit of raccoons is that of washing all their food in water. It matters not whether they have an ear of corn, a nice clean berry, or a big fat bug, they will always seek a little pool of water and carefully dip the object in it several times before conveying it to their mouth.

In the left end of our heading, "Nature and Science," he is represented as looking out from his winter home, a hollow tree, while a woodpecker is a visitor to the home, getting the insects' eggs and larvæ from the bark.

## GATHERING COCOONS.

Now is a good time to go out to gather cocoons from the bushes and also from the trees growing by the roadside.

The worm of the cecropia spins rather a large brownish-cocoon, not very far above the ground, on several different kinds of twigs. You can find them often on vines winding over the stone walls, on stout rough stalks growing low under the trees, and sometimes on currant-bushes in the gardens.

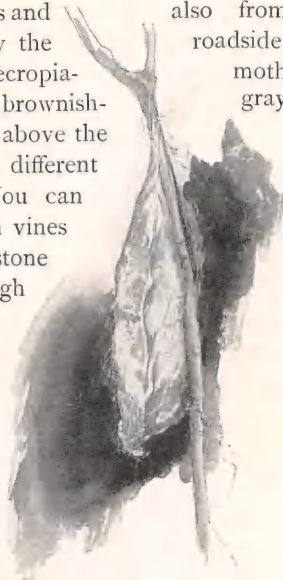
They are usually three inches long, bag-shaped at the lower end, pointed at the upper. The moth that hatches from them late in the spring is handsome enough to repay all the trouble of searching for it. When hatched, its wings expand about five inches, are trimmed with spots of black inside a rim of blue, with red and white stripes upon the edges, and the main coloring is a dusky gray. Its body has a row of red spots extending along each side, and it is known as one of our handsomest New England moths.

The polyphemus-moth has a cocoon rounded at both ends, about an inch and a half long, usually made with a leaf or two fastened closely to the sides, and difficult to find on that account, as the real cocoons look exactly like dead leaves swinging in the

wind. You have really to take hold of them to find the difference. This moth varies in color from a cinnamon brown to a yellowish gray, and is distinguished by a handsome "eye"-spot on each lower wing.

If you want the cocoons to hatch well, do not keep them in a warm place or they will get too dry and not come out in good shape. Put them where it is cool until late in the spring, then bring them into a warmer place, and by the last of May or first of June you will find wings, some day, where before there was only a homely case.

SARAH F. BEL.



CECROPIA COCOON.



POLYPHEMUS COCOON WITH LEAVES ON IT.

## THE FIRST WILD FLOWER.

YES, this is a spring month; the winter is nearly past, and one wild flower, at least, is here. Even if there is snow upon the ground the greater part of March, and the wind blows fierce and cold, there will be some sunny days



YOUNG NATURALISTS ON A COLLECTING TRIP IN EARLY SPRING.

when we shall take a walk in the fields and woods. The trees are bare. The buds, with



possibly the exception of the pussy-willows, have not yet started.

We will be guided by the hum of the honey-bees that are buzzing around the wood-pile, getting the sweet sap from the recently sawed and split pieces of maple and birch. Down in the pasture we shall find them where there may be a little sap from the injured bark at the base of the maple-tree, or from the stump of the tree cut down this past winter.



THE SKUNK-CABBAGE, "THE  
ADVANCE-GUARD OF OUR  
FLORAL ARMY."

We pass through the dense clump of bushes and follow the brook down the ravine. Here the hum of the bee is as loud as at the wood-pile, for the bees know that the first spring flower, the skunk-cabbage, is here, and they are visiting the queer flowers for the pollen, which they will pile on their flat legs and take home to the baby honey-bees in the hive.

The skunk-cabbage pushes itself up through the leaves even before the snow is gone. John Burroughs says, "If you look closely upon the ground, you will find that sturdy advance-guard of our floral army thrusting his spear-point up through the ooze, and spring will again quicken your pulse."

It is evident that the shell-like or hooded covering called a spathe protects the flower from the harsh winds. The leaves are pushing up and will unfold in cabbage-like form. All is inviting and refreshing — except the rank perfume. But we'll forgive them that, for they bring us the good news that spring is coming — yes, is even already here!

#### THE HOOT-OWL IN THE SWAMP.

"Whooh-whooh! whooh, whooh-whooh, oo-whooh-ah!"

What's that? Listen, and hear it again. You and I are on this country road, just a little after the sun has set, and it is growing dark. That strange sound comes from the depths of

that big swamp. We will not be frightened, for it is only the hooting-owl, called also the "barred owl," from the rows of feathers like bars on its breast.

The owl is the first wild bird to lay its eggs, the great horned owl beginning the latter part of February, the barred owl about the middle of March in the New England and Middle States, selecting, as pictured, an old hawk's nest, sometimes a crow's nest, and frequently laying the two to four white eggs in a hollow tree. Our barred owl is rightly called *the* hoot-owl, for, while other owls hoot or screech, this is the noisiest of the whole family. It feeds mostly on mice, upon which it drops, seizing them in its claws, very silently, because its very soft feathers pre-



THE BARRED OWL AND ITS FIRST EGG, LAID IN AN OLD  
HAWK'S NEST ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF MARCH.

vent the wings making any noise. The owl has been called "a cat in feathers."

Mr. John H. Sage tells the following story:

"I had a funny experience with a barred owl once, in Maine. It was in the daytime, and the bird was perched among some thick trees, apparently asleep. I 'squeaked' (that is, imitated a bird that was hurt) several times from the bushes where I was concealed. His owlship was soon awake, and turned his head from side to side, endeavoring to find out where the noise came from. He jumped up from the limb on which he stood, perhaps three inches, turned around in the air, and landed on the same

limb, but facing in the opposite direction. This operation was repeated several times, facing in alternate directions. Disgusted in its endeavor to locate the wounded bird, it finally closed its

eyes and went to sleep again. The owl seemed fairly crazy in puzzled eagerness to ascertain the source of the sound when I first commenced to 'squeak,' but did not offer to leave the limb."



#### MERRY MONTH OF MARCH.

Ah, March! we know thou art  
Kind-hearted, spite of ugly looks and threats,  
And, out of sight, art nursing April's violets.

WHETHER "March comes in like a lamb and goes out like a lion," she is always merry in anticipations. When the young folks are to have a party there are always jolly times beforehand, talking it over and making plans. So our young nature-lovers are making plans this month. Who will see the first of each kind of spring birds? What a pleasure it will be to watch for the opening of the buds! And then, oh, what a treasure will be the first bouquet of spring wild flowers! We may have joined with the older people, two months ago, in making good resolutions and plans; but there are new ones to be renewed this month. The first spring month! Think of it and of what it means to us who are interested in nature. And who is n't? If any there be, we are sorry for them — especially this month. Our joy is wide-spreading.

#### SLEPT ALL WINTER.

THE young grizzly-bear, "Wahb," whose life, so delightfully told, began in the November "Century Magazine," became very sleepy in the autumn, sometimes sleeping all day. Mr. Thompson tells us that the little bear had a very comfortable nest under a root, and one day, as it began to blow and snow, he crawled



into this and curled up to sleep. The storm increased, and the snow fell deeper and deeper. It piled up over Wahb's den, shutting out the cold of winter, and Wahb slept, and slept, and slept all winter without waking. When spring came and aroused him, he knew that he had been asleep a long time.

As you read this in March, when the wind is blowing and it is very stormy, you may especially appreciate Wahb's sleep, for many of our Eastern smaller wild animals sleep all winter. One is especially famous for a six months' sleep, but will wake up in the summer days next month. What do you think it is? In the April number I will tell you all about it.

#### VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITES.

WE are to have many pleasant rambles in fields, forests, and meadows, and by the sea-shore, this year. Let us begin early, so as not to miss the interesting things that the first warm days bring, and then each week will afford a succession of nature's pleasures and surprises. It will be like watching the different parts of a circus parade passing by. Those who live in the country will go nearly every pleasant day, and we will all tell what we have found, for the benefit of one another, and especially for the benefit of the girls and boys who live in the city and can go only occasionally or for a few weeks in the year.

We have seen many of the interesting things in previous years, and on their return will greet them as old friends. Let us take a vote on our favorites — first, second, and third choice of the four-footed animals that live in your part of the country, also of birds, flowers, and insects. The



first choice in each will be our emblem for the year. Several of the States have adopted floral emblems, some by vote of the legislature, and very many more by vote of the school-children. We will excel all the States, and have our emblems—not only a flower, but a four-footed animal, a bird, and an insect. Home favorites, such as horse, dog, cat, canary, etc., are not to be included.

The second and third choices, while not adopted as emblems, will have our especial attention and appreciation during the year. For the best statements showing personal observations and careful reading, and reasons for the preferences, an appropriate prize is offered in each of the four classes, as follows:

Birds: One of the standard popular illustrated bird books.

Four-footed animals: Illustrated book on common wild animals.

Flowers: A collecting-case, called a vasculum; or a plant-press.

Insects: A folding insect-net, with jointed bamboo handle.

All letters, stating the three favorites, and reasons, are subject to the same rules as in the League competitions. Write as soon as possible. Letters that are received after April 25 will not be considered in the voting or in the awarding of prizes. Announcements of the results will be made in the July number.



### HOW MANY EYES HAVE YOU?

SHUT your eyes and count ten. Now open them, and tell me what you saw. "Nothing," you say. All right; let's try it another way. Keep them wide open and hold your hand tightly over them, counting as before. What now? "Nothing" again, is it?

Now shut one and keep the other open. Oh, you "can see fairly well now, but not so well as with both." All right; open both. Now open the next one. "Have n't any more," you say. Oh, yes! you just proved that the *use* of them adds more to the sight than the opening of two. Two eyes well used are better than even three or more eyes would be if poorly used. Let *good use* be added to our two eyes as a third eye, and sometimes we may add to those a field-glass or microscope, as may be needed.

Now, with all the eyes, we may see many things we never before noticed. Some of us

may not have so good eyes, or may not have obtained that third eye, *good use*—so won't you please write us what you have seen?

There is an old Roman proverb that among the blind a one-eyed man is king. If you are three- or four-eyed, you also will be king among us who have only two eyes. We want to get some valuable proclamations from all our "kings and queens."

### THIS BOY IS FOND OF SNAKES:

SCARSDALE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our house as long as I can remember, and I think that you are the best magazine of the kind to be obtained. I wonder how many of your readers have really handled and petted a real live snake? Those who have not have lost a great pleasure. If they knew, as some of them do, that a snake is one of the best friends of the farmer and gardener, and one of the most harmless of all animals, I am sure that the next time they saw a snake they would let it be, and not harm it—or, better yet, pick it up, if it is a member of the family of harmless snakes. As a rule, it will not try to fight at all; but if it should bite, it would cause nothing worse than a pin-prick. The tongue of the snake is one of the most delicate organs of the body. His senses of sight and hearing are very weak, and this tongue does all the measuring of distance and feeling of objects. No snake has any "stinger," either in its mouth or at the end of its tail, as a great many people suppose. I have two garter-snakes now for pets, and

they are quite tame. I wish that you would publish something about snakes, by somebody that knows more about them than your faithful reader,

HERBERT E. ANGELL.

"IT MAKES SCHOOL-WORK INTERESTING."

FALLS VILLAGE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you of my interest in our study of nature. It was very interesting to learn the different ways in which seeds travel. I liked to study the seeds with rudders best. I know why pinecones hang down. I had not thought any about it before. I had not even seen a pine seed.

I like edible seeds very much. My teacher and I went after some one night. We went through a large colony of ants. We did not see the ants, because it was cold weather. Squirrels like edible seeds, too. I think they got more than we did, because they went oftener. The cocoanut is the largest seed I can think of. We are studying an apple twig, to learn its story. I always thought that the buds were all alike. I have learned that those that do not get the full sunlight are stunted and become fruit-bearing twigs. I think a great deal more about nature than I used to. Everything I see interests me. It makes school-work interesting. I think we enjoy it more than the children in the city, because we can easily find the objects of our study.

BESSIE S. DEAN.

#### FEASTS OF GOOD THINGS.



"BECAUSE WE WANT TO KNOW."

THE best dinner you ever saw on the table is not enjoyable except with a good appetite. If you don't like it, there is no value in the large amount and variety or nice preparations. There are many, many things to tell you, of great interest to me; but the interest to you must be largely from you. You must have the nature appetite in order to enjoy the feast.

The best sign of the activity that leads to appetite is your desire to ask questions. In the woods and fields I like to have the groups of boys and girls around me, asking questions, for this shows a desire to learn more about the specimens. At my desk I enjoy opening the letters that tell of the things found, and show the genuine interest by asking questions.

#### A PRETTY GROUP OF STARS.

6. In January I noticed in the southern sky a pretty group of stars like a capital V. ALLIE T. D.

These are the Hyades, and form the face of the fancied Bull in the group called Taurus. The group may be seen in March, early in the evening. Try to find it, and then look a little to the westward and see the small group in the form of "a very little dipper," as it is sometimes called. These are the Pleiades, or "seven sisters." Although you may see only six without the aid of an opera-glass, by using the glass you see not only all the seven, but many more.

#### ANOTHER LITTLE GREEN PLANT ON TREES.

7. In looking on the stone walls and tree-trunks for the mosses told about in the January number, I find this green, crumbly powder. Please tell us what it is.

N. P. D.

The specimen sent is the very small plant called by the scientists by a very big name — *Pleurococcus vulgaris*. It seems too bad to call such a simple, innocent, pretty little thing such a hard name. It has no common name, and is seen in its real single form only under the microscope. It covers almost the entire trunk and branches of some trees. It is green and fresh in the winter rain, even if the weather is very cold. Get some of it, breaking off bits of the bark, become acquainted with it as much as you can, and later we will learn more about it. It is a very interesting microscopic plant.

#### QUESTIONS FOR YOU TO ANSWER.

YOUR questions are always welcomed; but perhaps it will be more social — not so one-sided — if you send me the answers to a few, or all, of the following:

1. What is snow?
2. How does the spider make its web?
3. What is the migration of birds?
4. How does a cat purr?
5. How are buds protected in the winter?
6. What bird never alights on trees?
7. What bird lays its eggs on top of a rock without any nest?
8. Why do stars twinkle?
9. What is the use of leaves?
10. What is a sponge, and how does it hold water?





Oh, the winds blow east and the winds blow west,  
And the hawk beats home to her mountain nest;  
But wherever they blow or wherever they go,  
They leave a path where the pansies grow.

So now we have passed through our first winter together. Bleak days, bright days, snowy days, and holidays have whirled and cantered by, and here comes March, the boisterous herald of spring, pounding on the outer gates and calling in a fresh, strong voice: "Way there for the daffodils! Way for the bluebirds! Way for the garlanded singing-boys of life's new cavalcade!"

You will say, perhaps, that this is a fancy of the old days; but, after all, there has been little

change. The garlanded singers may not dress and look now as they did in the long ago, but a hillside facing the March sun will set a boy's heart going to-day just as it always did, and the first dog-tooth violet will make him search eagerly among the damp leaves, even if it is his sister who wears away the garland.

For the call of springtime shall never go unanswered. The madness that sets the hare to capering down the wind is the same wild joy of welcome to new life that makes the boy run and shout and fling his arms to the strong gusts of March. It is the ecstasy of living,—the joy of beginning the world afresh,—and with the first wave of warm, quiet sunlight every living thing, young and old, longs for the voice and smell and color of the woods and fields.



"MIDWINTER." BY GEORGE MERRITT, JR. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE contributions for March have been of unusual interest. With the exception of poems, a greater number than ever before were received, and so many good ones that it was almost impossible to choose those for prizes and publication. Some of those not used were quite as good as those selected, but were put aside for one reason and another, and in the belief that the de-

serving young authors would try again and succeed.

And this brings us to a few of the reasons why a good many other drawings, stories, poems, etc., do not obtain either prizes or publication. In the first place, there are a few young artists and writers who are just the least bit careless. They forget that the rules call for their ages, and their parent's, guardian's, or teacher's indorsement—not on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself. Then, too, the young writers are apt to send more than four hundred words of prose, or a longer poem than twenty-four lines, and to write their poems and stories on both sides of the paper; while the talented and ambitious young artist is likely to forget that *only India*, or very, *very* black writing ink must be used, and not pencils or colored crayons or even soft black ones. Why, one little girl even sent a valentine poem, and a little boy of about the same age sent a George Washington story, when the competitions that called for these closed away back in December. Alackaday! if grown-up writers and artists were as thoughtless as all that, they would be as poor as church-mice instead of millionaires sitting here in their glass houses and throwing stones. Talent is a good thing, but a careful reading of all the rules and prize-offers is quite as important.

BUT there are a few reasons why even some of those who have talent and follow the rules do not succeed. Some of the story-writers try to write too "grown-up." We mean by this that instead of telling their story in short words, simply and directly, as they would talk, they adopt the style of some rather grandiloquent writer, and weaken with long words and flowery sentences the pretty thought that could be ex-

pressed so attractively in four hundred short Anglo-Saxon words, divided into brief, crisp sentences. The young poets should think this over, too; and as for the artists, there are a few very talented young people who make such fine marks, and so many of them, and put them so close together, that when the drawing is reduced for publication all the strength and detail and beauty they have labored so hard to obtain are mingled and muddled and lost. Keep your work free and open and strong, and do not make your drawings too big. There is no rule to go by in this, but if your drawing is larger



"MIDWINTER." BY LARNED VAN PATTEN ALLEN. (SILVER BADGE.)

than a ST. NICHOLAS page, it should be very open indeed, with plenty of white.

And now a word to the others. The young photographers are not keeping up with their fellow-members. Though greater than heretofore, the number of photographs received for March is comparatively small, for what reason we cannot guess. There are certainly a great many cameras among us, and a gold badge is awarded just as willingly for a beautiful photograph as for a drawing or a poem. Only one wild animal photograph was received, though this is not so much a matter of wonder at this season. Still, there were plenty of rabbits and quails and squirrels and snowbirds to be had





"MIDWINTER." BY S. RANDALL.

for the taking, and the additional five and three dollars offered are worth having. Don't you think so? As for the puzzle-makers, they are doing well, while their co-workers, the puzzle-answerers, are increasing and winning their prizes quietly and without display.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 3.

POEM. The title to contain the word "school" or "school-days."

Gold badge, "The Last Day of School," by Alice Goddard Waldo, 113 South Ninth Street, Lafayette, Indiana.

Silver badge, "School-time," by Mattie F. Morris, Eckman, McDowell County, West Virginia.

PROSE. The title to contain the word "Saturday."

Gold badge, "Anticipations of Saturday," by Eunice



"MIDWINTER." BY LESTA ECKFELD. (SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

Fuller, 57 West Friendship Street, Providence, Rhode Island.

Silver badge, "When Good Friday Comes on Saturday," by Betty Thompson Wardrop, Sewickley, Allegheny County, Pennsylvania.

DRAWING. "What I Like Best."

Gold badge, "Skating," by Winifred S. Bosworth, Elgin, Illinois.

Silver badge, "Tools," by Paul Micon, Theological Seminary, Fairfax County, Virginia.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Midwinter."

Gold badge, George Merritt, 604 West New York Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Silver badge, Larned Van Patten Allen, 11 Oak Lane, Davenport, Iowa.

PUZZLE. To contain the name of some great man or woman whose birth or death occurred in March.

Gold badge, Maurice P. Dunlap, 526 Laurel Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badge, Elinor Lothrop Daniels, 73 East 127th Street, New York City.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest to January prize puzzles.

Gold badge, Griffith Lindsay, 917 Beech Street, Allegheny, Pennsylvania.

Silver badge, Walter G. Davis, Jr., 82 West Street, Portland, Maine.



"WILD SQUIRREL." BY STANLEY RANDALL, CHURCHVILLE, N. Y. (FIVE DOLLARS AND GOLD BADGE.)

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

BESIDES the special "wild animal photograph prize," we have decided to award four badges this month for excellent work from very young contributors.

POEM. "When School Begins." Silver badge, Alice Moore (age 8), Winnetka, Illinois.

PROSE. "The Rabbit's Saturday." Silver badge, Cecil T. Day (age 9), Trinidad, Colorado.

DRAWING. "Chickens." Gold badge, Henry Emerson Tuttle (age 9), Lake Forest, Illinois.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. Gold badge and five dollars to Stanley Randall, Churchville, New York, for picture of wild squirrel taken near his home. Only one received.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Midwinter." Silver Badge, Lesta Eckfeld, Lock Box 588, Dennison, Ohio.

New York City members will have to look to their laurels. Every prize but one goes outside this month.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY WINIFRED S. BOSWORTH. (GOLD BADGE.)

### ANTICIPATIONS OF SATURDAY.

BY EUNICE FULLER (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

THE room was still, except for the ticking of the little Dutch clock. The moon shone in on the floor, where a little mouse crept softly along. The toys were put on the shelf, and the children had gone to bed.

Suddenly a musical top spoke from a corner of the shelf. "Oh, dear!" it said, "to-morrow is Saturday, the most dreadful of all days. The children will be at home, and before the day is out I shall be so dizzy that I cannot stand up."

"Yes; you are quite right," said a pair of skates. "When we came on the Christmas tree we did not imagine that the very next Saturday our nice sharp edges would be dulled and our leather soaked through in water."

"I am quite neglected in the other way," sighed an arithmetic. "It is always, 'I will do it Saturday,' but I am not touched on Saturday, and I lie around in the house until Monday morning, when I am caught up and tossed about and torn in a way very disrespectful to such an intellectual person as I am."

"I came from Holland," said the Dutch clock, "where the children are careful and sedate; but somehow I like American children better, and am quite content to stay here and keep them from being late to school. I don't care if they don't look at me on Saturday. Saturday should be a play-day."

"I," said the little mouse, with a wink at the moon, "lead a happy, careless life. It does n't make any difference to me what day it is. I am neither tormented by children nor neglected by them. The only thing I am afraid of is —"

But just then "Hobson," the family cat, awoke, and the mouse scurried away. The sun rose, and the little Dutch clock ticked merrily, while the toys whispered, "There come the children!"

### THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL.

BY ALICE GODDARD WALDO (AGE 17).

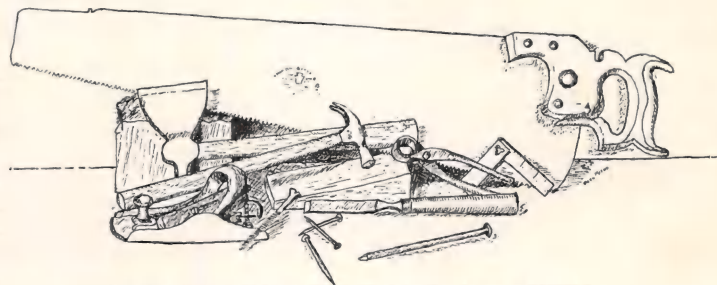
(Gold Badge.)

'T is here! the longed-for day is here,  
For which we've toiled through many a year —  
Commencement Day at last!  
Once more we gather in these halls,  
Within the old familiar walls;  
Once more — then all is past.

Nay, rather, all is now begun,  
Life's race is ready to be run,  
The distant prize gleams fair;  
And we, the runners, come to-day  
To enter on the untried way,  
Which leads we know not where.

Though now 's the time we've dreamed of long,  
When we, with laugh and jest and song,  
Should plunge into the strife;  
Though eager fires within us burn,  
Some way, we sadden as we turn  
This first great page of life.

But pulse of youth is beating high;  
A purpose shines in every eye,  
An ardor naught can cool.  
So why look back with sigh or tear?  
Our life's before us! We've no fear!  
Hurrah! we're out of school!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY PAUL MICON. (SILVER BADGE.)

*To New Readers:*—The St. Nicholas League is an organization of ST. NICHOLAS readers. To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League badge and leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.



"WHAT I LIKE BEST." BY HENRY EMERSON TUTTLE, AGE 9.  
(SPECIAL GOLD BADGE.)





"BABY BROTHER." BY MILDRED WHEAT, AGE 13.

### SCHOOL-TIME.

BY MATTIE F. MORRIS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

How queer I feel to study my lessons,  
When I've put them by for so long!  
So long has it been since I studied them  
That I know they'll be all wrong!

And what do I care if  $x$  equals  $B$ ,  
And  $a$  equals minus two—  
When I want to read my nice new books,  
Though I've got my lessons to do?

And I want to skate, and run out and play,  
Though I cannot do that, you know,  
For I must study instead of play,  
Which causes much secret woe.

So I'll say good-by, and stop right now,  
Before I've spent more time,  
For I've got to learn how the Romans lived,  
Instead of making a rhyme.

### WHEN GOOD FRIDAY COMES ON SATURDAY.

BY BETTY THOMPSON WARDROP (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"TED, what would happen if Good Friday came on Saturday?"

Ted, a small boy of seven, looked up thoughtfully.



"CAMPING OUT." BY JOHN L. BINDA, AGE 13.

He admired this big brother, who was nearly twenty years his senior, with all his heart. It never occurred to him that his brother was only trying to tease when he asked this question.

A few minutes later, brother Horace helped a sober little person into a reefer, and saw him start for school, while he never dreamed that Ted was still hunting an answer to his question. But Ted was not the kind who had things come in one ear and go out the other. He thought about it all morning, and the word "Saturday" was so stamped on his brain that when his teacher asked him who was the companion of Robinson Crusoe, he answered, "Saturday."

In the afternoon he went skating, and was so absent-minded that he was run into several times, and one of his friends remarked: "What is the matter with you this afternoon, Ted Evans? You act as though you were half asleep." But a few minutes later he was enjoying a game of hockey, playing until it was almost dark. Then, as he stooped down to unfasten his skates, he remembered the question, and almost immediately an answer came to him: "Why, if Good Friday came on Saturday, then some other holiday would have to be changed. Of course. How stupid I was not to think of it sooner!" And Ted jumped up and down in his joy. He started off on a run, determined to find Horace and tell him his solution. A disappointment awaited him, however, for his brother did not come home for dinner, and he had to go to bed at eight when his nurse came for him.

Just as he was going to sleep, he heard a step outside his door.

"Horace, Horace!" he called.

Young Mr. Evans peeped in and smiled at the eager little fellow sitting up in bed.

"I have an answer to your question," said Ted.



"KITTEN AND MOUSE." BY HAROLD BIGELOW WOODS, AGE 10.

Horace laughed when he found what thought had been concentrated upon his idle words.

"Well, little chap, what is it?"

"If Good Friday came on Saturday, we would have Fourth of July on the 5th."

Horace went downstairs, laughing heartily, to tell his mother of earnest little Ted; but I think it was a pretty good answer for such a foolish question.

### WHEN SCHOOL BEGINS.

BY ALICE MOORE (AGE 8).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

WHEN holidays are ended,  
And school begins once more,  
The merry, joyous children  
Flock round the school-house door.

They learn their lessons finely,  
They study with a will,  
And when the time comes to recite,  
They read them off with skill.

## THE RABBIT'S SATURDAY.

BY CECIL T. DAY (AGE 9).

*(Special Silver Badge.)*

I AM a little rabbit. On Saturdays my mama keeps me in the hollow tree. There are bad men who come and point a thing at us, and it goes bang! One of us is dead. Miss Owl goes and sits on the school-house and tells us when it is Saturday. The other day a boy came here and threw a stone at us, and Miss Rattlesnake hissed, and he ran away. Now it is two weeks' vacation and we sleep all day. Yesterday I got up and went out on the road. A boy came and pointed a cube at me, and it went clk! I jumped into the bushes, and it went clk! He pointed it at Miss Frog, too. Do you know who this was? It was a St. Nicholas League boy. He wore a pretty badge.



"MY HOME." BY FRED MA DAN.  
(Master Ma Dan won a gold badge in our first competition.)

## WHEN SCHOOL IS OVER.

BY CHARLOTTE MORRIS (AGE 11).

In summer-time, when the leaves are green,  
And the mountains are shady and cool,  
I'll sit in a tree and laugh and sing;  
I'm happy—I've finished with school.

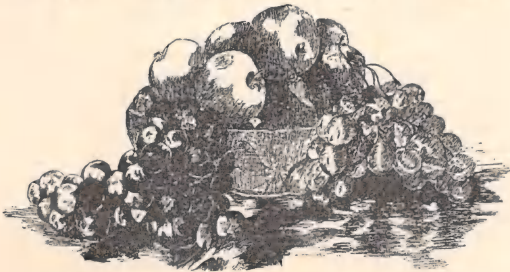
The frogs croak their songs in every pool,  
Birds sing in each leafy tree.  
Happy things! they never have any school;  
How thankful of that they must be!

I don't think school so bad, of course,  
But vacation's much better, you see;  
And I suppose, although school's not so much fun,  
It's as good as vacation for me.

## SATURDAY.

BY LOUISE SAUNDERS (AGE 12).

It was the first day of spring, and the birds were joyfully proclaiming the news from tree to tree, and



"FRUIT." BY FRED HOPF, AGE 16.

bicycles were whizzing up and down the road as if glad to get out in the air again, after being shut up in the cellar all winter.

Polly Holmes was the biggest tomboy in the little village of Bloomfield. She hated school, and so she had decided to play truant this lovely day. Her mother was upstairs with a headache, so Polly thought she would run out in the woods and have some fun. She wished she could have one of her friends with her. "But they will be going to school," she said; "the only fun I'll

have will be the thought that I am playing truant, and that the teacher is wondering where I am."

So away she ran, and never came back until luncheon-time, very dirty, bedraggled, and tired, and thinking that she did not have a very nice time after all. But would n't the girls stare when she told them about it! And that was fun, anyway. When she came in for luncheon, her mother called out: "Why, Polly! where have you been? I thought you were going to spend the day at Rachel Roland's."

"I—I thought—I mean—school," stammered Polly, when her brother interrupted her, exclaiming:

"Oho! school on Saturday! You're a nice one!"

And then Polly was informed that it was Saturday, and she said very meekly, "Oh, I forgot!" But when she got up in her room she slammed the door and said: "I think it is too mean! I might have had a lovely time at Rachel's, and now the girls will all laugh at me for playing truant on Saturday. You won't catch me playing truant again."

## SCHOOL-TIME.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 14).

TRAV'LING on the road of learning,  
Often rugged is the way;  
But our hopes are always with us,  
Present both by night and day.

Here there looms a mountain, shrouded  
In a darksome mystery;  
Many happy, many mourning,  
Climb the hill of History.

Here a lane with rocks and brambles  
To a plain beyond is leading;  
Vast the plain, but steep the pathway:  
Spelling 't is, and leads to Reading.

Many pleasures are in Reading—  
Breezes, warmth, and sun or shade;  
And ST. NICHOLAS, for certain,  
There a corner bright has made.

If we go around a mountain,—  
Try to quickly pass it by,—  
Though our path at first be easy,  
Into dangers we will fly.

But 't is those who do not falter  
Who, at ev'ry step they go,  
Find the way is growing better,  
And can help their friends below.



## THE CAT THAT CAME ON SATURDAY.

(A True Story.)

BY ELLEANORE CARUTHERS.

IT was in the autumn of 1896 that a little kitten came to us. It was a brindie kitten. We called it



BY KITTIE L. HEUSEL.

"Keturah" after the cat in "Grace Greenwood's" pets. The way we happened to get her into the house was that we had a cat that we called "Thomas." We called Thomas in, and Keturah followed him in. When she got in she stood up so prettily that I could not help hugging her. We brought her clear from Pittsburg with us to Adamsford, and then to Lansdowne, where she is living still. Thomas died at Adamsford, and was buried under an old apple-tree.

Keturah's pet name is "Tudy." When we reached Lansdowne with her, and had been there a couple of days, a dog came to us and soon made friends with Tudy. "Doc" is the name of the dog. I may at some time finish this story, and it will be entitled "Keturah's Death."

## SCHOOL-DAYS.

BY H. G. WINSLOW.

A WONDERFUL building the ward school seems  
When you start your scholastic career;  
Your mind with the wildest imaginings teems,  
And you build up a castle of fanciful dreams

Of the fun in your final year.

But somehow the pleasures have faded in air  
When, after long waiting, you find yourself there.

When later, a freshman in high school, you gaze

On seniors respected and grand,  
You listen with joy to their every chance phrase,  
And, eagerly longing, you

wait for the days  
When in their position  
you'll stand.

But somehow your longing  
has vanished in air

When, after four seasons, you find yourself there.



BY HELEN N. TROTTER.

So we push onward, and, never at rest,  
Nor content with our own slender store,  
We no sooner reach what we think is the best  
Than we find it is worthless, and turn to our quest  
And eagerly seek something more.  
For ever we tire of what falls to our lot,  
And battle and struggle for what we have not.

## NOTES, LETTERS, ETC.

MISS JESSIE E. SAMPTER, whose "Christmas Tree" poem carried off the gold badge in the November competition, has had a poem accepted by ST. NICHOLAS for the body of the magazine. This makes her an honorary

member of the League, with the privilege of contributing, if she wishes to do so, but not entering the prize competitions. Other members will congratulate the first of their number to graduate, as it were, into the regular ranks of literary workers.

## SPECIAL MENTION.

Though not quite up to the publication mark, special mention should be made of the drawings sent this month by Dates Pursell, Ethel York, Robert H. McKoy, Marjorie Hood, Margaret Peckham, Margaret Thomasson, and Arthur Bell. Also of stories and essays by Lily Carpenter Worthington, Anna Spencer Stokes, Edgar Daniels, Rachel D. Kanes, and Lois W. Martin. The work sent by these young writers and artists is very promising, and they should persevere.

## LETTERS.

A great many pleasant letters have come to the League this month from interested and enthusiastic members. We have room only for two brief extracts.

Theron T. Pierce of St. Louis says: "I think the League is simply splendid, and do hope that you will keep it up. I think without a doubt ST. NICHOLAS is the finest magazine published, barring none. We have taken it in our family ten years. Its coming is a great event in our house."

Thomas J. Hogan of Norfolk, Virginia, says: "I think the League is one of the finest things that I have ever seen in your magazine, and that is saying a great deal—for ST. NICHOLAS is always as full of good things as a pomegranate is of seeds. I am going to try for a badge, but I think I will have to work very hard, judging from the poems,



BY FRED STEARNS.

etc., in the January number. I hope to get up a League chapter in Norfolk."

Thomas has the right ideas, and we shall take pleasure in seeing him succeed.

## GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

SELECTED from a number of the good poems received—some of them pretty, some amusing, all interesting.

We will begin our "gems" this month with Willie Ponder's second stanza, in which he says:

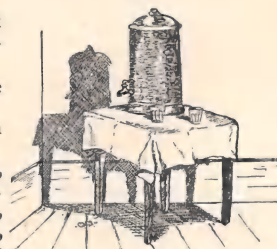
The Christmas holidays are past,  
The pure white snow is falling fast,  
And we could have such merry fun  
If only school had not begun.

That is a very good stanza, and we believe that Willie does n't feel so badly about school beginning as he would have us think.

Kenneth B. Day has n't entirely forgotten the holidays, either, for he says:

The Christmas holidays are o'er,  
And the children are in school.  
The master calls attention,  
And then begins to rule.

He next has the geography,  
And there it is, you know,  
They learn of arctic regions  
Where lives the Eskimo.



BY COURTLAND N. SMITH.

Helen Greene, age nine, looks at life in a happy-hearted way that many of us could imitate with profit:

My school-days are pleasant;  
I hope yours are, too.  
Don't grumble, but do what  
You have to do.

And Rachel Nixon tells what her mama thinks about it, though we are not quite sure of her meaning in the third line:

My mama says that school-  
days  
Are the very, very best.  
We children don't agree  
with her.  
( 'T is the time she gets  
for rest.)



BY M. L. HAMLIN.

While Ruth Phillips thinks that school is a good thing, even though she questions her reader's personal preference:

The school is best for girls and boys,  
Though they love more their pretty toys.  
Would n't you rather than writing on paper  
Be cutting some queer and livelier caper?

Ivy Craft is willing to believe that children of other days had different views on the matter:

The children of this period,  
As a general rule,  
Are not the kind we used to have,  
Who liked to go to school.  
My readers, do not judge from this  
That I am grown and know,  
For really the truth of the matter is,  
My mother told me so.

Marguerite M. Hillery starts her poem as follows:

Young Thomas was angry and fretful and sad;  
His father was cross and his mother was mad;  
Aunt Jane had been scolding, and Sarah, well, she  
Was as mad and as bad as the other cross three.

This is good and interesting, and we want to go right on; and then all at once we find that it is n't a school poem at all, but a valentine poem that, by some mistake, this talented young author has kept over from last month's competition.

Eva Wilson tells of the sort of a boy that most all of us remember, and gives the age of his little brother:

For this boy was fond of paper-wad throwing,  
Without his teacher even knowing,  
And often got into many a fix  
With his only brother, Sam, aged six.

Mildred Marguerite Whitney, aged nine, will be writing verse before long that will set people to thinking of special gold and silver badges. Describing the view from the school-room window, she says:

For stretched before our wondering eyes  
Is the coziest little scene—  
The hills and fresh green meadows  
Where the river threads between.

And this is how she closes:

So we've learned the greatest lesson,  
Greater far than books can give:  
If we follow nature's teachings  
We'll know better how to live.

Paula Hinze begins a pretty poem with this stanza:

In spring the flowers begin to grow,  
The sunshine melts away the snow,  
And Mother Nature's loving arm  
Sends out the sunshine bright and warm.

But, alas! this is not a school poem, either; so we have room only for this one stanza.

Edith Butler starts with a wish that comes to most children when they have been shut up in school all day over hard lessons:

I wish I was an Indian,  
Or something bad and wild,  
And lived in some far country where  
I'd be the only child.

Edith then tells us what she would do if she had things her own way for a few days, and, of course, one of the first things would be to start a school, perhaps to get even:

I'd have the birds and beasts around  
Obey at my command,  
And I'd make the little birdies have  
A military band.

Perhaps it's just as well that this young poet is still in school.

Lester C. Farris says he does not wish to compete for any of the prizes, and sends a little poem entitled "Mother Knew," which is short and worth using:

#### MOTHER KNEW.

"When I went to sleep," Jamie said,  
"I was counting the leaves overhead.  
"And how did you know?" asked sister Bo-peep.  
"For who can remember when they go to sleep?"  
Then, nodding wisely his little head,  
He answered, "That is what mother said."

Ethel H. Wooster's wish is somewhat different from Edith Butler's, but perhaps arises from the same cause:

I wish that all was upside down,  
And topsyturvy, don't you see?  
And there were no schools in all the land  
For little boys like me.  
We'd eat whate'er we wished to in  
Such happy, happy times,  
And always have our pockets full  
Of dollar bills and dimes.

We'd all have bicycles and guns  
And lots of other toys,

Which some men make just  
for the sake  
Of all the little boys.  
Sometimes we'd go to  
play in  
Our father's big end-  
lot,  
Where the locust twangs  
his fiddle when  
The day is close and  
hot.

We'd hide ourselves deep  
in the hay,  
And ride on every  
load—  
We'd have great fun till the  
day was done  
In the old lot by the  
road.  
But if we went to bed each  
night  
Without our mother's  
kiss,

I fear that school, in spite of rule,  
We'd think had much more bliss.

That is a good poem, Ethel, and you will do still better ones by and by.



BY IDA MARIE O'CONNELL.



George Elliston writes well, too, as these four lines will show:

Days when the life we  
live is half a dream,  
When all things shine  
with hope's delusive  
gleam —  
Days when we build  
our castles as we  
will,  
While life's pellucid  
stream stands almost  
still.

And now we come to a poem by Emy P. Laird on the close of school:

Our days at school are done —  
Our class lives but in name.  
What is the record we have made?  
What now shall be our aim?

That is a question that all of us must answer at one time or another in our lives, and to be ready to answer it properly we cannot do better now than to follow this closing advice by Arthur Edward Weld:

Now, boys and girls, please just take heed  
And learn from this example,  
And do not think you do not need  
An education ample.

#### CHAPTERS.

**SPECIAL TO TEACHERS.** Chapters of the St. Nicholas League are being formed in many schools, and a number of teachers have taken a kindly interest in these organizations. To all teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge.

Thirteen new chapters have been reported this month. They are as follows:

No. 24. Thomas Roberts, President; Kimball Fletcher, Secretary; four members. Address, 117 East Fifteenth Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota. No. 24 begins by having a magic-lantern show with gramophone music.

No. 25. Bernard Merriam, President; Edmund Sanford Lewis, Secretary; Ruth Palmer, Vice-President; fifteen members. Address, South Framingham, Massachusetts.

No. 26. Nellie Aylsworth, President; Bertha Nigh, Secretary; twenty-eight members. Address, care L. W. Donley, Principal Fifth Ward School, Fostoria, Ohio.

No. 27. Bessie Dickinson, President; four members. Address, Edgerton, Wisconsin.

No. 28. Mary Howe, President; Rachel Rhoades, Secretary; nine members. Address, 912 California Avenue, Urbana, Illinois.

No. 29. Ruth Raymond, President; Constance Hallock, Secretary; seven members. Address, Clinton, New York.

No. 30. Marion Briggs, President; Eva Elmer, Secretary; six members. Address, Voluntown, Connecticut. The members of Chapter 30 are going to write essays on subjects selected from ST. NICHOLAS. This seems good practice.

No. 31. Caroline R. Study, Secretary; three members. Address, 616 West Norris Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 32. Natalie Taylor, President; Helen Redich, Secretary; fifteen members. Address, 144 West Ninety-third Street, New York City.

No. 33. Mary I. Badger, President; Marie H. Whitman, Secretary; ten members. Address, Keene, New Hampshire.



BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN.

No. 34. Elbert Durfee, President; Justin Weddell, Secretary; six members. Address, Davenport, Iowa. Chapter 34 collects one cent at each meeting from each member, and will use the money to buy a good book for all to read. They ask for an appropriate name. How would "Knickerbocker" do?

No. 35. Helen Bettis, President; Miles Greenleaf, Secretary; eight members. Address, 132 North Thirty-eighth Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska.

No. 36. Otto Wolpeth, President; Henry Goldman, Secretary; ten members. Address, Hebrew Technical Institute, 34-36 Stuyvesant Street, New York City.

The addresses given are those of the secretaries. In reporting new clubs the names of officers should always come first, followed by the names of other members. We have room for the names of president and secretary only. Names should be arranged one below the other, and the report signed by the secretary with full address. Club number will go with the buttons.

#### THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention.

#### POEMS.

Helen Marion Wallace  
Florence Newton

Ellen Henrietta Skinner  
Annie Biddle

#### PROSE.

Lily Carpenter Worthington  
Hilda Ward  
Elodie Chamberlain  
Howard V. Vergin  
Alice Scott  
Helen Cook Davis  
Anna Spencer Stokes  
Katherine C. Gurney  
Rachel D. Kanes  
Joseph Worthen  
John Cleaveland Beebe  
Cora Manley Westcott  
Sadie J. Skinner  
Thomas J. Hogan  
Emy P. Laird  
Katherine Kerr  
Jessie Murray  
Alma Reed  
Christine Payson  
Grace M. M. Ford

Katherine Harlow  
Laura Benet  
Gertrude C. Condron  
Lilian May Vandes  
Elizabeth Nitchie  
Lily Hunt  
Lillian E. Judd  
Ruth Perkins Vickery  
Ellen Elizabeth Bates  
Margaret Widdemer  
Ethel Watson  
Edith Brown Gurley  
Florence E. Lahee  
Grace Ethel Fowler  
John T. Hancock  
Margaret Hendrie  
Annie R. Varney  
Helen Murphy  
Ormie Paulding  
Etta Stein

Marjorie Beebe

#### DRAWINGS.

Dates Pursell  
Margaret Thomasson  
Margaret Peckham  
Marjorie Hood  
Arthur Bell  
Robert H. McKoy, Jr.  
Ethel York  
Grace McDougall  
Betty Lockett  
Thornton D. Skidmore  
Eleanor Hollis Murdock

Harriet S. Smith  
Marcus H. Doll  
Charles K. Colb  
Carol Bradley  
J. Herbert Gaily  
Winfield Tyler  
Mae Geary  
Frances Rogers  
Ethel De Ronde  
Elinor Morton Hoyt  
Richard S. Newbold  
Helen M. Bissell  
Graham Hawley  
C. W. Hibbard  
Musgrave Hyde  
Joseph M. Dugan  
Seward H. Rathburn  
Hally B. Mills  
F. M. Greenleaf



BY REBECCA McDOUGALL.

Ruth B. Hand  
Charlotte S. Woodford  
Katherine F. McCook  
Edward C. Stifler  
R. S. Crane  
Harriet F. Thomson  
Talbot T. Hamlin

M. Marshall Emerson  
Vernon Radcliffe  
Carola Spaeth  
Ruth Osgood  
Arthur End  
Margaret N. Osgood  
Marion K. Evans

Helen Lawrence  
Thomas McIver

Francis Tingley  
Gretchen Boyd

## PUZZLES.

Guy Richards Crump  
Edith Chapin  
Ella Varick Morrison  
William S. Ward  
Edith M. Thompson  
Reginald Petre Courtis  
Elmore Lee  
Elsie Demmler  
Gordon Thompson

Eleanor Smith  
Louise Edgar  
Marion S. Cornly  
Rachel Rhoades  
Albert E. Stockin  
Edward N. Goodwin  
Ruth Allaire  
Bertha B. Janney  
Shirley Bangs

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Erford W. Chesley  
Arthur L. Besse  
Jeannette Palen Hunt

Harold S. Frankenheimer  
Frederic C. Smith  
Larned Van Patten Allen

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 6.

NOTE.—*Prize Competition No. 6* will close on March 10. The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

POEM.—"The Nineteenth Century's Last Springtime." This must not contain over twenty-four lines, and may be either reflective, descriptive, or narrative, and either serious or humorous.

PROSE.—The title must contain the word "wheel," and the story or essay may relate to any phase or incident of wheeling. It must not exceed four hundred words in length, and may be either serious or humorous.

DRAWING.—"First Signs of Spring." Only India ink or very black writing-ink must be used, and only white paper. Landscape, still life, or figures may be selected as a subject—in fact, anything that the subject suggests.

PHOTOGRAPH (not smaller than 3×3).—"March Days." This may be either an indoor or outdoor view, with or without figures.

PUZZLE.—The answer must express something likely to bring happiness in June.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS.—The best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to the puzzles in this (March) number of ST. NICHOLAS.

The younger members of the League need not be

afraid to try. Their ages will be taken into consideration, and special prizes will be awarded for unusual excellence in early efforts. In fact, the *first prize* for prose was taken this month by a girl of eleven, and once before by a little girl of ten, Miss Katherine Carr, whose pretty story appeared in the January issue.

## SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPH PRIZE.

To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun, the St. Nicholas League continues the following special prize announcement:

For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and the League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and the League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Before sending any contribution read all the rules over carefully.

Address all communications to

The St. Nicholas League,

Union Square, New York City.



"THE WAVERLEY NOVELS." BY DOROTHY JENKS, AGE 13.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

We reprint by special request this month an exciting story, which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1891, entitled "Storm-bound above the Clouds." It will be quite new to many of our readers; and the older boys and girls will be glad to read it again when they note the name of the author,—Frederick Funston,—now the well-known Brigadier-General Frederick Funston of the United States army, whose gallantry in the Philippine Islands has won for him marked distinction within the past year. In General Funston's mountain-climbing adventure

amid snow and ice, so modestly recounted, our readers will recognize the same qualities that made him the idol of his men in warfare under a tropic sun.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish you could publish some prize competitions especially for children in foreign countries like Japan, because when we get any ST. NICHOLAS with a prize competition in it, it is always too late to send in our papers.

I was born in America, but do not remember much about it. I can only remember a little about California,



because I went there three years ago. I expect to go to America in two years, because I have to go to school there. I am going to school in Wisconsin. We are going to Nikko this summer, and I expect to have a great deal of fun. Nikko is a beautiful place, full of flowers, ferns, waterfalls, temples, and mountains. I only know of four waterfalls; they are called Somentake, Shirifuri, Vrami, and Nanatake. Vrami means "Back View," but Nanatake means "Seven Waterfalls." I don't know what the other two mean. My friend Constance is going too, and we expect to have fine fun together. On Queen Victoria's birthday we had a holiday. In the morning we bought fire-crackers and shot some of them off. In the evening we had some fireworks.

We are Americans, but we don't mind celebrating the Queen's birthday. In some books it is said that Japanese children do not cry, but I think that the authors must have been here only a day, because if they had been here a day *and a night* I think they would have thought differently.

I think I liked the "Story of Betty," "Chuggins," "Trinity Bells," "Quicksilver Sue," and "Margaret Clyde" best of all the stories lately.

I think that I have written enough, perhaps too much to be published, so good-by.

From your interested reader,  
A. PAULINE M—.

#### ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to thank you for the League badge. I received it the day before Christmas, and I think it very pretty. It was very lovely to spend a Christmas here in Rome, and I enjoyed the beautiful music in the different churches very much. There was a lovely Christmas tree in our hotel, and Christmas night the "Ave Maria" was sung here by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. We had our presents in our own parlor Christmas Eve, and I recited the little poem entitled "Pompey's Christmas," which I found in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS. A few days later we drove on the old Appian Way to Albano, where we saw the tomb which is said to be that of Pompey, and of course I was much interested in it. We left home in May, and it was some time before I received the June number, and you can imagine how glad I was when it came, for I had left "Betty" over in America, standing on a threshold in the elevator-shaft, and I was so afraid she would never get down! I am a little Vermont girl ten years old, and am always

Your interested reader,  
MARY C. TARMER.

#### PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have an uncle who is in India, and he wrote me a note telling about a fight between a cobra and a mongoose. I liked it so much that I want other people to enjoy it, too. Any one who has read the Jungle Books will, I am sure, like it very much. Here it is:

"You remember 'Rikki-tikki-tavy' in the Jungle Book? Well, the little mongoose's tail did bristle out just like a bottle-brush, and the cobra struck at him again and again. The little mongoose's eyes got bright as beads, and he never took them off the cobra for a second as it reared above him; and every time that it struck, quick as lightning the little Rikki-tikki-tavy jumped away quicker than lightning, leaving the cobra's head to come down with a bump. He watched his chance, and then sprang in close on the coils of the snake, and somehow managed to grab him by the lower

jaw. Then such a circus as there was! It was just a whirl of snake, and bottle-brush tail, and beady little eyes. Once or twice the snake coiled so tightly round him that he almost choked him off, but the slim and sleek little body of the mongoose seemed able to wriggle out of anything. Quick as a flash he changed his hold, and his teeth sank into the snake just back of the head; then it was only a matter of a few seconds before the cobra was stretched out dead. Rikki had his mouth too close to the poison-sacs of the snake, and after the battle he spit and frothed and scraped his mouth in the dust until his little nose got as red as fire. He was just as tame as a kitten, and I wanted to send him home to you, but he would be sure to die on the way."

My uncle's letter interested me very much.

I remain yours respectfully,  
HELEN KATE FURNESS.

#### ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent number I noticed where one subscriber has had the ST. NICHOLAS from the beginning. We also have had it; beginning with my sister down to me, we have had ST. NICHOLAS every month.

I am in the hospital, flat on my back, and I enjoy ST. NICHOLAS so much, and so do all the children in the ward.

There are eight children here. One has been here a year and a half, and is perfectly contented. One boy is a half-breed Indian, and I get him to tell me about his home. He enjoyed the story of Arkichita. I liked "The Lakerim Dozen" best, though the "Story of Betty" and "Trinity Bells" both were good.

Hoping that you may always have success, I am  
Your faithful reader, ELINOR G. BROWN.

A NUMBER of letters not spoken of here are in type to be printed in later numbers.

Alice Nicols writes from Dresden, where she is at school. She expects to go to the Paris Exposition. Rex L. Morse sends a newspaper clipping about another ice cave, about one hundred miles northeast of Portland, Oregon. This is the third about which we have received letters. Rodney Dean has let us see a clever story of adventure. It is an excellent piece of writing for a boy nine years old. "Minnie" writes from Lincoln, Nebraska, about a horse named "Thunder," that shook his head when asked to take sugar, "though he really meant yes." Claire Van Daell's family have taken ST. NICHOLAS for fourteen years. Florence Foster has a pet dog, "Dewey," that, when called, comes and walks with her from school. C. Eugenia Piolet hopes ST. NICHOLAS will always remain as interesting. Mary L. Crosby likes it best of all magazines. Carrie Kappel prefers London to Berlin (she writes from Berlin), and thinks she would like New York if she "ever came there." Teresa Sweeney tells us about her family, her friends, and her lessons. Paul W. Haasis sends a diagram showing how he made amusing figures of men and animals with stone building-blocks.

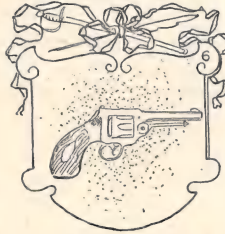
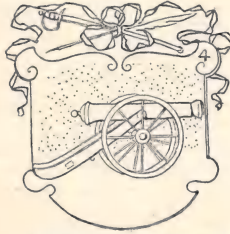
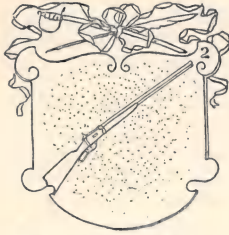
Other pleasant letters came from Marguerite Russell, Mary R. B., Gertrude Lloyd, Molly L. Maclean, Marjorie Maynard, Antoinette L. Fuller (whose home is named Chetolah, an Indian word meaning "Peaceful Rest"), Dorothea Dudley, Walter C. Douglas, Lilian Endicott (who has a little pony just like the one in "Denise and Ned Toodles"), and from Will Ruggles. We thank them all very heartily.





**DIAMOND.**

1. IN March. 2. A reticule. 3. The subject of a poem. 4. A statesman born in March, who died in March. 5. Deep shade. 6. Amount. 7. In January.  
JENNIE N. CHILD (League Member).

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**

EACH of the six small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the name of a distinguished man.

**AN "AGED" PUZZLE.**

Pray what 's the best age for a girl or a boy? (Courage.)

And what is the one we'd refuse? (Dotage.)  
What age does an Englishman highly enjoy? (Peerage.)

And what would all fond lovers choose? (Marriage.)

There 's an age for the farmer (1) and one for the clerk (2);

One shared by the doctor and thief (3);  
An age for the man who directs others' work (4),  
And one that expresses belief (5).

What age is it troubles the traveler's mind (6)?

And what is the age of the slave (7)?  
The one that the soldier has often to find (8)?  
The age that the battle-field gave (9)?

And what is the age that the lame man will please (10)?

One loved by the wild Irish lad (11)?  
The age of the emigrant on the high seas (12)?  
The age that we all wish we had (13)?

Can you tell me the age of the plants (14)? of the birds (15)?

The age that the heathen adore (16)?  
The age that is heavy (17)? the one that impairs (18)?  
The one that is not less nor more (19)?

The wild age (20)? the one that the future foretells (21)?

The one where the vessels safe ride (22)?  
The snug little age where the minister dwells (23)?  
And the common one right by our side (24)?

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

**OBLIQUE RECTANGLE.**

1. In oblique. 2. A club. 3. Work. 4. Allured. 5. A riddle. 6. Pertaining to a certain nobleman. 7. A weapon. 8. A fruit. 9. Dressed. 10. An African. 11. A bill of exchange. 12. To tender. 13. Character. 14. A deer. 15. In rectangle.

GEORGE LINWOOD HOSEA.

**THE MAGIC LETTERS.**

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

X	J	A	G	M
L	U	S	E	O
D	I	A	R	D
V	N	C	I	U
E	B	O	O	B

THE above magic letters contain the name, and a brief history, of a great man who died in March. Choosing any letter as a starting-point, and moving one square in any direction, spell out:

1. The man's first name.
2. His middle name.
3. His last name.
4. The year of his birth.
5. The name of the city in which he was born and died.
6. The name of his aunt, and of his daughter.
7. The name of a country where he gained great fame.
8. A famous saying of his.
9. The name of a river which played an important part in his life.
10. The year of his death.
11. The part of the month on which he died.

Each letter may be used more than once, if necessary.

MAURICE P. DUNLAP.



"SPEAK NOT EVIL OF THE LAW, BOY!" RESPONDED THE RULER, STERNLY."  
(SEE THE STORY, "A BOY OF GALATIA.")



# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXVII.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 6.

## A BOY OF GALATIA.

BY SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

IT was court-day in far-away Galatia, northernmost of all the Grecian provinces. Before the great gate of Ancyra, the capital, a long line of accused and accusers passed the ivory chair of the archon, or ruler, who judged every cause that touched not the life of a freeman. Now a thief was scourged, now a pledge redeemed, and case after case was heard and passed upon in a few brief words. Finally a pathetic little group, that seemed oddly out of place in the line of petty criminals, came before the judgment-seat. A tall woman, with the noble oval face that marked the highest type of Grecian beauty, leaned on the arm of a youth, while a little fair-haired boy clung to her skirt. In the background stood a lame slave with eyes fixed on the ground, while the edge of a ghastly scar running underneath his tunic gave a reason for the withered limb. The archon regarded the four for a moment in silence, and then addressed them in a voice cold and impassive as his face. "Ladas and Nestor, children of him that was Milo, captain of the soldiers, and Egeria, wife of the same, hither have you been summoned at the instance of your creditors. Debts to the amount of the half of one talent are recorded against you. Your home is but a hovel, your land untilled and barren, and your one slave a

worthless cripple. Therefore the city allows one year for the cancelation of these lawful debts. At the end of that time, the same remaining unpaid, this family shall be sold as slaves in the public mart for the benefit of its creditors. Thus saith the law of Galatia."

"'T is a hard law," cried the boy, facing the archon unflinchingly, while the mother sobbed aloud, "that enslaves the family of one who died in battle for his city, and whose friends are in exile!"

"Speak not evil of the law, boy!" responded the archon, sternly. "No fault of the law is it that thy father became surety for those who belonged to the accursed Athenian faction and were rightly driven into exile, or that the family of a man are liable for his surety debts."

And the archon, who had come into office when the Athenian party was driven into exile, and hated Athens and all things Athenian with the race-hatred that belonged to his Macedonian blood, called the next case.

It was a sad home-going for the little family. In the west the afterglow of the sunset had begun to pale long before the rude dwelling, now their only shelter, was reached. That night, after the little boy had fallen asleep, Ladas and his mother sat long in the

wavering firelight before the hearth, that sacred heart of a Grecian home. Back in the shadow sat their slave, Phraanes the Dumb; for never since the time that his wound had healed, leaving him with a shrunken limb, had he been heard to speak. Captured in some foray of the city against a tribe of the desert, he had been assigned to Milo, the leader of the hoplites, in the division of the spoil.

Between his master and this strange, silent man, who could outrun and, with his own weapons, outfight any one of the hoplites, there had sprung up a friendship deeper than any suspected. Ever in battle was the slave permitted to fight at his captain's side among the free-men of Galatia. Then came that terrible day when, in a skirmish against the horde of northern barbarians that had swarmed down upon Galatia, the company of Milo had been cut off from the main army by an overwhelming force. They found his body afterward in the midst of a ring of slain, covered with wounds, lying prostrate across Phraanes, who was still breathing. The latter was brought home, and, under Egeria's tender nursing, had at last recovered. Always taciturn, he now became dumb, and, with bowed head and eyes always fixed on the ground, wrought ever at such labor as his crippled state would allow. He had been the mainstay of the family during dark days of debt and shame. For the leader of the hoplites had been a surety to several of his friends who belonged to the Athenian party in the city, and whom the Macedonian faction, upon coming into power, had driven into exile. Then, by the stern Galatian code, Milo, and his family after him, became liable for all the debts that the fugitives had been forced to leave unpaid.

For a long time Egeria gazed at the fire with hot dry eyes.

"Ah, the cruelty and shame of it all!" she broke forth at last, "that the sons of my blood, and I myself whose ancestors were of the gods, should be sold as slaves! Ah, I cannot bear it!" And the stricken woman burst into a passion of weeping, withal vainly trying to keep back her sobs lest the little Nestor should be awakened.

Ladas strove to console her, his heart nearly

broken the while, for never before had he seen his mother so give way, not even when the dead body of Milo was borne home.

"A year is long," he said, striving to speak hopefully, "and I have a plan, mother mine. Before the time has gone come the great Olympic Games. By toiling mightily, perchance I can gain enough to pay Timon the trainer to teach me the lore of racing. For I am fleet of foot, and the family of him who could win the race need, as thou knowest, never fear debt nor want throughout all Greece, even to the farthest province."

Suddenly from out of the darkness came a voice unheard throughout long years—the voice of the slave. It was to the mother almost as if the dead Milo had spoken. Into the circle of the firelight strode Phraanes, no longer the Dumb. The eyes, downcast so weary long, burned level under the black brows. The bent form stood again erect, and, in spite of the shriveled limb, it was no longer a broken-spirited cripple, but Phraanes the Swift, Phraanes the Warrior, who spoke.

"Art sure of the words thou saidst, O Ladas, son of my lord?" slowly questioned the slave, in a voice hoarse and faltering from long disuse.

Ladas was too startled by the transformation to do more than nod assent.

"Then hear me, O race of Milo," continued Phraanes, and his voice rang now clear and compelling as a trumpet-note. "Between Milo, the commander of troops, and me, a slave, was such love as only strong men feel who have stood back to back amid the deadly din of blows, and won through many a hard-fought day together. At the last came that battle when, hemmed in by the enemy, the Greeks fought until none were on their feet, save only Milo the captain and Phraanes the slave. Then did it chance that one ran within the sword-sweep, and down my thigh ripped a curved blade, for always fought I uncovered, as my fathers before me. The accursed one was dead before he could withdraw the knife, but my strength flowed with the blood, and even in the midst of a stroke I fell forward on my face. Nothing more I knew until they lifted the body of my lord from mine, protecting me even in death."



There was a pause, broken only by a sob from Egeria, as the remembrance of that bitter day came back to her.

"Then came the time that I found myself no longer a man worthy to fight among men,"—and the voice dropped low,—"but only a 'worthless cripple,' as thou heardest the archon say this day, and in the despair of my heart I

speed. I, too, have viewed the Olympic Games and the racers therein, and have marveled that such running should win. Slower are the Grecians in the start than the wild dog of the wilderness, who must follow his prey from sun to sun ere, wearied, it be o'ertaken. In the race they wave their arms and waste breath crying on the gods to grant them speed. To



THE VALLEY OF OLYMPIA.

became dumb, nor could I face my kind. Long ago would I have dared to die, but that, even in my worthlessness, some use might I be to the race of my lord."

"A helper indeed hast thou been, our Phraanes," said Egeria, softly, and her eyes became very tender as she remembered how the cripple, hopeless, bent, and dumb, had labored always, night and day, for them all.

Phraanes bent low before his mistress, touching his forehead to her outstretched hand. Then he turned to the boy, and there was the ring of absolute conviction to his words.

"O my Ladas, thou speakest of Timon the trainer. I say to thee that to his mind omens avail more than practice, and sacrifices than

you Greeks running has been but a pastime; among my nation speed means life or death, for, as thou knowest, we desert-dwellers of the north have no horsemen, and the fate of battles must turn on the swiftness of our warriors' feet. Among a nation of runners my father, Aisnax, was swiftest. In the great races of the desert, wherein contended all the peoples that live a life of wanderings in tents, never did he see the back of a runner at the finish. And his fame went forth throughout all the vastness of Scythia, even to the dwellers in the north, the Hyperboreans.

"To me, Phraanes, his son, he told all the wile and wisdom of the track, and the traditions of our tribe, until it came to pass that in the

paces I was ever at his shoulder. And, O my master, all this within the year can I teach to thee, and thou shalt win the race, an thou wilt take old Phraanes as a trainer."

He finished, and laid his massive arm, knotted and gnarled with the hard muscle like to the ribbed branch of some gray old oak, caressingly across the shoulders of Ladas.

"Thou shalt train me, my Phraanes," cried the boy, fired by the slave's words, which came to him almost like a revelation. "If I win, my statue stands before the temple in the ring of the Olympic winners from Galatia; I, and all that bear my name, live as the city's guests, honored in the public hall, and our debts the city takes upon itself; while thou, thou who fought by my dead father's side, shalt dwell with us, a friend and freeman!"

Months after this speaking of Phraanes came the day, long proclaimed by a herald throughout the length and breadth of the province, when every athlete of Galatia met in the games of the city. The winners of each event would be sent with their trainers to Olympia, there to contend in the great quadrennial games for the glory of the province. Even before the dawn, every man, woman, and child of all Galatia, save the sick and slaves, were gathered around the level field just outside the city walls, where the games of the province were held. The aulos, shortest yet most important of the races, came first. Each runner, as he took his place, was greeted with shouts of applause from his friends, save one alone, who, attended only by a limping slave, came to the line almost unnoticed. Only when, at the second word of the starter, the long rank of runners stiffened into position, did he attract any attention. All the others bent forward, one foot on the starting-line, one arm outstretched, the other back—the regulation starting position of a Grecian runner. The last youth alone crouched, and, with both hands on the line and muscles all tense, awaited the final signal.

At the first sound of the word he was off, and yards ahead of the rest before they fairly came into their stride. The fleetest runners of the province heretofore, they strained every muscle to overtake the flying body that flashed

along ahead of them, gleaming in the sunlight. But in vain, in vain, do they cry on Hermes of the winged feet, god of runners, or on the swift Apollo. Like the smooth movement of a coursing hound is the long, even stride of Ladas, while the white arms swinging alternately and the lithe and even poise of the body show the effects of Phraanes's training. As the boy crossed the line marking the finish, easily a winner, the spectators thronged about him, and inquiries as to his name and blood were on every tongue. The Elders, the members of the Council, and all the notables of the city pressed up to congratulate one whose speed surpassed any ever seen on a Galatian course.

"He shall join my squad at once," said Timon the trainer, authoritatively pushing his way through the crowd, "be he whom he may. I doubt not that by a due observance of the auguries I can increase his speed, albeit I like not that barbarian start of his."

"Nay, but I have a trainer," the boy answered quickly, and he laid his bare arm, moist with the sweat of the race, upon the swarthy shoulder of Phraanes, who stood behind him bearing his mantle.

"What, that slave, a limping—" But the trainer ceased speaking suddenly, as with a swift movement Phraanes stepped forward and fixed his fierce eyes upon those of Timon with a look so strangely menacing that the latter shrank back involuntarily.

"Let the lad have whom he will," observed one who wore the insignia of the Council. "Such running hath never before been seen in this city, whoever has taught him."

Long months passed—months to Ladas of the sternest training and the most rigorous practice. At last came the eve of the one hundred and thirty-first Olympiad, and the little city of Olympia, usually so quiet, that stood near the sacred groves and famed course, in a lonely corner of Hellas, was alive with the vast crowd of visitors, who were thronging its streets during the "truce of God" that heralds had proclaimed throughout the Grecian world, the sacred month of the Olympic Games. Such a motley assemblage was never seen at any other time, nor could it have been gathered there



save for the month's safe-conduct extended to all who came.

Richly garmented Athenians jostled against stern-faced, simply clad men of Sparta, while those slept side by side in the crowded inns who, mayhap, a few short weeks before, had met on a battle-field where quarter was not asked or given. Men of every rank and age were there—soldiers, philosophers, and poets, young and old. Only the women stayed lonely at home, by edict of the rulers.

Nor was the throng merely a Grecian one. Everywhere were seen barbarians from the unknown outer world, whose grim faces and garbs were strange to all save those veterans who had seen service in distant provinces. Here a black-robed Egyptian priest, carrying himself with the dignity that the learning of the Pyramids gave, moves slowly through the excited throngs. A little farther on, the vast thews and dark muscles of an Ethiopian from the far-away South-land attract general attention, but the menace of the sable warrior's long javelin and curved belt-dagger discourage curiosity. A slant-eyed, yellow-faced Scythian, from a region as yet beyond even the conquering march of the Macedonian troops, is not so fortunate. The furs that have kept out the cold of arctic winters afford no protection against the storm of ridicule that his odd appearance excites among the laughter-loving Greeks, and the squat figure seems to become even more dwarfed as he strives to hide himself in the throng.

Beside a fountain in the market-place stands a Phrygian flute-player. The shrill notes drown the splash of the water, and reap a rich harvest of coins from the appreciative bystanders. Suddenly the crowd parts. Down the main street sweeps a swaying, dancing band of worshipers on their way to the pillared temple of Dionysus, and the wild, sweet cadence of their chorus sounds high above the many-voiced clamor.

Far across the plain of Elis, in the dark olive-groves where stood the temple of Zeus, slept those who were to compete for the wild-olive wreaths, the winning of which bore with them world-wide fame and fortune. Among the athletes was Ladas, with Phraanes, his silent

trainer, who had been there for the last ten months under the supervision of the Hellenodikæ, or rulers of the games. On the morrow he was to run, not only for fame,—for if he won the aulos his name would be given to the Olympiad, and forever would those four years of Grecian history be known as the Olympiad of Ladas,—but to save himself and those dear to him from shame; for that week expired the year allowed him by Galatian law to cancel his debts. Swiftest of all the Galatian racers had Ladas proved himself, but to-morrow he was to meet the chosen runners of Athens, of Sparta, and of all the provinces, and, in spite of the comforting words of Phraanes, it was but a sleepless night for Ladas.

Morning came at last, and as the red dawn-light crept into the eastern sky, the two attired themselves and hastened to the temple of mighty Zeus. Behind the great altar of Pentelic marble, stained with the life-blood of a quivering victim, was the vast gold-and-ivory statue of the ruler of the gods, the life-work of inspired Phidias. The grand figure, seated in its ivory chair, towered forty feet from the ground, and, extending the eagle-crowned scepter that swayed Olympus, demanded the reverence of mortals. No man could meet the majestic gaze of that deathless face with a lie on his lips. Before the crouched lions that supported the golden footstool of the god were grouped the competitors from all Greece and her provinces, while facing them, beneath the winged spike that stood in the god's left hand, were the ten silent judges of the games, whose stern eyes watched and weighed each athlete that stepped forward, as his name was called, to prove by witnesses the integrity of his character and to take the oath of the Olympic Games.

One by one the awed athletes came forward, until, at last, "Ladas, son of Milo, of the city of Ancyra of the province of Galatia, stand forth!" shouted the herald of the games, and his mighty voice echoed among the temple pillars.

"Who answers for this youth?" again, as Ladas stood before the altar.

"I, Chryses, of the Inner Council of the city of Ancyra, answer for him," responded a calm

voice from the group of witnesses, and a man of majestic bearing stepped forth. "Before great Zeus, this youth is without blemish or stain."

"Take the oath, O Ladas!" rang the great voice again.

The boy laid his right hand in the flowing life-blood of the sacrifice, gazed straight up at the mighty face that towered above him, and unfalteringly repeated the oath of the games:

"Hear, O Zeus! I who stand before thee now am of pure Hellenic blood, a free son of free parents, neither branded with dishonor nor guilty of any sacrilege. I have duly undergone for ten months the training to fit me to contend before thee, and will so contend, striving earnestly by all lawful means, and without bribery, to obtain victory."

Later, in the northwest corner of the great Altis, filled with the statues of former victors, Ladas and Phraanes waited in the dim dawn-light for the trumpet-note which would summon the former to the stadium.

"Thou art drawn in the third heat," said Phraanes, laying his arm across the boy's shoulders, all a-tremble under the terrible strain of suspense. "Run thou that with the ordinary upright start such as all will use. There are none against thee save new men from distant provinces; but in the last heat Phædo of Athens will push thee hard, for this is but thy first year, and sixteen wreaths has he won at games—Olympic, Pythian, Nemean, and Isthmian. Thou must needs remember every wile that I have taught thee, to touch the marble at the finish in front of him. See to it that—"

But here a trumpet-note cut short all further conversation. The two then separated, Phraanes hastening to the place on the hill Kronion reserved for the men of Galatia, while Ladas joined the little group of competitors that passed through the vaulted passage leading to the stadium.

On each side were long rows of brazen Zanes, whose grim, cold faces had seen generation after generation of runners hasten down the echoing steps toward the stadium to strive for the honor of provinces and cities. As

Ladas stepped forth into the brightening sunlight it was into a tempest of sound. The vast crowd that darkened the sides of the hill Kronion, feverish from a night of waiting, rose to its feet, and a human roar surged across the stadium like the voice of some vast unearthly thing. Through the serried ranks passed the Hellenodikæ with their wands of office, whose slightest motion was law even to the most frenzied of the spectators.

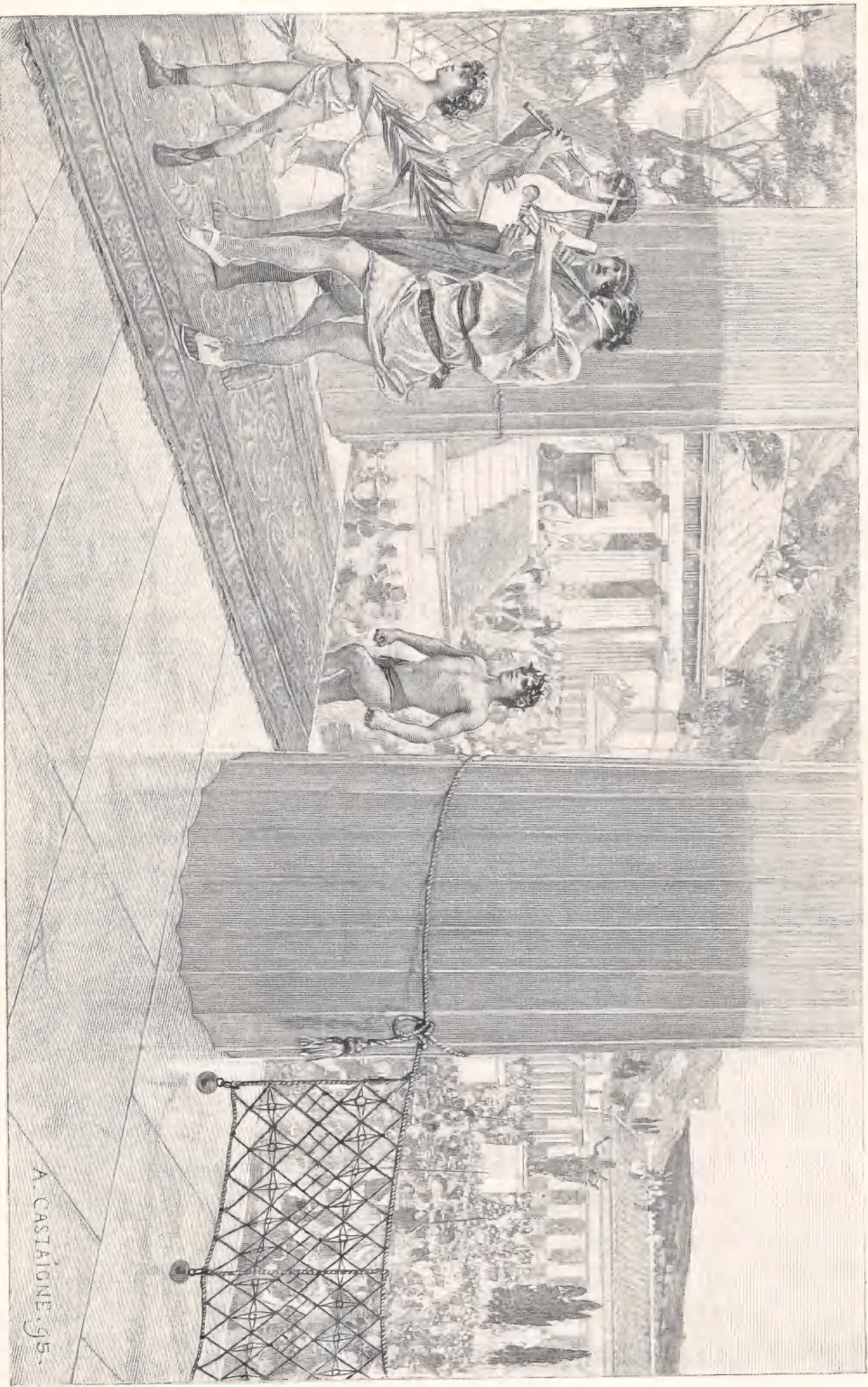
Half stunned by the tumult, Ladas stretched himself on the narrow space of turf next the track, where the runners awaited their heats, pressed his burning face deep into the cool grass, and drew in long breaths of its dewy fragrance. Although the air was warm, he shivered and wrapped himself more closely in the great *chlamys*, or fleece-lined cloak that was the conventional garb of waiting athletes.

Then the wands of the Hellenodikæ were lifted, and in an instant there was a silence, broken only by the high, monotonous tone of the herald as he announced the names and cities of the competitors in the first heat. As they bent forward in a line that reached across the stadium, the muscles of Ladas stiffened involuntarily with theirs. Then came the short, sharp trumpet-note, and they were off.

As Ladas watched the line that flashed forward he saw much to hearten him. Some of the racers cried out shrilly to their gods as they ran, and the awkward play of their arms and legs was far different from the clean, machine-like motion that old Phraanes had taught the boy. Unconsciously Ladas sat up, and the loud beating of his heart no longer seemed to fill his ears. "I could give any of those five cubits and overtake them on the start," he thought joyously.

But the next heat dispelled rudely his dreams of an easy victory. Phædo, the Athenian, ran in that heat, and Ladas saw instantly that there was a competitor whose speed far outstripped all that he had seen. His left arm to the shoulder was red with the blood of a wild deer, sacrificed that morning to Hermes, the winged one; for Phædo believed much in sacrifice. At the trumpet-note he was off a stride before the others, and his every motion showed the training and experience that years of competition at the four





A VICTOR IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES ENTERING THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS.

A. CASTAIGNE. g5.



great sacred games had given him. Half-way down the stadium he led by nearly double his own length.

Then, with a quick glance over his shoulder at the laboring runners behind him, by degrees his pace slackened; for Phædo was no novice, to make any unnecessary effort in what was only a preliminary heat. As he half turned to look back Ladas saw the red emblem of the sea-god, an image of a fish, burned deeply in just above the heart, showing with strange vividness against the snowy skin, and he remembered that Phædo was of the Poseidonic Brotherhood, one of the oldest and most powerful of those mystic orders whose origin went back to the days when the gods still dwelt among men. To this none were eligible save certain of the priesthood—who prepared themselves for the dread honor only by years of endurance—and the winners of the Isthmian Games, whose bravery had been proved by dread initiatory rites. Free were these Brethren of the Sea to voyage on any vessel of Greece, the provinces, or the isles, while even the Phœnicians, those sea-rovers who feared no man, granted all honor to the wearer of the symbol of great Dagon, the fish-god; for the Brethren were forever exempt from all perils of wreck or storm, and Poseidon extended like protection to the ship and the crew with whom they were associated.

This honor, which only age and a life of endeavor could bring to other men, Phædo, still in his youth, had won almost in a day, and Ladas remembered certain ringing lines of the blind Homer that his mother had read to him: "Throughout life a man hath naught more glorious than what he wins with his hands or his feet." And if he but won to-day, what glory greater than all would be his—the glory of restoring those of his race and blood to the proud place they had once held in the city, the glory of saving his mother, his brother, and himself from unspeakable shame! And the boy's teeth clenched together grimly, and very suddenly all the tremor, all the fear, was gone; the dogged fighting blood that had come down to him through a long line of warrior ancestors was stirred. 'T was a fight with all Greece, and the odds against him, but win he would; and

the boy felt the strange calm that comes to him who has once nerved himself to fight undauntedly, desperately, despairingly it may be, but still to fight through to the end, whatever that end may be.

The great voice of the herald sounded along the hillside, and the first name was "Ladas of the province of Galatia." A shout to the patron god of the province went up from the north-eastern end of the hill: "Galatia! Galatia! Ares for Galatia!" And Ladas thrilled all over as he heard the voice of his city, and realized how dear to him was his birthplace, and how to-day its honor lay in his hands. He listened intently as, one by one, the other contestants were called and ranged themselves by his side. All were unknown novices. Every runner who during recent years had achieved aught of reputation, either in the national or provincial races, had become known to Ladas, by name at least, during these last few months of training. With a feeling of intense relief, he faced up the stadium as the starter gave the first word, and assumed the position for the Grecian start, in accordance with Phraanes's directions. Bending lithely forward, he darted off at the last signal a little ahead of the other runners, despite the unfamiliar method of starting. Before he had taken half a score of strides, by that indefinable instinct that comes to a runner, he knew, without glancing back, that he was easily drawing away from the others.

Imperceptibly he slackened his pace when once assured that his opponents were running at the limit of their speed, and foot by foot they crept up. The awkward fling, too, of their limbs he imitated somewhat, disguised the smooth, rhythmic beat of his feet by clumsy movements, ran as if greatly exhausted, and finally staggered in, a winner by a few inches. It was of the craft of Phraanes that none should know of his pupil's real speed until the last heat; for the old racer well knew that, especially in a short race, a surprise might turn the scale.

"'T is but a young runner that wins," quoth the grizzled Athenian trainer to Phædo, who stood watching the heat critically. "Not till another Olympiad will he be skilled enough to hasten thee. To-day it is the Wolf from Sparta



and that accursed 'Girl' from Corinth whom thou must fear."

Like words spoke all the trainers to their charges ere Ladas joined the group of waiting athletes, that was waning with every heat. He alone of all the runners was attended by no trainer, for none save free-born men of Hellenic parents were allowed to enter the sacred inclosure of the stadium. Lonely he wrapped the fleecy cloak around his bare shoulders and paced back and forth, while the others looked at him askance, and the trainers sneered audibly at the young runner who competed unattended; but on Ladas's left wrist was the gleaming golden circlet that the elder of the judges had clasped on for him as winner of an Olympiad heat,—an honor in itself that was worth years of striving,—and in his ears still rang the great shout of triumph that had gone up from the men of Galatia at the words of the herald:

down a gray wolf of the forest, and killed him with no other weapons than his hands and teeth.

The last heat was taken by Arcesilaus, the runner from Corinth, surnamed the "Girl," from the fairness of his face and the effeminacy of his manners; yet underneath that soft exterior was concealed a fire and a fury of courage that had made him one of the most noted of all the Grecian racers in long or short races.

Now came a brief interval of rest, while the trainers with supple hands and limpid oil rubbed out the last vestige of fatigue from limbs on whose speed that day depended the honor of a city. As the mighty-voiced herald called forth the names and cities of the heat-winners, they ranged themselves at the start in the order of their names.

First was a Thessalian, a heavy-featured, sturdily built mountaineer; next to him stood a Cretan, sly-faced and treacherous-eyed: slow runners both, who chanced to be the swiftest in their heats. Then came Ladas, with Phædo of Athens next. Side by side with

Phædo was the Wolf of Sparta, while, last of all, on the farthest right was the Girl of Corinth, twirling a freshly plucked rose in his white be-ringed fingers.

As the runners ranged themselves in line, far down the sandy course, back of the sunken marble slab that marked the goal, rose the elder of the judges to call down the blessing of great Zeus, the ruler of the gods, upon the coming Olympiad; for each Olympiad bore the name of the winner of the race. The Olympiad of Phædo was drawing to its close, and this race determined whose name the next four years of Greece should bear.

"Look well, O Hellas!" cried the elder from his carved marble seat, holding aloft the sacred cup of the games, brimming with the crimson wine. "Is there aught of evil known against these who run to-day before the deathless, all-knowing gods?" An instant of silence, and "The blessing of great Zeus be on the coming Olympiad, and him who names it!" cried the elder, and the crimson drops fell as an oblation upon the goal-slab. Scarcely had they stained the snowy marble when there



ALMOST AT THE GOAL.

"Ladas of the province of Galatia wins the third course!"

The next heat went to Lycaon the Spartan, the "Wolf"—so named from that grim winter's night when, alone and on foot, he had run

sounded the trumpet-note that warned the runners to take their positions. Instantly the line bent forward, and all save the runner of Galatia leaned over with arm outstretched, left foot on the mark, ready to stride forth at the last trumpet-call. Ladas alone crouched at the feet of the others, both hands white to the knuckles with the pressing on the starting-line, and every muscle in his lithe body tense to shoot him forward at the first sound of the trumpet.

A murmur of astonishment went up from the audience as, for the first time, the barbarian start of the desert was seen on an Olympic stadium. From the corner of his eye Phædo saw, with a vague feeling of uneasiness, the figure crouching below him, while at the farther end the Girl of Corinth lost somewhat of his unconcerned bearing; there was a troubled frown on the Wolf's stern face, and the whole line was pervaded with the anxiety that something unexpected causes. Insensibly the strained attention for the first sound of the starting note relaxed.

It came, the clear call to every man to run that day for all that life held dear.

At the first throb of sound on the air, Ladas, with a panther-like spring, is off and into his stride an instant before his startled opponents. A third of the way down the course he is leading by over his own length. Back of him on the left he can hear the muttered ejaculations of the Thessalian and the runner from Crete, as they cry to the gods for fleetness, but cry in vain, for with every stride the others draw away from them. Nearest to Ladas is Phædo, surprised at such swiftness from one whom he had considered an untrained novice, but running craftily as ever, waiting for the finish, where he counts upon the tremendous burst of speed that has snatched for him so many races out of the very jaws of defeat. On the far right, the Corinthian, his assumed girlishness cast aside, is running like a demon neck and neck with the Wolf of Sparta, the two but half a stride behind Phædo.

But it is to Phædo that the knowing ones look to win the race, for the leader from Galatia is but an unknown runner. On the right the madness of the race has fallen upon the farther two, and, though lessening the space

that separates them from the leaders, they are running at the very limit of their speed in this first third of the race. But Phædo seems to be husbanding his strength for a last desperate effort. There is no sound from the watching multitude, and in the tense silence the beat of the runners' feet upon the yellow sand, the gasping intake of their quick breathing, and their murmured cries to patron gods all are heard with strange distinctness. As the warm blood rushes through the veins of the Galatian boy, it carries away all the fear, all the oppression, that has weighed upon him. As in a dream, outside of himself, he seems to be watching, watching the race and his own speed dispassionately, impersonally.

Never before has every faculty acted with such absolute coolness and accuracy. Every word of the counsel that Phraanes has again and again given him for this his life-race comes to him now. With slanting, backward glance he sees the runners on the left dropping back, those on the right doing their uttermost; only Phædo he sees not—Phædo, crafty as swift.

Little by little he slackens his speed to spare himself for what is to be the final struggle with Phædo; and now the mad rush of the two on the right brings them up beside Ladas. The boy lengthens his stride, and for a moment the dark, swarthy visage of the Wolf, with the veins all swollen and black from struggling, the face of the Girl, wild-eyed, with a tiny crimson stream staining the dainty chin where the clenched teeth have pierced the lower lip, and the calm, uneager countenance of Ladas are in line.

But soon the straining efforts of the two on the right begin to tell, and slowly they draw away from the boy until there is a clear space between. Ladas holds the same pace, watching only that the little gap shall not widen. Still Phædo makes no sign, though near enough for Ladas to hear his rapid breathing close at his shoulder; nor, though the boy lags all that he dares, will Phædo draw up side by side; and Ladas knows that to-day the race is between Athens and Galatia, for already his practised eyes see the tiny fatal falter in the stride of the leaders. That desperate struggling from the very start is be-



ginning to tell, and the life and dash at the finish which wins a race has gone.

And now the white goal-stone of the young boys, who run a shorter course at the games than the men, is reached. The last third of the race is at hand.

Scarcely have they swung by it when, with a mad rush, Phædo shoots past Ladas, running as Ladas never saw man run before, eyes fixed on the goal, flaming under his heavy brows like altar-coals, his blood-stained arm gleaming back and forth with every quick, plunging stride.

A voice shrilled and broken, with a passion of pleading in its tone, sounds above the hoarse monotone of the Spartan, who shouts to the patron god of Lacedæmon. "Hear, O Poseidon, hear!" it calls. "The race grant thou to me, to me who shed my blood for thee on the Shore of Dread!"

Unlawful words are they, words telling what many a priest in the vast audience trembled to hear. Only the desperation of the finish could have wrung them from Phædo, for, though he has flashed past the laboring leaders, right at his heel comes the rapid footfall of the Galatian boy. Clearer and clearer it sounds, run as he will. Every faculty and fiber in Ladas's mind and body is concentrated on keeping unbroken the long, swift stride that Phraanes has taught him, which eats up the ground like fire. With elbows held well in, and swinging arms that lengthen every stride, he wastes no breath shouting invocations.

A single slip or falter will be fatal now, with the goal distant but a few short lengths, and as his limbs weaken under the terrible strain, the strength of his will sustains his flag-

ging muscles, and still the flying feet spurn the loose sand with never a break in their motion. Deep down within himself Ladas feels yet remaining an iota of reserve power. The temptation is almost irresistible to make his effort now, now to end the suspense and decide the race; but to his mind come the words of crafty old Phraanes: "With a stout heart and cool head the race can be won in the very last stride," and the supreme moment is delayed. Just ahead a flying figure dances before his dimming sight, and he wonders how feels Phædo, and whether aught of his strength also has been saved. And now a mad shout from the crowded seats of the Athenians roars forth across the stadium as they see Phædo in the lead at the very finish. "Athene! Athene!" they shout. "Pallas Athene gives us the race!" The cheers of the little group of Galatians are swallowed up in the great cry, but Ladas needs no applause to nerve him on. Now, at the very last, the wan, beautiful face of his mother is before him, and he remembers the two, lonely at home, waiting, waiting for the outcome of this day, for their glory or for their shame. Already the goal is scarce three strides away, and Phædo laughs with triumph, when suddenly the face of Ladas shoots up even with his. For an instant, that seems hours of struggling, the two waver side by side, and then with a last desperate effort the boy of Galatia draws ahead and touches the goal-slab, even while the foot of the Athenian hangs above it.

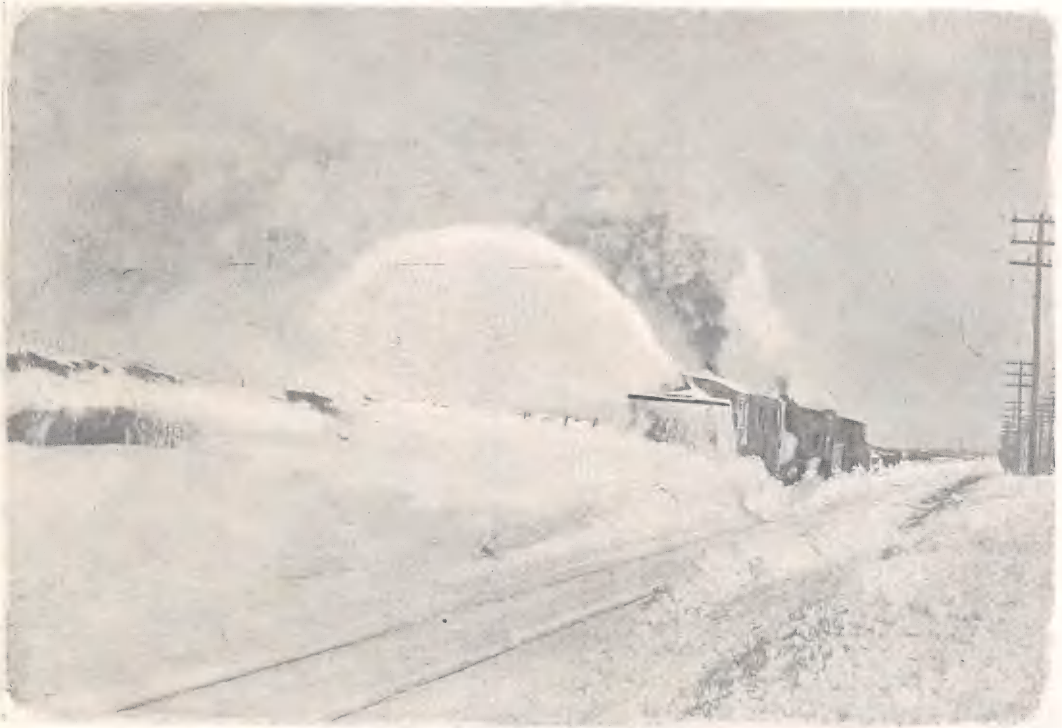
With the mighty shout of an assembled world begins the Olympiad of Ladas.



OLYMPIA TO-DAY.

## SNOW-PLOWS.\*

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.



A ROTARY PLOW THROWING THE SNOW CLEAR OF THE TRACK.

RIDING on an engine at the rate of from sixty to seventy miles an hour is an experience exciting enough to convince most of us that nature never intended that we should be railroad engineers; but it is hardly an incident to riding on a snow-bucking engine when engaged in forcing a tunnel through immense snow-drifts with a wood-faced, steel-shod plow. The modern "rotary" has made the old snow-plows out-of-date, and robbed the Western blizzard of half its terrors. The great rotary makes a picturesque sight as it cuts through the snow like a cheese-paring knife going through its favorite

medium, and the wonderful cataract of snow crystals that it hurls high into the air can be likened only to Niagara when its spray is carried like a mist in dense clouds far to one side.

When the bright morning sun, crisp and cold as a Klondike winter, comes out after a blizzard, and glints upon the sea of frozen snow, it forms a rainbow out of every curved hillside, and turns the cloud of flakes hurled up by the rotary into millions of descending diamonds.

But those who know aught of snow-bucking must feel a lingering sense of regret that science is robbing the great West of one of its most pic-

\* The photographs illustrating this article are from scenes along the line of the Long Island Railroad Company, and are used by the courtesy of that company.



turesque winter scenes. For a quarter of a century fighting snow in the blizzard-swept States of the Northwest has been a task that has enlisted all the enthusiasm, heroism, and intelligence of a people devoted to the work of conquering nature in her roughest moods. For months at a time, year after year, it looked as if nature had the better of the fight, and for whole weeks man's greatest efforts seemed futile and weak indeed. The warfare was carried on unceasingly, but every blizzard stalled the iron horses and made their power as useless as the strength of a child.

It was on the bleak Dakota plains that the following happened—in the days when the old-fashioned bucking-plow had reached the height of its power, and was ready to succumb to the more efficient rotary. Year after year the order had gone forth from headquarters: "Build larger and heavier plows." The officials tried to make up in size and weight what the plows lacked in other respects. The evolution of the small bucking-plow of twenty years ago into the immense Congdon plow, faced with wood and shod with steel, marks the exciting stages of desperate snow-fighting in the West. Two or three big eight- or ten-wheel engines were necessary to back up this immense plow—to give it the right pitch and force to hurl it through the tons of snow.

The limit of size and weight seemed to have been reached, when the rotary appeared to solve the problem.

Early fall sometimes brought winter in full blast upon the Western plains, and the superintendent of the "chain-gang" generally had his men and plows ready long before Thanksgiving. An early blizzard might swoop down upon the country at any moment, and to find the railroad officials unprepared for it meant losses mounting well up into thousands of dollars. Plows, engines, "drag-outs," and shovels were all put in perfect order, awaiting the approach of a storm.

It came one fall earlier than usual; it was a month before the Christmas season, and by the time that festival arrived the snow-fighters felt that already they had had a winter of it. The wind first blew a soft gale across the cold country; then the flakes of

snow descended in the most harmless sort of way, followed later by a biting wind and a rapidly falling thermometer. Like most blizzards, it came in like a lamb, and went out like a roaring lion. By noon the officials scanned the heavens apprehensively; by sundown the words of the tickers were watched eagerly as reports came pouring in from all directions, indicating a wide-spread storm. It was hardly dusk before the order was issued to get ready a few of the lighter snow-plows. These were always run out first, and nearly always were stuck in the snow. If the storm proved a mild one they would keep the tracks clear for ordinary traffic. But if the blizzard was correctly reported—and the worst was expected—the largest plows were called into service to head the procession that went sliding out into the white unknown world.

Except for short stretches, the plows were not sent out until the despatches began to indicate trouble. The reports showed that the trains were moving slower and slower on the whole line, and finally one was reported missing. She left Pinto or Baton at 10:30, and she should have reached Stratton at 10:45. But it was eleven, and she had not been heard from in half an hour. Apprehension grew in the office, and the fear that something had happened made the train-despatcher more careful with his table of other trains. A little later the ticker at Stratton announced that the engineer of the missing train had reached the station through the snow, reporting that his train was stalled in a deep cut a mile or two down the track. Orders followed thickly now, sending out snow-plows and shovelers to the stalled train. These were hardly despatched before news of other stalled and missing trains came pouring in from other points on the line.

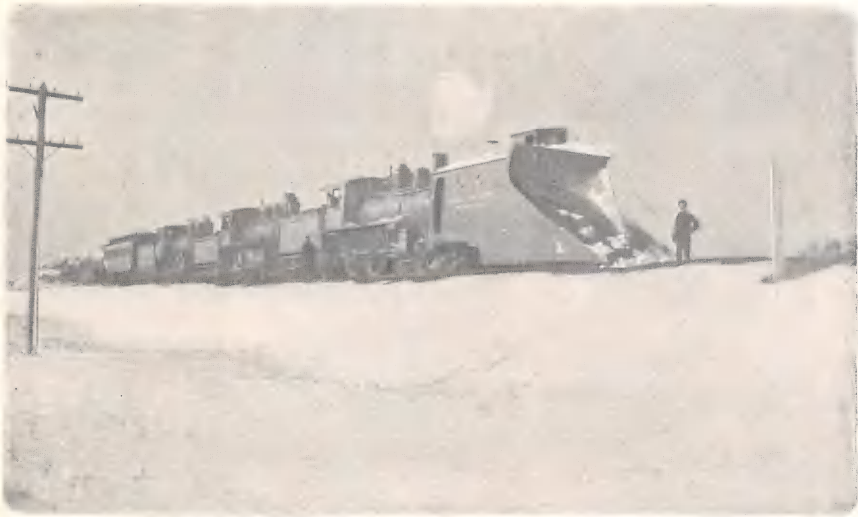
By midnight there was a general tie-up, and the train service was demoralized. The blizzard was meanwhile raging with all its customary fury, and the mantle of snow was growing thicker every minute. But the officials were rendered powerless. Somewhere out on the prairies there were several hundred passengers cut off from warmth and food. Should they perish, the company would be held responsible, and incur financial burdens that would be more than

likely to swamp the road. Not only women and children, but car-loads of live cattle, were in the stalled cars, and before morning the poor animals might perish from the excessive cold.

The anxiety in the office was intense at this state of affairs, but nothing could be done until the storm had abated somewhat. If the track made by the snow-plows should close up behind them and cut them off from their supply of fuel, the difficulties of the road would be more than doubled. So the superintendent and his men waited with what patience they could until morning should dawn, and the blizzard show signs of ending. Train crews and snow-shovelers slept in the roundhouse, ready for an

see ahead well, and the conductor has to direct him from his position on top of the cab, where a small cupola has been built. Behind the two engines driving the snow-plow comes the drag-out, and a train of cars loaded with provisions, clothing, extra coal, and a crew of shovelers. The drag-out remains at a respectful distance behind the snow-plow, and has an easy time of it in rolling over tracks cleared of snow by the plows.

Out of the yard the procession moves. Then it reaches the plains, and as the snow has drifted off the track on the level, the plows have little difficulty in cleaning them of what remains. A twenty- or thirty-mile gait is struck,



A WEDGE-PLOW PUSHED BY THREE LOCOMOTIVES.

instant start when the order should come, and the engines were provided with all the coal, oil, and water they could carry. Steam had been up to a heavy pressure all night, and the great snow-plows had been buckled to the front of the powerful ten-wheeler. Sometimes the snow superintendent and his eager men were kept waiting for days for a blizzard to end.

The welcome word to attack the snow finally comes, and the plows leave the yard for their various destinations. On the main line the heaviest plows are used. One of these towers up almost to the top of the engine-stack, so that it can tackle the highest drifts that may be met. The engineer in his caboose cannot

and the snow flies on either side of the plow as if shot out from a cannon. If no stalled trains are reported in this section, and no serious cuts are met with, the snow-plow goes merrily along, and the men join in the enthusiasm of the great inanimate machine, that seems suddenly endowed with life. But after a long run the plows cut the snow less swiftly and the speed of the train is slackened. A huge drift has packed across the track ahead. The train is stopped short of it, and the superintendent walks ahead to examine it. If he thinks the plows can go through it without the aid of the shovelers, the train backs up a mile or two, and then, under a thundering headway, it comes



down upon the drift with an impetus that fairly lifts the huge engines from the track. The smothered conductor overhead, and a shout of glee from the trainmen.

Another run across the country is then made, and in the crisp morning air the journey is exhilarating. But there is a dangerous cut ahead, and the engineer slows up instinctively. This cut is a natural receptacle for snow, and there is no likelihood of its being open this time. The great snow-



A ROTARY PLOW STANDING IN A DRIFT. FRONT VIEW, SHOWING THE CUTTING-WHEEL.

first impact into the snow-drift gives a dull thud and jolt to the train; then all is darkness as the engine dives into the drift and bores its way through. The speed is slowly reduced, although the throttle of the engine is wide open, and for a few moments there is some anxiety as to whether the powerful engines will get through the mass before their headway is stopped entirely. It is a moment of intense suspense as the train gradually slows up and comes almost to a standstill. Then suddenly light shoots out of the darkness ahead, the speed of the puffing engines increases, and in another moment we are clear of the snow-

plow pokes its nose close up to the beginning of the cut, and then the superintendent again runs ahead to make examination. This time he decides that it is too great a risk to attempt to force



VIEW OF TRACKS FREED OF SNOW, THE CLEAR CUT MADE BY THE ROTARY PLOW, AND THE SNOW AS FORCED BACK BY THE WEDGE-PLOW.

the plow through the densely packed snow. There is danger of the plow leaving the track and causing a general wreck and tangle. So, in no uncertain voice, he orders the two hundred or so shovelers out of their car, and under his direction they undermine the great bank of snow. The science of engineering is displayed here, for the drift must be honeycombed in such a way that the plow will be enabled to pass clean through it. Trenches, holes, and tunnels are cut in the deepest places. Then the two engines with the snow-plow back up probably two miles to get under sufficient headway. The plow is examined and found to be in good condition. Then, with a piercing whistle, the engines start forward. This is the most picturesque and awe-inspiring run of any. The throttle is thrown wide open, and the engines rush forward with mad impetuosity. Before half the distance is covered you are swinging through the air at forty miles an hour, and by the time the cut is reached the speed has increased to sixty or seventy. To be hurled against a gigantic snow wall at this rate of speed is an experience sufficient to daunt the stoutest heart. The conductor crouches down in the caboose, the windows are tightly closed, and the snow-curtains drawn. There is a moment of sickening suspense, then a dull thud and shock, and then complete darkness and a sensation that you are being whirled downward by some mighty and irresistible power. It is only the mighty snow-plow pushing its way through the snow, but the queer sensation makes you hold your breath.

To cap the climax, the engines stop. You open the snow-curtains. All is dark. You are buried ten feet deep in snow, the engines are stalled, and the magnificent snow-plow is overcome by the force of the tons of snow. There is nothing to do until the snow-shovelers have dug you out. Then, with the help of the ten-wheel drag-out engine, the plow is pulled back from her bed of snow. Again and again the operation is repeated until the cut is cleared.

Outside, the scene is even more picturesque, for the force of the snow-plow sends the white crusts in the air as if a huge mine had been exploded. For a hundred feet on either side the snow falls in showers of diamonds, burying out of sight any who may venture too near the track.

Sometimes the shock of striking the snow at a sixty-mile gait smashed things generally in the cab, and knocked every one down. The snow flew into the caboose, and that and the escaping steam nearly suffocated you. The fight went on in this way day after day until the line was cleared. Then very likely another blizzard would come after the first, and make it necessary to do the work all over again. It was often discouraging and hopeless work the long winter through, and when the dawn of the spring sun melted the mantle of white that had shrouded the landscape for five months, the snow-fighters gave a sigh of relief.

The advent of the rotary snow-plow has robbed the Western roads of much of these old-time terrors, but it has also abolished a picturesque and exciting warfare between man and nature in her roughest, wildest mood.

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## JINGLE.

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BY JOEL STACY.

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THERE ONCE was a knowing raccoon  
Who did n't believe in the moon.

"Every month—don't you see?—

"There 's a new one," said he.

"No *real* moon could wear out so soon!"



## ALL THROUGH GRAVITATION.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

IF you had seen Natalie Thayer in January, on her way to school, you would have said she was a lucky little girl. She was nearly smothered in warm fur rugs; she wore the jauntiest little brown jacket and held the daintiest little brown muff you ever saw. Her pretty brown hair was nearly covered by a brown velvet tam-o'-shanter. In short, when she stepped from the cutter, her father said she looked like a "study in sepia."

If you had seen her a month later you would have said she was deserving of much pity. She looked more like a "study in indigo" than like anything else. She was curled up on a blue lounge, and she wore a blue flannel wrapper. Her expression matched both, but you must not therefore infer that she was bad-tempered. Nearly any little girl of twelve would look despondent at the thought of being kept indoors for several weeks with a broken arm.

I must tell you as well as I can how the accident happened. It was the work of a moment. When school was over, one day, Natalie was going slowly downstairs. She had gone two thirds of the way when above her, on the stairs, came a little cry, and then the sound of something falling. She looked up and saw Mabel Davidson, a little girl from the kindergarten, falling — falling. She would soon reach the bottom of the stairs, where the stone walk began.

Natalie saw that there was not an instant to lose. She must prevent her from falling to the bottom. She extended one hand for the child, while she clutched the railing with the other. When Mabel was within reach she grasped her arm and held her. But the child's weight was greater than Natalie thought. She checked the fall, but not until her arm had received a dreadful wrench — and then, oh, what pain!

Help was summoned, and Natalie soon found herself in her own room at home. A season of

suffering followed, and about the only spots of brightness that illumined those short winter days were frequent calls from Mrs. Davidson — who realized that but for Natalie's courage her own little girl might have received serious injuries — and the regular visits of genial Dr. Barton, who assured the patient of complete recovery by the spring.

Mr. Thayer did all in his power to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly for his motherless little daughter; and so did Aunt Janet, who, in her stiff and precise but kindly way, did her best to fill the place left vacant three years before by the death of Natalie's mother. How many entertaining books were taken from the library and read aloud to Natalie! — The "Tom Brown" books, "The Birds' Christmas Carol" (over which she laughed and cried), "The Story of a Bad Boy" (who, she thought, might have been a great deal worse), and I don't know how many others.

When Dr. Barton, with a sly twinkle in his eye, asked Natalie where her instructive books were, her father answered for her, and said there was plenty of time for those — later.

There was still another pleasure — a great pleasure — that was hers: brother Joe's letters. Dear Joe! How good and thoughtful he was to find time, in spite of all his studies at Harvard College, to write two or three times every week to his little sister! What though "the fellows" sometimes laughed at him because he received so many letters — addressed in a stiff, girlish little hand to "Joseph Thayer, Jr."? Why, Joe just pulled that little mustache of his, and wore a scowl — and realized in his heart how dear the motherless little sister was to him, and how important a place she filled in his pictures of the future. As for his letters, Natalie thought them simply delightful. Aunt Janet sometimes wounded her pride a trifle by calling her, to her face, a "little girl." Joe never did that. He

treated her almost as if she were a grown-up young lady. *He* did n't "talk down" to her because she was only twelve. She was his loyal friend and confidante, and could have told you more about his college life than his father could. Mr. Thayer was very proud of his studious, promising son, but his business cares were engrossing and drove from his mind many little incidents of Joe's life at Harvard that Natalie remembered and pondered over.

He wrote her about his studies and his friends, and especially about his particular friend, Tom Hunter, who was a tutor. He wrote in one letter:

Tom and I went into Boston yesterday, and whom do you suppose we met on Washington Street? A little elderly gentleman with the merriest brown eyes and the briskest walk. Who do you think he was? I shall not tell you till I send my next letter. Meanwhile, if you cannot guess, ask father or Aunt Janet. Tell them, for a clue, that he is Boston's most distinguished citizen. I





wish he might have been a trifle taller. But no; come to think of it, I do not want him other than he is. He sometimes lectures in the medical school, and when he does the fellows listen breathlessly—not so much because they are infatuated with science as because they don't want to miss his witticisms. He knows the boys expect the bright sayings, and he never disappoints them. He has n't outgrown his own boyhood yet.

Natalie guessed at once, without help from any one, who it was that Joe meant; for had she not read "The Voiceless," and "The Chambered Nautilus," and "Bill and Joe," till she knew them by heart? Had n't her own dear brother Joe read to her all of this writer's "college poems," and confided to her that he would almost be willing to be an old man himself if he might have been one of the famous "class of '29"?

A letter which Natalie considered a very important one came sometime in March. It ran as follows:

DEAR NATALIE: I have such a jolly good piece of luck, I must tell you of it at once. I wrote a few verses not long ago. Tom H. saw them on my desk, and asked if he might read them. He praised them, and advised me to send them to the editor of a certain monthly magazine. Well, I did so, though with very little hope, I can tell you. Now, will you believe it? The editor actually sent me a check for fifteen dollars for them!

What shall I do with so much money? If it were a thousand times as much, it would not pay for all that I have planned, at different times, to buy with it. I feel as if I ought to put it into something that will be a lasting memento of this literary feat, which I fear I cannot perform a second time. What would *you* do with so much money? It is burning a hole in my pocket.

Your affectionate brother,

JOE.

For several days Natalie thought the question over, but could arrive at no satisfactory result, so the concluding paragraph of her next letter to Joe ran thus:

I really do not know what to advise you to get with all that money. Papa says you might buy a house on Beacon Street, and Aunt Janet suggests that you send it to the heathen. Of course they are only joking. You will think of something nice yourself, I know. When you decide, please write me. But, dear Joe, are you sure you cannot write some more poems? I am sure you can. Try, anyway.

So Joe did try. He tried his best, and he met with the reward that usually comes to those who do their best. He succeeded in having accepted not only another contribution, but sev-

eral. The days went by, and still no record of any important purchase came in Natalie's letters. March had passed, and when the April breezes had blown away the fogs and dampness of winter, and Natalie's arm was nearly well, there came from Joe the most delightful and welcome gift that could be imagined. His sister acknowledged it as follows:

MY DEAR JOE: How can I ever thank you for your beautiful present! *Now* I know what the "lasting memento" is. When I came down to breakfast this morning I found in the hall, a beautiful bicycle. Something told me it was from you, Joe, before papa told me. I had to try it at once, though you know the hall is too short to ride in. I am going out very soon on a trial trip, for my arm has improved very much this past week. I shall think of you very often. Two of my friends have bicycles, and the other day I asked papa if he would get me one. He said, "We'll see"; but I believe now that he knew you were going to buy one. I never can earn money by writing poetry, but I hope some day that I may be able to buy you a splendid bicycle. So, if ever any money falls from the sky, where I can pick it up, you know what to expect from

Your grateful and loving

NATALIE.

This was the beginning of many happy days. Outdoor exercise in the mild spring air was all that was needed to bring the bloom of health to Natalie's cheeks, and every day a brisk ride of a few miles on the bicycle hastened the cure. Long rides were taken over smooth roads bordered by fine old trees, under whose shade Natalie halted for rest when the sun was warm.

One day, barely a mile from home, when searching for ferns, Natalie found some curious yellow flowers, something like the "lady-slippers." Aunt Janet loved so well, but much larger. "These are lovely," thought Natalie, "and they will look pretty on the tea-table." So a bunch was gathered and placed in a little basket swung on the handle-bars. Over them she laid some broad leaves to protect them from the sun. But the wind! she must guard against that! Most of the homeward way was downhill, and the leaves might be blown away. A black, heavy stone, as big as Natalie's hand, was lying close by. Placing that carefully on the stems of the flowers, she felt that the contents of the basket were secure.

The homeward trip, being downhill, was made in a few minutes. She soon turned into



"FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS CALLED, BEGGING FOR A SIGHT OF THE CURIOSITIES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the driveway, skilfully avoiding the heavy stone post, and then — well, then she forgot, for the time, all about her flowers, for there on the piazza were Joe and his friend Tom Hunter, who had come to spend Sunday. There was much to tell Joe, and the new bicycle had to be inspected. Natalie took a turn on it, just to show how well she managed it. Then she had to tell Joe of the long rides she had taken, of the bicycle club the girls were trying to organize, and — yes, she must show him the strange flowers she had found.

"Where did you find these, Natalie? They are very rare, if I am any judge. See here, Tom; these are orchids, are they not?"

But Tom Hunter paid no attention to the orchids. His eyes were staring at the black stone Natalie held.

"By Jove! Whe-ew! Look here, Joe — what do you call that?" he asked excitedly, as he took the stone from Natalie's hand. "I believe that it's a meteorite! Where did you find it?" Without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Yes; here are the characteristic pittings! Where did it come from? Notice the crust."

He really was becoming very much excited, and Natalie could make nothing of it till Joe explained that the stone might be worth a great deal of money.

Aunt Janet put the orchids in a vase and



placed them on the supper-table, but, beautiful as they were, nobody noticed them. All eyes were bent upon the meteorite, for such, indeed, it was. Mr. Hunter could talk of nothing else. Immediately after supper Mr. Thayer, Aunt Janet, Mr. Hunter, Joe, and Natalie started for the place where the meteorite was found, and here Mr. Hunter discovered two more of the strange stones; but they were smaller than the one Natalie had used as a weight. On their homeward walk Mr. Hunter, who had regained his composure by this time, explained to Natalie what meteorites are: how they are thought to be fragments of other planets; how very seldom they are found; and of what great interest they are to men of science, who gladly pay large sums to secure a specimen where the "fall" consists of only a few stones.

Natalie soon understood that her "black stone" and its two fellows (which Mr. Hunter protested also belonged to her) were worth a great deal of money. The news of the discovery soon spread through the town, and friends and neighbors called, begging for a sight of the curiosities. Dr. Barton called and congratulated Natalie on her good luck. He

shook her hand (and arm) so vigorously that he must have been satisfied with the result of his treatment; she certainly would have winced if it had not wholly regained its strength. The editor of the "Gazette" heard the wonderful news, and called, and asked Mr. Hunter to "write it up" for his paper. This was done and the article was printed. Three days later there came, by telegraph, from a certain famous scientist, what Mr. Hunter called a "generous offer" for the three meteorites.

And because her father, brother, and Aunt Janet all advised her to accept the offer (for they, too, considered the meteorites her own private property), Natalie allowed her strange treasures to be carefully packed and sent, by express, to their new owner.

And the money — did it not really "fall from the sky," even though it came in the form of a bank-check?

I know that when Joe reached home in June he found his little sister awaiting him on the piazza, with eyes and cheeks glowing, and near her stood a splendid bicycle, on the handle-bars of which were Joe's initials, and which Natalie named

THE METEORITE.

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## WHEN YOU HEAR THE ROBIN CALL.

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You may read it "May" on the calendar,  
 You may fix your heart on spring,  
 But until you hear the robin's song  
 You will find it 's no such thing!  
 For he 's sure just when the snow flies,  
 And he knows spring's secrets all.  
 You may be quite sure 't is May-time  
 When you hear the robin call!

They 'll tell you the winter 's ended—  
 You will hear it everywhere  
 Just for a little sunshine  
 And a breath of April air.  
 But you may be sure of one thing:  
 As sure as that rain will fall,  
 It is really, truly springtime  
 When you hear the robin call!

*Agnes Lewis Mitchill.*



BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS.

WHERE Castine, with its beautiful harbor, looks down the broadening Bay of Penobscot and borders the lessening Bagaduce, Uncle Tom and his colony-hunters stood within the confines of the old fort—made, re-made, and made again through twice two hundred years—and looked off upon the picturesque combination of town and sea and hill.

Already they had ferried across the river to Brooksville, and driven through the stretch of odorous balsam forests to the cliffs of Cape Rosier and the Reach; and, once again looking off upon the fair prospect, they voted Castine "simply beautiful."

"It looks like the Catskill Mountains with the ocean turned on," Bert declared; and while Jack, ever with an eye for natural beauties, still seemed most impressed with the fact that Castine was really the home of "the Fairport Nine" and those venturesome village boys who live in the delightful stories by Noah Brooks, Christine traveled back to the old days by recalling the story of Constance of Acadia and the feudal stronghold of the Baron Castine.

"It is, indeed, a historic section of the New World on which we are now looking," Uncle Tom assured them. "The flags of five

nations have floated over these waters in token of possession; and here, as along all this rugged, sea-indented, island-fringed Maine coast, was waged a part of that fierce fight for a language that wasted many a fair settlement, North as well as South, and finally established English speech and English customs along the valley of the St. Lawrence, down the whole course of the wonderful Mississippi, and along the blue and mighty Gulf of Mexico from the Rio Grande to the winter city of St. Augustine and the flower-bordered river of May."

"How interesting!" said Marian. "But what do you mean by 'a fight for a language,' Uncle Tom?"

"Just what I say, my dear," her uncle replied. "All along the rim of that mighty and watery half-circle that swings around from the mouth of the St. Lawrence down the Mississippi to the tourist-traveled St. John of Florida, was fought, for nearly two hundred years, a struggle for possession and the dominant tongue that finally gave all these United States to the guardianship of England and, in time, to the starry flag of the great Republic."

"How did England do it?" asked Roger, proud of the Anglo-Saxon prowess.



"By their strength of will and Indian pudding," Uncle Tom replied.

"Indian pudding! Why, what do you mean by that?" Marian cried, thinking Uncle Tom's assertion decidedly queer.

"I mean, my dear," her uncle replied, "that the next time you boys and girls have your fried mush for breakfast, or your Indian pudding for dessert, you must not fail to remember that you are devouring the two elements that gave the balance of power to the English-speaking race on the western Atlantic, and made you modern Americans—Indian corn and fresh water."

Even Bert looked puzzled at this declaration; but Christine suspected a story under it all, and, following her lead, all the company at once pressed Uncle Tom for his story, which must, they knew, be also an explanation. So, on the storied heights above Castine, rich with the memories of so many historic years, Uncle Tom gave his boys and girls his story of the fight for a language.

"You remember," he said, "how, as we sat last winter on the sea-wall close to the ramparts of the old fort at St. Augustine, I told you that Sidney Lanier once called the fight between Spain, France, and England for colonial possession here in America a regular crab-fight, don't you?"

"Yes," Bert replied. "I remember I jotted down his very words as you gave them. Ah! here they are," he said, as he consulted his note-book: "'The only thing in nature which approaches these people in truculence is crabs. Bring one crab near another on shore; immediately they spit at each other and grapple.'"

"That 's it," Uncle Tom replied, with his customary nod; "and that is just what the three nations who first struggled for possession and dominion here in America did: they just spat at one another and grappled."

"That does n't sound a bit nice," was Marian's comment. "I like to think of those old hidalgos and chevaliers as being as picturesque and courteous as a Stanley Weyman hero. You feel it as you stand in the crooked sixteenth-century streets of Quebec; and I 'm sure, when we were in that charming old St. Augus-

tine last winter, I should n't have been one bit surprised to run up against De Soto in his armor, or Ponce de Leon hunting for his spring, or even have that delightfully horrible Menendez stand politely aside, hat off and bowing low, to let me pass before him through the city gate."

"Yes," growled Jack, "and then knife you in the back for a blooming young Englander!"

"Don't speak of it!" cried Christine. "I think they were all perfectly dreadful. Ever since Uncle Tom showed us, down there in Florida, that spot on Anastasia Island where the Spaniards slaughtered the French, and the bluff on the St. John where the French revenged themselves on the Spaniards, I 'm sure I don't think very much of knights and gentlemen and days of chivalry. I declare! I can't enjoy 'Ivanhoe' any more."

"Why not?" cried Jack. "Ivanhoe was an Anglo-Saxon. He did n't go around hacking people to pieces, and putting up sign-boards to tell why he did it, as Menendez and Gourgues did in Florida, or as D'Aulnay and La Tour did up in this region. The fact is, I don't believe colonization in America really began until the English took things in hand; did it, Uncle Tom?"

"And how about them—our English ancestors, I mean?" put in Bert. "They were n't exactly saints and angels, were they?"

"I can't honestly say they were, Bert," Uncle Tom confessed. "The whole Christian world seemed to have caught the mania for possession in those days, and especially for appropriating other people's finds. England was a quick second to Spain in this business. For while Spain—remember this, my Anglo-Saxon enthusiasts—was, from the days of Columbus, conceded to own all North America south of the Canadian border (Verrazano and the Cabots to the contrary notwithstanding), Jack is right in a measure; for the real impulse to aggressive occupation and colonization was really English, and was due to a boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen."

Jack stopped short in his "Hurrah for our side!" to put on his thinking-cap with the rest of the party.

"A boy, a sailor, and a virgin queen,"

Marian repeated. "Now, who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The virgin queen," said Bert, the scholar, "was surely Queen Elizabeth. But the boy and the sailor corner me! Who were they, Uncle Tom?"

"The boy was the brother of the virgin queen," Uncle Tom explained. "He died King of England at sixteen, but—"

"Edward VI.?" queried Bert.

"Yes; the sad little son of Henry VIII.," Uncle Tom assented; "best known as a boy with weak lungs and good intentions, who kept a diary and died—"

"That settles it!" cried Jack. "I always said it never paid to keep a diary."

"—and died," Uncle Tom went on, ignoring what Marian called "Jack's foolishness" (at which they all laughed, nevertheless), "before he really had a chance to show what the son of his father could do. But he did accomplish two things—the introduction of the English prayer-book, and the formation of the famous Company of Merchant Adventurers. This was a real-estate trust or syndicate whose successors and descendants were the later English colonists of America. And young King Edward's chief desire was to 'down Spain.'"

"Good for the boy!" cried Jack. "He had spunk, even if his lungs were weak. Why did n't he come over here to the pine-lands, or at least go to Florida, and get well?"

"Why, just then, Jack," replied Uncle Tom, "the Maine woods were almost unknown; and as for Florida—well, that was n't a healthy climate, even for strong-lunged Englishmen. For, down in the Gulf of Mexico, the English sailor I mentioned had, about that time, a notable sea-fight with the Spaniards. He was the famous Captain John Hawkins. Spanish perfidy cornered and captured half of his fleet; the prisoners were sent to the tortures of the Inquisition, and so fierce a hatred of Spain was thus raised in English hearts that not even the glorious defeat of the Spanish Armada was esteemed a sufficient revenge. That hatred determined Queen Elizabeth to make North America English, and kept the English to their purpose until, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf, America was Anglo-Saxon."

"Hear! hear!" cried Jack and Roger, with enthusiasm. "Three cheers for Good Queen Bess!"

"A woman, boys and girls, you notice," said Uncle Tom, whereupon Marian and Christine clapped their hands in approval; "and the first ruler to send armed aid to the afflicted and oppressed, under a proclamation declared by some enthusiasts to be worthy a place beside the Declaration of Independence. It was a paper, too, let us remember, that bore fruit three hundred years later, and sent armed Americans bearing aid and independence to the afflicted and oppressed victims of Spanish tyranny in the very colonies in America which Elizabeth's valiant sea-captain had sought to wrest from Spain."

"Then, really, Uncle Tom," said Bert, "it was a case of 'strained relations' from the very first, was n't it?"

"It certainly was, Bert," his uncle responded. "But then, relations were strained between all the European peoples who sailed land-hunting across the Western seas. The 'crab-fight,' as Sidney Lanier called it, began from the very start, as, following the discoveries of Columbus and his successors, Spaniards, Frenchmen, and Englishmen, from Maine to Florida, grappled and fought for the possession of a continent."

"But where does the Indian pudding come in?" queried Jack, reverting to his uncle's puzzling statement.

"That 's true," said Bert. "You said Indian corn and fresh water gave the balance of power here to the English. How so?"

Uncle Tom smiled. "That 's where the Frenchmen come in," he replied. "For, as surely as lack of gold drove the disappointed Spaniards from the lands De Soto sought to conquer along the Gulf, so surely did the abundance of Indian corn and fresh water give the English the mastery, and force the Frenchmen first into and then out of Canada."

"I don't see how," persisted Bert.

"Carry the map of North America, especially of these United States, in your eye, Bert," Uncle Tom replied. "You are surely, all of you, good enough geography scholars for that. From the moment you sail into the mouth of



the St. Lawrence you can go by water all the way to Duluth. In that marvelous chain of five great lakes and a mighty river you are traversing three quarters of all the fresh water on the globe. From Lake Superior to the sources of the Mississippi, expert canoeists—like you boys—can actually go by water, thus entering the greatest river system of the world; for that wonderful river has more navigable tributaries than any other river on the globe, excepting, perhaps, the Amazon. The Great Lakes on the north, the Mississippi on the west—there you have your fresh water, for the control of which France and England struggled for centuries, and which fell finally to the might of England and her colonists, thanks to Indian corn."

"That is very puzzling, Uncle Tom," cried Marian. "How did Indian corn do it?"

"Indian corn," said Uncle Tom, "was the staple grain of the English settlers, just as it had been of the Indian owners of the soil. It was easily planted, easily raised, and easily harvested; it grew more plentifully than any other grain; the stalks were good for forage; the corn readily ground into meal. Indian corn meant bread and strength and life to the early colonists; it flourished where their home grains would take root but slowly, and it grew to any advantage only south of the great fresh-water boundaries; so, indeed, it is not too much to say that but for the sustaining and strengthening qualities of Indian corn the English-speaking race would not so readily, if at all, have secured footing and possession of these United States."

"How about tobacco, Uncle Tom?" Roger inquired.

"Tobacco was a factor in development, Roger, and a vast one," Uncle Tom replied; "but it was not a 'race-maker,' as was Indian corn. It was the foundation of American commerce, the basis of agriculture south of the Potomac, and the profits from its sale largely gave the means that made the American Revolution possible and successful. But it was one reason, too, for the introduction and continuance of slavery in the southern section, and brought in a new race—a disturbing element that still remains to perplex us, even though

Abraham Lincoln lived and died. So, you see, tobacco was but a mixed blessing, whereas Indian corn was our mainstay and salvation."

"Even as it is to-day, eh, Uncle Tom?" said Bert.

"Even as it is to-day," his uncle replied. "Again and again has the corn crop of America averted 'panics' and brought back 'good times.' The 'thirty-six goodly ears of corn, some yellow and some red,' that the Provincetown Pilgrims first dug up near Truro, on the cape, have grown into an American crop of two billions of bushels in this very year of plenteous harvests, adding fresh strength and riches to an expanding republic."

"And you say it helped us expand in the old days, too, Uncle Tom?" said Bert. "But how?"

"By the brain and brawn it gave to our ancestors, Bert," answered Uncle Tom. "It sustained life when they landed, helped them to remain in the days of uncertain settlement, gave them strength as they slowly grew, and made them so hardy and stout of arm that none could long successfully resist them—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even the corn-fed Red Indians themselves."

"Hurrah for Indian corn!" cried Jack.

"Let's vote for it as the national flower, tassel and all," echoed Marian.

"Then I suppose," said Bert, "that when you call this story of English supremacy the struggle for a language, you mean that the success of the English colonists made North America English in speech and customs."

"Oh, but it is n't, you know!" cried Roger. "Don't you remember how one could hardly get a thing in Quebec until Marian tried her French on 'em? And I'm sure New Orleans was very Frenchy, and Florida just leaks Spanish."

"So I can find you sections of New York, Roger, where your English would not serve you, and even Marian's French would n't help her out," said Uncle Tom. "The Scandinavians of the Northwest, the Italians of the East, and all other non-English folk are among these exceptions. But they will all speak English in time, when, gradually but surely, the foreign elements shall have merged into the

one imperial citizen,—the American,—and the struggle for a language shall have ended in utter and absorbing victory."

"It seems hard, though, does n't it," said Bert, "that the French should have lost all this country when they had it first?"

"The French!" cried Jack. "What's the matter with the Spaniards? The dons were here first of all."

"Yes; but they don't count," Bert replied. "They did n't stick, north of the gold line, and the French held on to the last. Is n't that so, Uncle Tom?"

"Quite correct, Bert," his uncle replied. "Spain virtually retired early in the struggle, although the Spanish-American problem was long unsettled, and the border strife along the Florida line kept up from De Soto to Andrew Jackson, in which Oglethorpe, the soldier-philanthropist, played his prominent part."

"I guess that's settled, about now," said Jack. "Hurrah for Dewey and Sampson!"

"And hurrah for Anglo-Saxon energy, tenacity, and valor, which, thanks to the strength-giving virtues of Indian corn, and also to the aid of fresh water, struggled on until Frenchman and Indian were alike forced to the rear, and America became English in speech and independent in government. Champlain and Frontenac had the valor but not the organizing force of Winthrop; Duquesne was no match for Washington, nor was Montcalm for Wolfe. So Canada fell, and from the day when, on the Plains of Abraham, Wolfe murmured, 'I die content,' America was to have

one common language, and shelter its vast possessions beneath the protecting folds of the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes."

"And some of that world-struggle began right here, did n't it, Uncle Tom?" Bert inquired, as they looked across the Bagaduce and down the broad sweep of the splendid bay.

"Here and hereabout," Uncle Tom replied. "Here, along the Maine coast, from Cape Porpoise to Passamaquoddy, stretched Norumbega, the earliest bone of contention between England and France in America. The cliffs of Monhegan, forest-crowned even to this day, were the early rendezvous for English ships; near or on the mainland, where, as you know, we saw the remains of its ancient street, stood Pemaquid, the oldest of Maine towns, and farther to the eastward lay Mount Desert, which Champlain discovered, and where Argall raided the French settlements. In fact, all this Maine coast is a stirring story-land of valor and daring, adventure and action, rivalry and feud, offense and defense, where for years was waged the fight for a language that made America first English, and finally and forever American."

And with the romance of "Baron Castine of St. Castine" crowding closely upon the tragedy of Mme. La Tour; with Louisburg and Port Royal and stories of the strifes of rival races in colonial days still stirring their blood, Uncle Tom Dunlap and his young investigators made their way to the steamboat pier, and took the boat for Boston and toward the practical twentieth century.



A BUSY YOUNG ARTIST.



# LUCK




BY CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.

OW ain' it aggravatin'  
How other chaps you meet  
Can go to work an' *fin'* things—  
Jus' lyin' in the street?

Why, Billy struck a jack-knife  
As had a screw, I 'm told!  
An' Ted picked up a hat-pin  
What looked like solid gold.

Len's brother los' a marble,  
An', huntin', foun' a dime!  
'T was waitin' right afore him!  
An' onct, at playin'-time,



When I stayed hid, an' Bubby  
 Got sent to town by mar,  
 He seen a *hull half-dollar*  
 Roll off a trolley-car!

I 've hung aroun' the sidewalk,  
 An' poked in all the cracks;

I 've shuffled up the gutter,  
 I 've loafed along the tracks;

I 've kep' an eye out steady  
 For weeks—an' I 'll be beat  
 If I can fin' a *penny*  
 A-lyin' in the street!



## A RAIN SONG.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DON'T you love to lie and listen,  
 Listen to the rain,  
 With its little patter, patter,  
 And its tiny clatter, clatter,  
 And its silvery spatter, spatter,  
 On the roof and on the pane?

Yes, I love to lie and listen,  
 Listen to the rain.  
 It 's the fairies—Pert and Plucky,  
 Nip and Nimble-toes and Lucky,  
 Trip and Thimble-nose and Tucky—  
 On the roof and on the pane!

That 's my dream the while I listen,  
 Listen to the rain.  
 I can see them running races,  
 I can watch their laughing faces  
 At their gleeful games and graces,  
 On the roof and on the pane!



## MR. SNAIL'S DOWNFALL.



EATED at the table, the children were enjoying their luncheon, and Aunt Matilda was busily engaged in waiting upon them, when one of them asked in a rather rude manner to be helped to something. Without seeming to notice the child's rudeness, the old woman, after quietly helping the little one, said: "Yo' know, chil'ren, dat it don't cost nuthin' to be purlite, but, at de same time, yo' is gwine to gain a lot mo' by bein' so in dis here world."

The little ones had ceased eating as the old woman spoke, wondering to which one of them her words were addressed. But she seemed to be speaking to all of them as she continued: "Purliteness makes mighty easy goin', no matter whar yo' is trabin', and de want of it is a load dat pulls yo' back mo' an' mo' de furdur yo' go. Yo' know, de snail he flew high an' he flew fas' till his impurliteness done stop him."

"Why, Aunt Matilda," exclaimed the children, in surprise, "the snail never could fly!"

"Mr. Snail flew once on a time, chil'ren," the old woman insisted; "an' he 'd been a-flyin' yit, 'cordin' to Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle, but fur his impurliteness. Yo' see, honeys, de snail in de olden time was n't de po', miserbul creetur dat yo' see him now. No indeedy. Fur, as Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle tells me, den he was fine of color, an' flew high as any bird yo' ever see."

"How did the Wizzle Wuzzle Man come to know all that?" inquired one of the children.

"Well, chil'ren," evasively replied Aunt Matilda, "I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle know all dis, an' I ain't sayin' as how Mr. Wizzle Wuzzle know all dat. I jes tells yo' as he done tole it to me. He allow dat Mr. Snail in de olden time fly fas', an' dat Mr. Snail fly high, an' dat he was all I tells yo'. Howsomever, de lion, which is de king of de beastes, as he was den, give a feast one day. To dat feast King Lion 'vited all de beastes, all de birds, an' all de res' of de world. An', chil'-ren, dey all come; fur, w'ile dey was dem dat

ain't likin' him, dey know dat when King Lion say 'Come,' he don't say, 'Come if yo' kin,' or 'Come if convenient,' an' so dey all come."

"Where did the lion give the feast?" interrupted one of the little ones.

"Dat I disremembers, honey," replied the old woman, "but de feast was given, an' dey was all havin' as fine a time as yo' want to see, when Mr. Snail, who sot nex' to Mr. Fox at de table, findin' dat de soup want jes a pinch of salt, says to Mr. Fox, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' He never say, 'May I trubble yo' fur de salt?' or 'Be good 'nuff to pass de salt dis way,' or 'De salt, if yo' please.' No indeedy; he did n't nuthin' 't all like dat, spite de fac' dat he was riz well as de best of 'em. He jes say, 'Pass dat salt dis way.' All dem dat hear him mighty s'prised to hear sech impurliteness, an' as Mr. Fox purlitely pass de salt to Mr. Snail, all look at King Lion to see what he gwine say or do 'bout it."

"And did the lion do or say anything, Aunt Matilda?" chorused the children.

"King Lion did n't do anything, an' he did n't say anything, jes den," she resumed; "but when de feast was over, an' dey was all 'bout to leave de table, he say, lookin' down to whar Mr. Snail sot: 'Dar is n't anything dat I knows of so easy as bein' purlite, an' dar is n't any place whar de want of it looks so mean as at de table, 'specially when yo' is 'vited to some other table dan yo' own. I is sorry to say,' King Lion go on, lookin' mighty fierce toward Mr. Snail, 'dat one of yo' sittin' at dis here table done furgit all dis. Sech furgitfulness I can't 'ford to let go by widout noticin' of it, an', widout mentionin' any names, I is 'bliged to say dat after dis day de one I has in mind will be hidden frum de rest of yo', an' dat he 'll crawl 'long de face of de earth, 'stead of flyin'!"

"An' frum dat day to dis, chil'ren," said the old woman, impressively, "Mr. Snail done hid hissself in a shell, an' crawls 'long, 'bout de mos' 'spisedest creetur in all de world."

*Robert W. Dutton.*

## TITUS REMBRANDT.

In his white-plumed cap, brown doublet, and green cloak, Titus Rembrandt seems more like a young prince out of the north than the son of a rugged Dutch painter.

Long before Titus was pictured in his velvets and furs, Rembrandt van Rijn trudged from his father's mill in Leyden to The Hague, where he sold his first painting for one hundred florins. Then followed years of labor, bringing their reward of success, riches, and marriage with the beautiful and aristocratic Saskia van Ulenburgh. Such were Titus Rembrandt's parents. His father, a sturdy, earnest man, became one of the world's greatest painters. His mother, who was of gentle birth, lived to brighten for a brief space only the house where Titus was born.

On September 22, 1641, the child was christened with quaint ceremony in the Zuider Kerk, Amsterdam, being called Titus after his aunt, Titia van Ulenburgh. Less than a year later the young mother died, leaving Titus to be cared for by his saddened father and an old nurse named Geertje Dirckx.

There were no little brother and sister playmates in the great house in Jodenbreestraat. The delicate, fair-haired boy had for his companions strange porcelain figures from far-away China, and solemn knights in armor standing about in corners. Perhaps he toyed with fans, played with bows and arrows, or let his fingertips strike the stringed instruments which hung in his father's studio. He caught glimpses of sunny Italy from paintings which glowed on dark walls. Lands still more distant were brought near as he lay curled up on a lion's skin or gazed at the stuffed bird of Paradise. Here in this silent house in the heart of the lively Jews' quarter, Titus Rembrandt found his fairy-land, which, fairy-like, vanished in a night, almost.

In buying these rich and beautiful objects the boy's father had borrowed large sums of money. All was now sold to pay the pressing creditors—the very ostrich-feather in Titus's cap and the pearls in his ears. The family was deprived of everything save—two stoves!

The winter of 1658 found father and son

homeless and penniless, living about in inns, on credit, with Rembrandt's second wife, Hendrickje Stoffels. Some months later, in order that the painter might work along free from care, Titus and his stepmother opened a shop to trade in prints, paintings, and curiosities. So poor was the little household at this time that the boy was forced to go around at sales, bidding up the prices of his father's pictures!

After Hendrickje's death, Titus, who was still a minor, asked leave to conduct his affairs as he saw fit. Supported by his father, his good friend and counselor Abraham Frasz, and other honest burghers, the petition was granted. The musty papers which record this event speak in praise of young Titus "by reason alike of his business capabilities and his exemplary conduct."

He had painted a little, there being mention of "A Head of the Virgin," "A Book," and "Three Puppies, from Nature," but he was best known as a dealer "in engravings, pictures, and curiosities of all sorts." The boy who had been brought up in lonely luxury now lived in a dingy little shop. Here he spent his time buying and selling, in a small way, just such things as he may one day have torn, or broken, or tossed aside.

In the spring of 1668 Titus married his cousin, Magdalena van Loo, and the young couple went to live on the Singel, a quay facing the Apple Market, in a house known as "The Golden Scales."

Their married life was very short, for in September of the same year, Titus, who had never been strong, died.

There is nothing that is stirring, and much that is sad, in this slender little thread of a life. The chief thing about Titus for us is that he was painted with exquisite tenderness and feeling by his great father, who, indeed, rarely painted children.

And thus he stands now in his white-plumed cap, brown doublet, and green cloak, looking with wonder out upon the wide world of which he was to know so little.

*Christian Brinton.*








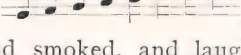



FROM A CARBON PRINT BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CO.

TITUS, THE SON OF THE PAINTER REMBRANDT.

## A NOCTURNE.

THE day was done, and in the west  
The glowing sun sank to his ♀;  
Gleamed in the heavens the first faint stars,  
The cows were at the pasture .  
The wild fowl, rising from the pines,  
Flew in two long, converging .  
Straight where the sky and sea connect  
Their leader took his course ~  
(While yet the sunset glories burn),  
Nor ever swerved, nor made a ∞.  
Out on the lake rocked a small boat,  
And in it two who took no ♪  
Of time, until the darkening sky  
Warned them to land, their boat to ;  
And, to remove of risk all trace,  
They fastened to the stake a {.

Soon from the boat they took some carp,  
Which they had caught with fish-hooks ♯,  
And, with a joyful smile ironic,  
Drew out a bottle labeled " ."  
Their rods and guns, and this and that,  
They laid upon a rock quite ♭.  
Their camp-fire lit, they did not fail,  
Ere cooking, first .  
each fish to .  
They supped, and smoked, and laughed at  
straws,  
And rattled on without a ∩.  
Each tried the other's tale to beat,  
As wondrous stories they 'd .  
Wearied, at length, with mirth and jest,  
They laid them down and went to —.

*Julia B. Chapman.*

## THE COLBURN PRIZE.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AN INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

WHEN all the others had gone, Mrs. Colburn turned to Miss Case and said: "Can you tell me why Gertrude Folsome did not prepare her paper in time to have it sent to me with the others? She impresses me as such an exceptionally bright girl that her failure to compete causes me no little surprise."

"And she is exceptionally bright," replied Miss Case, with some feeling. "I wish I could tell you, for there is some good reason, I know. She is never behind with anything, and if I could have a school full of girls just like her my path would be strewn with roses instead of the somewhat thorny one it is."

"Did she offer no excuse?"

"None. When I pressed her for one, she begged me, with tears in her eyes, not to ask her, for she could not tell me. All I could per-

sue her to admit was that her mother knew all about it. With that I was obliged to be satisfied. Her mother is a woman of whom I have the highest opinion, and her training of Gertrude seems to be admirable. I've never met a girl with a more upright character."

"I sincerely wish I could understand this matter," said Mrs. Colburn, looking puzzled.

"I certainly intend to understand it before I am many days older, for I shall call upon Mrs. Folsome and beg her to explain all to me. It is only fair that I should do so," said Miss Case, looking very determined.

"Do, I beg of you. Can you not go this very afternoon, and let me know later? I do not know when I have felt so perplexed over anything. By the way, dine with me this evening. It is on your homeward way, and I shall be delighted to have you."

"Many thanks. I will, with pleasure, and I hope I may bring with me some pleasant news.



But now I must go home and remove some of my professional dust." And Miss Case bade her kind friend good-by at the school-room door.

An hour later Miss Case was seated in Mrs. Folsome's cozy little room, listening eagerly to the disclosures that were made.

"And, Miss Case," Mrs. Folsome added, in conclusion, "I did not think it right to

"Can't you stay a little longer, dear Miss Case? Gertrude rode home with Alice, but she will return very shortly, and be greatly disappointed at not seeing you. You hold a very warm place in her affections, I assure you."

"I would gladly stay, but I have an engagement to dine with Mrs. Colburn, who is as curious over this matter as I am, and is eagerly



MRS. COLBURN AND MISS CASE DISCOVER GERTRUDE'S SACRIFICE.

thwart her unselfish impulses. True, she might not have won the prize, but there was an excellent chance of it, for both Mr. Folsome and I considered her paper very well written."

"And I have n't a doubt that it was, and probably brighter than Alice's; for Alice is such a sober little body."

"Dear child! she has too little to make her otherwise, I suspect." Mrs. Folsome looked rather sad as she spoke.

"I wish there was some way of bringing more brightness into the child's life, but I fear the remedy lies beyond both you and me."

Miss Case soon afterward arose to depart.

awaiting my report. May I take Gertrude's paper to show to her?"

"Certainly; and I hope she will approve it."

"What did I tell you?" was Miss Case's somewhat informal greeting when Mrs. Colburn welcomed her a little later.

"You told me nothing at all, because you were quite unable to," Mrs. Colburn answered with a smile. "However, I hope your knowledge is greater now, and that you will unravel the mystery for me."

"I will, indeed." And Miss Case rapidly told the circumstances connected with Gertrude's unselfish sacrifice of herself.

"Dear, dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Colburn. "I am sure we can hardly appreciate how great a sacrifice it was, or what strength of purpose it required to carry it through to the end."

"It is exactly like the child," replied Miss Case. "She *never* gives up, and that is the secret of her success in almost everything she undertakes."

"But have you brought her paper with you? For I should very much like to see it."

"I have; Mrs. Folsome let me take it, although, as Gertrude truthfully said, it is not yet neatly copied. That was part of her plan, you see. But it is clearly and well written, and I'm very glad to leave it with you."

"Yes, pray do; for if it is superior to Alice's, — and indeed, if it has equal merit, — it, too, shall have its reward," said Mrs. Colburn, firmly.

The following Wednesday Miss Case received this note from Mrs. Colburn:

THE LARCHES, October 29.

MY DEAR MISS CASE: May I beg your coöperation in setting straight a little affair which lies very close to both our hearts? If so, pray ask the members of the literature class and their friends to meet me in the assembly-room next Friday at twelve o'clock. I offer no explanations, for I cannot help wishing that you, too, may share a pleasant surprise I have taken pleasure in preparing for the class.

Believe me, very sincerely yours,  
MARION KINGSLAND COLBURN.

On Thursday afternoon, just before dismissing school, Miss Case said to her pupils: "I have

a pleasant bit of news for you this afternoon, which I fancy you all will be delighted to hear. Mrs. Colburn has sent me a note asking that I will request the members of the literature class, and also the friends whom they invited to be present on Friday last, to again meet her here in the assembly-room to-morrow at twelve o'clock."

This was too much for the girls' curiosity, and so Miss Case was met by a shower of questions.

"I cannot tell you a word more about this than I have already told, for I am quite in the dark myself. I only know that Mrs. Colburn desires to meet you here to-morrow, and must beg that you all will follow my example and be patient till to-morrow comes."

Half an hour later a bicycle flew in at the Folsome driveway, and its excited rider flung herself from it.

Even as she reached the steps she called, "Mama, mama! where are you? Quick! come listen to what I've to tell you!"

"Here I am, maiden mine," replied a voice from upstairs, and Mrs. Folsome popped her head out of the linen-closet.

"I'm so puzzled, I just don't know what to think," cried Gertrude, as she flew upstairs, "and you'll have to help me. Mrs. Colburn has asked us all to meet her again to-morrow, and bring our friends, too."

"Really, I am sure that puzzle is a hard one, and I fear I am unable to help you solve it."

"But, mama, if it is another contest, this



*Mabel Humphrey.*



time I have a perfect right to try to win it, if I can, have n't I?"

"You had a perfect right to try to win before, dear; but I am more proud of my little girl's generous impulses than if she had won a dozen gold watches!" Mrs. Folsome kissed the eager little face so close to hers.

"And you will surely come to-morrow, won't you, mama?"

"Neither wild horses, locomotives, motors, nor ocean liners could hold me back! Is that strong enough proof?"

"You are just the blesseddest mama any girl ever had!" Gertrude exclaimed, embracing her.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### THE SCALES OF JUSTICE BALANCE EVENLY.

THE following day Mrs. Colburn again addressed the literature class. The room was crowded with the girls and their friends, for curiosity lent piquancy to the occasion, and many were there who would have taken little interest in the girls' literary contest; but not a girl had failed to tell at home of the general disappointment all had felt upon the previous Friday when their favorite schoolfellow had dropped behind the others, and all felt instinctively that to-day's gathering had something to do with it. So when Mrs. Colburn arose to speak she encountered a sea of expectant faces.

"My dear girls, when I spoke to you on Friday last, I felt that I was quite as happy as I could well be, for you had responded so promptly to my wish to learn something of your individual impressions of the poet Longfellow's works, and had taken the utmost pains to express yourselves concisely and well. Out of the class of fourteen, thirteen papers were handed to me to criticize, and I can truthfully add that it was no very easy matter to give a just and discriminating opinion, for the work was remarkably well done.

"Only one little circumstance occurred to mar our pleasure last Friday, and it was that the fourteenth paper had not been prepared in time. This, I confess, was a keen disappointment to both Miss Case and myself, nor could we form any satisfactory idea as to the reason, for Miss Case assured me that the one who

should have presented that paper has always been known for the prompt fulfilment of her duties, and this was pleasure as well as duty — rather a rare combination, you will perhaps agree." And Mrs. Colburn smiled upon her audience. "Feeling sure that some good excuse lay behind the mystery, Miss Case and I set about unraveling it; and I can say, in all sincerity, that never have we undertaken anything which has brought forth such satisfactory results, for we have learned that not only was the paper prepared, but that it was fully equal to the one which carried off the prize. Indeed, it would have been the closest of close contests, and both Professor Reynolds — who again kindly assisted me in my decision — and I have decided that each, in its own way, fully merited the reward. True, they are quite unlike, for the subjects chosen deal with widely different ideas; but as examples of dissimilar sentiments they each deserve great praise.

"And now, in justice, let me tell you *why* the paper was not copied in time to hand to me with the others. The writer feared that by so doing she might deprive her loved friend of an opportunity to win something upon which she had set her heart, and which would probably mean more to her friend than the mere trinket itself ever could mean to herself, although the honor of winning it would have signified quite as much to one as to the other."

Here all eyes were bent upon Gertrude's crimson face, for the exposure of her little secret was a complete surprise, and the poor child felt more embarrassed than she had upon the previous Friday.

"And now, in conclusion," said Mrs. Colburn, "I wish to say just this: Since the papers were of equal merit, I am sure the rewards should be likewise; and if it gave me pleasure to present a prize to one of you on Friday last, how threefold is my satisfaction in doing so to-day, when I have not only exceptional work to reward, but that which is greater than any mental ability with which we could be endowed — an affection which truly loves its neighbor better than itself, and gives proof of it by utter unselfishness."

"Gertrude dear," Mrs. Colburn concluded, "will you step to the platform one moment?"

Trembling with excitement and pleasure, Gertrude did as she was requested, and Mrs. Colburn placed in her hands an exact counterpart of the pretty velvet case she had placed in Alice's the week before, except that the cover of Gertrude's box was pale green.

For one second the child stood speechless, and then, her impulsive nature carrying her beyond all thought of present surroundings, she clasped her arms about Mrs. Colburn's neck and hugged her with a speechless gratitude that was charming.

"I *know* I should n't do it, but I just can't help it, for I've no other way of thanking you half hard enough!" said Gertrude, and her lips quivered ominously.

Mrs. Colburn gathered her close in her arms and said: "It is the sweetest return I could possibly have, dear, and means far more to me than the most eloquent speech, no matter by whom uttered."

The next moment bedlam seemed to have been turned loose, for the girls were wild with excitement, and almost fell over each other in their eagerness to see the beautiful gift. It was a facsimile of Alice's, but inside the case was engraved:

Let us, then, be what we are, and speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth and the sacred professions of friendship.

It would be difficult to convey any idea of Alice's rapture. The only shadow upon her happiness in the possession of her own watch had been in the thought that but for her, Gertrude would have had one; for nothing could convince her that Gertrude's paper was not vastly superior to her own. And now, oh, joy of joys! they had watches exactly alike, which had been won by equal merit. The usually undemonstrative Alice was carried completely out of herself, and astonished the whole school by walking boldly up to Mrs. Colburn and saying:

"You have made me so happy that I don't

believe I could hold another bit if I tried ever so hard! Oh, I *am* so glad you found out Gertrude's secret, for nobody else did."

"And your happiness is warmly shared by us all, my dear. We do not often find such a friendship as Gertrude has shown, for it takes much love and courage to so completely put self aside, and when we find such affection we cannot value it too highly."



"GERTRUDE CLASPED HER ARMS ABOUT MRS. COLBURN'S NECK."

"Yes; we love each other very dearly," said Alice, simply, "and I wish I had some way of proving my side of it."

"You may find a way some day; who can tell?" Mrs. Colburn, as she spoke these words,



smiled hopefully into the big blue eyes regarding her so earnestly.

And Mrs. Colburn's words seemed almost prophetic, for half an hour later the way of proving her love was given to Alice.

A few moments later the two girls guided their wheels side by side through the gateway of the school-grounds.

"Come around to the village with me, Gertrude. I've an errand to do for mama."

"All right. You lead and I'll follow."

The errand was soon done, and the girls turned their wheels homeward, their way leading them past a new street which was being macadamized, and upon which that abomination of new roads, a steam-roller, was puffing and grinding its way.

Gertrude, who was somewhat ahead of Alice, was watching the snorting monster, and was quite oblivious of what was happening just behind her.

But not so Alice. She noted the sudden plunge given by a nervous horse as he came in sight of the roller, and his wild dash to get beyond the terrifying object, jerking the heavy express-wagon to which he was harnessed as if it had been but a light nutshell.

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude! Quick, quick!" screamed Alice, driving her own wheel forward with all her power.

But her voice was drowned by the noise of the roller.

"Look out! look out!" now shouted one of the workmen. But it was too late; for the great horse, now mad with terror, plunged forward just as Alice, with a wild cry, pushed her wheel between him and her friend, throwing Gertrude into a soft pile of sand, as she herself fell beneath the horse's feet.

## CHAPTER X.

### "AS SUNSHINE SUCCEEDS SHADOW."

A DOZEN ready hands rushed to lift the limp little figure lying upon the ground.

Although for a moment utterly bewildered, Gertrude struggled to her feet just in time to see the unconscious Alice lifted by the man who had shouted the warning. He was now

berating the unhappy driver, and at the same time shedding sympathetic tears upon his victim.

"Faix, it's little sinse ye had to be lettin' yer great baste av a horse come thrampin' down on sich a swate young thing, crushin' the very life out of her intirely!"

"Is she dead — oh, *is* she dead?" moaned poor Gertrude.

"Plaze heaven, she's not; but sind quick fer a dochter, and we'll thry to save the shmall breath that's lift in her young body."

At that moment kind fate sent Mrs. Colburn's carriage by, and Gertrude, rushing out of the crowd which had gathered, as crowds will, from nobody knows where, cried out to her:

"Oh, Mrs. Colburn! Come quick, please! Come quick, for I'm afraid Alice is killed."

Much startled, Mrs. Colburn hurried to their aid, and after having Alice carried into a neighboring drug store, sent messengers for medical assistance, meanwhile doing all in her power to restore the sufferer. Presently poor Alice opened her eyes and moaned faintly.

"What is it, Alice dear? Can you tell me what hurts you?"

"My side — my arm," was the faint reply.

"Dear, dear Alice, look at me," begged Gertrude. "I am *so* sorry — oh, so terribly sorry!"

"Did — you — get — hurt?" came from the white lips.

"Not a scratch, and *all* because you came between me and that dreadful horse. Oh, I never heard you call, or knew a thing about it till you pushed me off my wheel. If it had not been for my stupidity you would never have been hurt." Poor Gertrude laid her head down upon the counter and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't — let — her; *please* don't," said Alice, as Mrs. Colburn's own physician hurried in.

"Mrs. Colburn, this is a shocking piece of business! Too bad, too bad, poor little girl!" said Dr. Redmond, as he bent over Alice. "Now let me see how bad it really is"; and very gently he began the examination.

It was a miserable quarter of an hour for Alice, but she bore it bravely, and, save for one or two pitiful little moans, made no sound.

"She has been pretty severely handled, for

the right arm is broken, and one or more ribs as well; but the nervous shock is the most serious of all, for her nerves were never what they should be — and how could they be? I wish with all my heart I did not have to send her home, for she requires great care and skilful nursing, and a nervous woman is a poor attendant upon a nervous patient, and we shall have a scene, as sure as the world. Can't we do better for her?" And he looked at Mrs. Colburn with an odd expression.

"I think we can, if you will so order it," she replied, with a quick comprehension of his meaning.

"Good! Then I'll order her to your house, which is a mile or so nearer, and stop at the hospital myself to have a nurse come up at once." For the kind doctor and his old friend Mrs. Colburn understood each other thoroughly, and together carried many a blessing where their agency would never be known.

Before a half-hour had passed, Alice was lying upon a dainty white bed in a room adjoining Mrs. Colburn's own, while a white-capped nurse and the doctor prepared to mend the poor bones.

Word had been sent to Mrs. Fisher, and everything possible done to relieve her anxiety; but she promptly took to her bed, and the maids had their hands full. Then as the days went by she began to learn how much her daughter had been to her, and how essential to her comfort. She missed the hundred little attentions she had always accepted as a matter of course, and the house, when she finally decided that she could go about it, looked cheerless and uncared for.

At first Alice was very wretched about her mother, and fretted lest she should need attentions no one but the daughter could give. But Mrs. Colburn sent and received messages constantly, and, strange to say, the latter were remarkably cheerful. Then, too, Mr. Fisher came often to see her, and Alice actually saw him oftener during her illness than she had seen her mother in the entire year before.

Mrs. Folsome and Gertrude were untiring in their devotion, and no one realized how deeply the former had been touched by Alice's heroism. When, about six weeks later, Alice began to get

about her room a little, Gertrude would have a celebration of fireworks.

"Just think, Alice," she said, as she sat by her couch, one day, "you have been here six weeks, and all because you rushed to save me that dreadful day. I never, never can make you understand how much I think of what you did then, and it is no use for me to try to thank you; I have n't any words half good enough."

"Why, there was nothing else for me to do. You would have been killed if I had n't done what I did."

"Yes; and you were nearly killed instead." Gertrude raised Alice's white hand, and laid her own rosy cheek against it.

"Well, don't let's talk about it any more, but let me tell you something perfectly delightful. What do you think Mrs. Colburn has asked me to do? You'll *never* guess. She wants me to go to Florida with her on the 15th of December, and has asked mama if I may."

"And what does your mother say?" asked Gertrude, eagerly.

"She said yes, for she and papa are going abroad in January, and I should have to go to Miss Case's to board anyway, and this will be a hundred times nicer."

"Well, I should say just Yes, with a big capital letter, and I'm as glad as though I were going, too — although what in the world I'll do without you I just *don't* know." And Gertrude looked rather forlorn.

Two weeks later a very happy party, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Folsome, Mrs. Colburn, Alice, and Gertrude, stood in the Pennsylvania station.

Alice still looked pale, and had by no means returned to her normal condition; but she was very happy, and looked forward to her three months in Florida with the pleasantest anticipation.

"You need not be surprised if you do not see me in New York for several months," said Mrs. Colburn, "for now that I have borrowed Alice, I do not mean to return her very promptly; certainly not until I can plant some roses in her cheeks."

"And what do you suppose will become of me, Mrs. Colburn?" asked Gertrude. "I shall count the days that must pass before you will



come back, and then maybe you *won't* come. There! if that is n't a fine Irish sentence, I'd like to hear one. I wish Miss Case could have heard it!"

And so, amid jokes and hearty good-bys, the great train rolled out of the station, carrying with it one of the most generous-hearted of women, and one who was to be Alice's sweetest and lifelong companion; for long before they returned from their journeyings, which extended to nearly every point of interest in our lovely land, and, indeed, some of the adjacent ones as well, Mrs. Fisher took the journey to that distant country which sends no travelers home, and Alice found in Mrs. Colburn the affection that had been lacking in her own home.

It was the news of Mrs. Fisher's death which decided Mrs. Colburn's half-formed plans to travel for a period, and before they returned Alice had grown to feel that she was more Alice Colburn than Alice Fisher, as, indeed, she ultimately became; for in the course of the following year Mrs. Colburn legally adopted her, and Alice's life became as sweet and peaceful as the sunny autumn day upon which we first met her.

Never again did one see the sad lines about the mouth or the hungry look in the eyes, for Mrs. Colburn, realizing how many years which should have been bright ones had slipped away, strove in every way within her power to bring joy and gladness into the young life.

And Alice fully repaid her, for she gave to her the rich affection she would have given to her mother had she been encouraged to do so,

and filled Mrs. Colburn's life as it had never before been filled.

Mrs. Colburn had lost her husband after one brief year of wedded life, and her sorrow had been lifelong. Only in making others happy could she find happiness herself, and her ample means made it very easy for her to do so.

The formerly quiet house now echoed girlish voices, for Alice and Gertrude were as fast friends as ever, and still shared all pleasures.

And many a delightful afternoon or evening did they have in the big house, with Mrs. Colburn to share or direct the merrymakings. So there were merry teas, dainty luncheons, gay dances in the big drawing-room, and all sorts of outdoor frolics besides.

And now, upon Alice's sixteenth birthday, we will bid her farewell, as she and Gertrude, the latter now fourteen years old, sit in the library waiting for Mrs. Colburn to return from town; for there is to be a birthday dance, and both girls are looking eagerly forward to the evening, and the dainty gowns to be worn then, which Mrs. Colburn is to bring with her from the city. Of course, they are to be as nearly alike as possible, and Mrs. Folsome has promised to come over a little later in order to assist at the important affair and to help array the two girls.

So we leave them to their happy dreams and fancies, realizing that they have indeed been "loyal to the sacred professions of friendship."

THE END.





PUSSY: "ARE YOU A MOUSE OR A BIRD — OR AN APRIL FOOL?"

## A SONG OF CLOTHES-PINS.

BY MARY WHITE.

SING a song of clothes-pins,  
Out upon the line,  
Holding fast the flapping clothes  
In the bright sunshine!

Heads together nodding,  
Eager every face,  
Whispering, while slender feet  
Hold the clothes in place.

Sing a song of clothes-pins,  
Dropping one by one  
In the clothes-pin basket  
When their work is done.

Do you think, when Mary  
Drops them there, they stay  
Dozing in the basket  
Till next washing-day?

Sing a song of clothes-pins,  
Standing stiff and straight;  
While we make their wigs and gowns  
They can hardly wait!

Then we play the whole week through —  
Theater, dinner, ball.  
Going to wooden weddings  
Is the greatest fun of all!





"GOING TO WOODEN WEDDINGS IS THE GREATEST FUN OF ALL!"

Sing a song of clothes-pins  
 Monday morn asleep;  
 Not because they 're stupid —  
 'T is the hours they keep.

Wake them, gently whispering.  
 Soon upon the line,  
 See, they hold the clothes again  
 In the bright sunshine!



"SEE, THEY HOLD THE CLOTHES AGAIN IN THE BRIGHT SUNSHINE!"



## Earl Warenne

an historical event of the  
reign of Edward I.



by George Earle Browne

KING EDWARD, in a curious mood,  
The parchments of his earls pursued,  
To learn if all their claims were good.

His learned clerks the deeds did scan,  
And placed beneath great Edward's ban  
The lands of many a gentleman.

With other of England's gentlemen,  
At length they summoned Lord Warenne  
To answer to the clerkly pen.

The stout earl came with step of pride,  
His good sword buckled on his side,  
Which had the paynim oft defied.



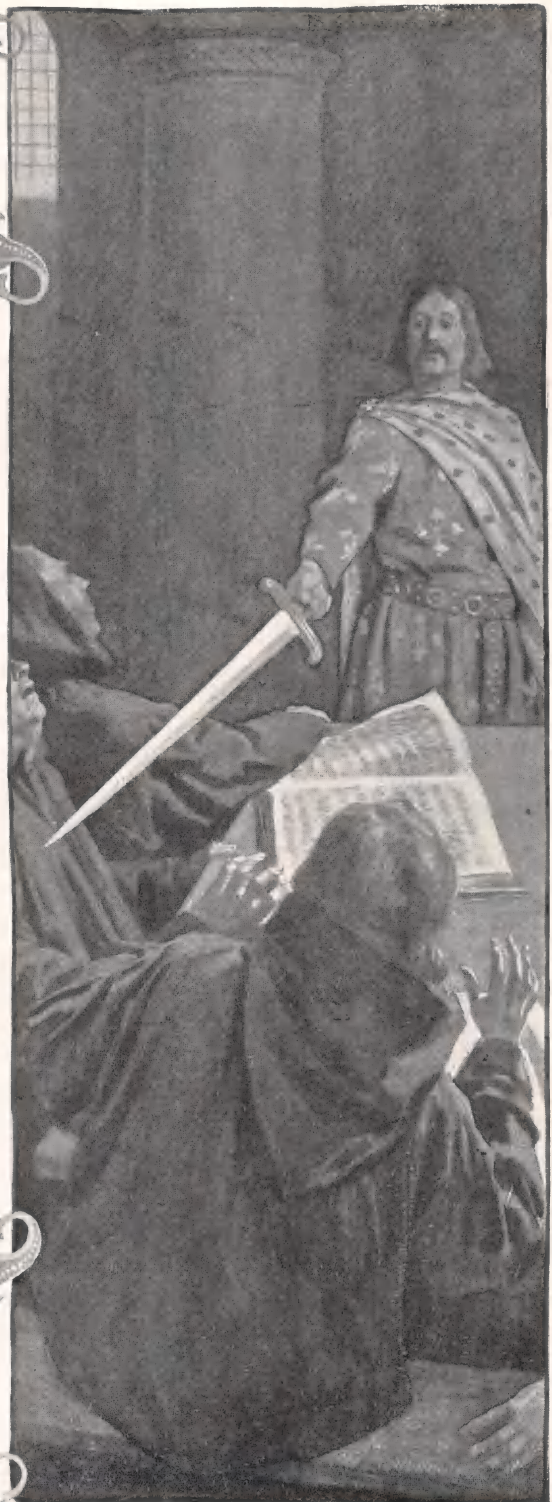
Then spake the clerkly scribe: "May we  
The title to your castles see,  
By which you hold your lands in fee?"

Curled his rough lip with scornful sneer;  
Flashed his sword round them—sight of  
fear;  
And out his voice rang full and clear:

"When William, with his Norman horde,  
Did win this realm with his stout sword,  
Each chieftain had a brave reward.

"My sire won these in deadly fight;  
His title-deed is mine of right;  
It is his blade—keen, blue, and bright!"

In haste each lawyer dropped his pen  
And hastened to the king again.  
His broad lands kept the Earl Warenne!



## JERRY AND TOMMY.

BY MRS. EDMUND GOSSE.

JERRY and Tommy had been thinking and talking, and even been dreaming at night, of nothing else for a whole week! They were going up to London to stay with their Aunt Martha, and their father, who had baked for the big school near by during twelve years, was going to take two days' holiday, and he would stay at Aunt Martha's, too, and go with them the very next night to see Buffalo Bill. Fancy what a treat!

But what was "Buffalo Bill"? Tommy wondered. He did not quite like to ask his brother Jerry, as he knew he would be sure to say: "What? Not know what Buffalo Bill is? Why, everybody who's not a baby knows that! Why, it's what's on the boards by the railway station, down in the town!"

Tommy pondered it over in his mind, and as he lay in his little bed at night, in the dark, upstairs in the attic, strange processions passed before his mind's eye across the whitewashed gable-end of the room—processions of all kinds of animals (which were rather vaguely defined, however, about their hoofs and horns). Then groups of dancing ladies appeared, swaying to and fro. These were clad in folds of tissue-paper, like crackers, and they were tied in tight in the middle. They followed one another in rapid succession through what looked like large curtain-rings. These ladies habitually stood on one toe at a time, and this from preference, apparently.

Then there appeared the strange man who rather frightened Tommy—the man dressed in white, with red spots all over him, he who turned his toes inward, and who was always dropping things out of his pockets. He was so like "Uncle Gobo," the poor village ninny, who never noticed whether he was holding the little dog under his arm with its head or its tail upward. Poor Uncle Gobo! Tommy wondered sometimes whether he was really his uncle, as well as the uncle of all the other

boys in the village, and whether, when Tommy himself grew to be an old man, he, too, would be so strange-looking, and whether he also would be laughed at by some of the village lads, as Uncle Gobo was now. Then he fell asleep, and he dreamed that he himself was Buffalo Bill, and that the tissue-paper ladies were his aunts, while Uncle Gobo persisted in putting all the things that had been bought for their Sunday's dinner into his trousers pockets—the carrots and the apples, as well as strings upon strings of sausages, and even the very leg of mutton itself that had been bought for their Sunday's dinner!

Well, the morning arrived at last, and off the two boys started. Their father drove the little bakery cart, and Jerry sat beside him, while Tommy and the neighbor's boy who was to bring back the trap squatted on the floor of the cart behind, among lots of nice clean straw. It is true that it was the spring-cart, but oh, how it did jog! and that was jolly of it! Why, it could n't be much better than that at Buffalo Bill's show, thought Tommy, who had been told that one of the attractions of that place was that by paying the sum of one penny you could ride down a very steep hill,—as steep as the roof of the church in their village, he had been assured,—and in a little truck-cart, too, all by yourself, with no horse or engine or anything to draw it, and that if you did not hold on very hard indeed, you were almost sure to be thrown out!

Tommy squeaked with delight at the thought of it, and he shouted out so loud at the top of his voice, "Hold hard! Hold hard!" that his father said if he made so much noise the passers-by would think he was a squealing pig being driven to the pound at the cross-roads.

They went by train to London. On the journey Tommy wondered to see that all the passengers wore Sunday clothes, although it



was not even market-day. It troubled him, too, that his father's voice was so much louder than that of the other people. It seemed as if he were shouting to the folk in the fields, while their fellow-passengers, especially the ladies, minced their words, and spoke in a half-whisper, like the old woman who used to come in at home, on winter nights, to help to nurse grandpa, when he was so strange and wandering in his mind.

London itself did not strike the boys as so splendid and brilliant as they had expected it to be. But perhaps that was because the sun was not shining there that day. Perhaps, thought Tommy, the train had come so quickly

be sure you wipe your boots well on the mat, and don't scuff your feet on the new oil-cloth as you come along the passage."

Jerry and Tommy never could remember much about that first evening at Aunt Martha's. The grown-ups seemed, all of them, to talk and talk—chiefly, too, about such very uninteresting things. They seemed never weary of discussing, nor were they ever able to decide among themselves (and what did it matter, after all? thought the boys), whether the boys' maternal Aunt Emily, who went to Australia, was first cousin once removed, on the father's side, or second cousin on the mother's side, to the pork butcher of that place, he who after-



"SHE AT ONCE MADE A DASH FOR JERRY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

that the sun had not yet had time to get there. It might arrive later on.

When they all reached Aunt Martha's house she gave them a hearty welcome, and said: "Come in, all of you, and welcome; but, boys,

ward became lord mayor. The boys fidgeted on their chairs, and kept one another awake for some time by covert pokes in the side; but this plan at last failing, and their two heads bobbing forward in sleep, they both were

packed off to bed with a rough kindness by their father.

The next morning Jerry and Tommy awoke early, and they at once asked their aunt how soon they were going to start for Buffalo Bill's.

"But," said Aunt Martha, "there 's the whole day before you 'fore that 's going to happen. Why, your father 's got to go to the City, and I 've got to see to my lodgers, let alone the getting through with my cooking first. See here, Jane," she called to her little maid of all work, "give the boys a jug,—the big one,—and they can go to the end of the street and fetch the milk for breakfast." Then, as they were hurrying off, she called after them: "Don't go swinging the jug that way, or you 'll break it; and mind, too, you 're not to come home without it!"

Off they started with the jug. It was a curious jug. It had a man's face for its spout, and his beard flowed all down the front of it in a wavy pattern.

The boys could not make any mistake. They were to go straight down the street, and to get the milk at the cross-street at the other end of it; then they were to come directly back again.

They went along, walking pretty close together, shoulder to shoulder, and dodging as best they could the women who were sweeping their house-steps and shaking the dust out of their door-mats. They tried, too, to avoid the

children—the crowds of ragged children who were playing on the pavements. By some ill chance, however, the boys tumbled up against a particularly tousle-headed boy, and there were at once raised on all sides loud cries: "Look where you 're going to!" "Who 're you, to be so stuck-up?" "Yah! Any one can see with half an eye where you 're from!"

Jerry shouted out, "You come on, youngster; I 'm not going to stand such talk!" at which the street urchins gave a great guffaw.

Then other boys closed in, more children came crowding up from the areas all about, and before Jerry and Tommy knew what was going on, the two boys found themselves in the middle of the road, with a line of grinning and evil-looking children standing around them, and shouts of "Give it 'im!"



"AT LAST JERRY AND TOMMY WERE OBSERVED BY THE VIGILANT EYE OF A POLICEMAN WHO WAS GOING ON HIS ROUND." (SEE PAGE 521.)

"Hit 'im 'ard!" "I 'll teach you, young 'un!" were heard on all sides. Jerry's blood was up. He quickly handed the precious milk-jug to Tommy, and, with a quick movement forward, he seized the enemy, and was just about to administer to him some punishment, when yells of disappointment were heard, followed by "Here 's the peeler!" "No, it ain't!" "My eye! if it 's not Bob's mother!"

And sure enough, Bob's mother it was! She at once made a dash for Jerry, broomstick in hand. There was a general scuffle, followed by a stampede, and Jerry and Tommy found themselves running their hardest, making for



the shelter of the unknown milk-shop at the other end of the street.

The boys bought their quart of milk for fourpence, and there was twopence change. Brave as Jerry was, he did not think it necessary to face Bob's mother on the return journey. "And, besides," said peace-loving Tommy, "maybe she might break Aunt Martha's jug."

So the boys decided to go a little way along the cross-street, and then turn up the next road, and in that way reach Aunt Martha's in safety. "For," they said to one another, "the next turning must cross Tower Road, or else join on to it at the other end."

It seemed a good plan, so they proceeded to follow it out. And somehow the next street seemed to be a great deal longer than the one opposite to Aunt Martha's house—the street where they had had their fight. But then, they argued, that street was so full of children that they had not, perhaps, noticed its length; also, they remarked to one another, they had somewhat hurried along the last part of it, whereas now they were, of course, obliged to walk more slowly, so as not to spill the milk.

At last they reached a cross-street, and they turned up it to the right. It did not look quite like Tower Road, somehow, but then they had entered it from a different side. The houses struck both the boys as looking larger than those in Aunt Martha's street. Still they pushed on, and looked out for No. 10; but no No. 10 was to be seen on the left side of the street: only the odd numbers were on that side.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Jerry, "we've made some queer mistake; we must have entered this street from the wrong end." But, alas! when they did succeed, at last, in finding No. 10, it was not Aunt Martha's at all. It was a great warehouse. The boys felt sadly perplexed at this. They wandered up and down the street, peering wistfully in at the different windows, and saying to one another, "What a temper Aunt Martha will be in at our being such a long time fetching the milk!"

At last Jerry exclaimed: "It's of no use, Tommy; we've made a mistake. We must go back to the milk-shop, and start again along

the street where Bob's mother lives, and we shall know Aunt Martha's house by the canary-bird that's hanging in the window."

"And by the new oil-cloth in the passage," added Tommy.

So back the boys turned; but, poor lads! they had already turned about so many times that they had quite lost their bearings. And so, instead of getting back to the cross-street where the milk-shop was, they went in quite the contrary direction, until they were hopelessly lost.

After a while they asked a lady who was hurrying along, with a satchel in her hand, if she could direct them to Tower Road. She said she did not know the street herself, and then, noticing that the boys were carrying a jug of milk, she concluded they could not have come far from home, and so, telling them to ask some one else, she hastened on. It was the same with every one: no one thought boys carrying a great jug of milk could be really lost, and so no one helped them by making inquiries.

At last the boys found themselves near to a great river, and Jerry remarked, for the benefit of his brother, "London is situated on the river Thames." "And," added Tommy, "it is the chief town of Middlesex." The weary children strolled on to the bridge, and seated themselves on the parapet; they were feeling very tired and disheartened.

A policeman came along, and seeing the lads, one in a pair of slippers, the other without a cap or coat (for in such a hurry had they left home that morning), mistook them for boys loitering on an errand. Evidently they were fetching something for their father's early dinner. So he told them to "Move on, there!" and the boys slunk off, and crossed over the bridge to the other side of the river. They continued now and then to ask passers-by, in a hopeless kind of way, if they would direct them to Tower Road, but no one ever seemed to have heard of the street. One lady of whom they inquired, noticing their pinched, distressed little faces, asked them if they were hungry. "You look as if you were," said she; "I will buy you something to eat." But "No, marm; no, thank you, marm," they both eagerly exclaimed. Then Jerry remarked to

Tommy: "Think what father would have said at his children being fed by a stranger! And father a baker, too!" Alas, poor boys! they little realized then that it was possible there would that night be fulfilled the proverb, "The baker's children went to bed hungry."

They wandered about all that day, carrying faithfully the jug of milk, and with the twopence change in one of their pockets. They had one halfpenny of their own, and that, after much consideration and long gazing in at several shop-fronts, they spent for a large, flat yellow cake that had three slices of citron, or, as the boys termed it, of *gristle*, on top of it.

Each had an exact half of it, and then a good deal of politeness was shown by both boys as to which of them should have the third piece of gristle. Finally Jerry prevailed upon Tommy to accept it, "For," said he, "you are, you know, much younger than me, and mother, I am sure, would wish you to have it—if *she knew*." The reference to their mother, left in the country, and all unconscious of her children's fate (for the boys felt quite sure that they should never see her again), was too much for Tommy's feelings, and he wept silently as he sucked the citron-peel, and wiped his poor little face on the sleeve of his jacket.

Presently he cheered up somewhat, and he persuaded Jerry to wear the cap. "Do," he said manfully; "I really am already far too warm with a jacket as well as a cap, so do you wear the cap, Jerry dear!"

Jerry graciously accepted it, and hoped that no one would notice what a very babyish cut of cap it was.

A black-and-white spotty dog, of the shivery type, accompanied the boys part of the afternoon. He appeared quite suddenly, as though he had sprung up out of the ground, or had come up through one of the gutter ventilators. Just as the last mouthful of cake had disappeared did the doggy pop up. He sniffed around, and then he sat up on his haunches, and held his head on one side, with his ears cocked forward in the most engaging manner possible.

His brisk company cheered the boys wonderfully, and for a while they played very hap-

pily with him on the wide embankment path by the river. They did not like to go far now, as they were so afraid lest the little dog should lose himself, and not be able to find his way home again. They were soon reassured on this point, however, on seeing their little friend, still shivering in his short coat, and with his tail collected close around his back, racing after a group of ragged little boys who were fishing with lines, which they held over the embankment.

At last twilight came on. The boys had become very silent now. They walked on, sitting down now and then when they had a chance, but always moving on again when they caught sight of a policeman strolling toward them on his beat. They pretended all day not to notice the frequent reminders, in the form mostly of gaudy pictures, on the many hoardings they passed; but Jerry, as evening drew near, remarked casually to Tommy, "I suppose the Buffalo Bill performance is now about to commence."

The boys felt that they were lost forever, and that they should never again see their mother, or Aunt Martha, or father,—white all over with flour at the bakery,—or their dear black-and-white rabbit, that had taken the five-shilling prize last year at the show, for its size and its neat cage. Nor would they again see their own little dog, who always knew where to find them when they had hidden themselves carefully away. Tommy felt sure that Jerry was crying,—they were sitting on the chairs outside one of the prisons,—but he pretended not to notice the tears, and, as he nestled up more closely to Jerry, he started whistling between his teeth, in a faltering falsetto voice, "When Johnny comes marching home," with a vague idea that a little martial music might help to rouse his brother. But Jerry at last uttered a feeble but anguished "Don't, Tommy dear!" feeling the while that, despite his own superior years, Tommy was the braver man of the two.

At last Jerry and Tommy were observed by the vigilant eye of a policeman who was going on his round. They were far too tired now to attempt to keep moving on. The policeman asked, "How long have you been out?"



"Oh!" said the boys, "we were out before breakfast to fetch the milk for Aunt Martha." "What's that you've got in the jug there?" "Why, that's Aunt Martha's milk." There was a long silence after this. The man ran the light of his bull's-eye rapidly over the boys, and, asking them no more questions, said, "Come along, lads, with me, and we'll see if we can't find your Aunt Martha for you."

A dim feeling of respect for the uniform prevented the boys from flinging their arms gratefully round the policeman. They followed him with pattering footsteps as he strode grandly along before them. He seemed to them at that moment like some great and good giant.

He took them to the police station, where there were many more policemen, sitting about a fire. They got the boys to tell them their aunt's address, and then they tanged away at a buzzy thing in the corner of the room.

The men were puzzled by the milk still remaining in the jug.

"Why," they said to one another, "these lads must have carried their milk for miles; for if they started from Tower Road, down by the docks, and had come straight up here to Islington, it's a good six or seven miles. And to think of all the dodging in and out that the boys must have done! Now, lads, you'd better drink up your milk, or else it must be thrown away." The boys felt, somehow, that they could not drink that milk. What would Aunt Martha think of them?

"Are n't you very tired, you little chaps, and don't you want to go to sleep?" one plump policeman inquired.

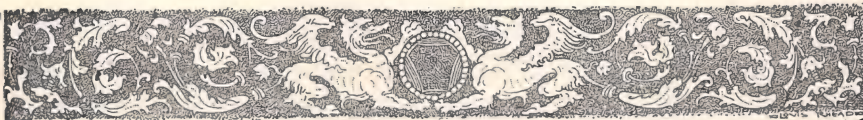
Jerry said, "No"; but Tommy's gray little face plainly said, "Yes; I'm very sleepy." So a rug and a bag were given to him for pillow and coverlet. He lay down on the floor, and, as he fell asleep, he felt Jerry's head resting on his shoulder, and Jerry's arm creeping round his back. Tommy was soon dreaming busily. He was Uncle Gobo, and Jerry was rid-

ing round and round on the back of a monkey, while a great black steamer was racing madly after them, puffing and fuming away, when suddenly it gave a great whistle. It was a peculiar whistle, one that Tommy knew very well. Up he started from his place on the floor. Jerry's head fell to the ground with a thud. "That'll wake *him* up," thought Tommy, and calling out, "That's father's whistle; I should know it anywhere!" the child sprang forward and with a bound across the room darted out of the station door into the dimly lighted street. And there stood father—real father—outside! The policemen came hurrying out in a lumbering manner after Tommy, who, they thought, was in a fit, and was wandering in his sleep as well as in his mind.

"It's as well, sir, that you came when you did," said the inspector, "for at three o'clock we were going to take these youngsters over to the workhouse." When their father entered the brightly lighted police station, his glance fell at once on the milk-jug, and he gave a strange kind of gulping laugh as he said, turning to the boys: "Well, your Aunt Martha'll be glad enough to see that jug again, for she had got it into her head, somehow, that you'd broken her jug, and so did n't dare to come home again."

The boys returned home to their mother and to the country the next day. They never, they said, wanted to go to London again. It was "such a dark, ugly place, with no sunshine; and the children there were all so wicked." Tommy, however, as they jogged quietly along in the little bakery cart from the station, through the little town, remarked in a sad little voice to Jerry, "But I do wonder, though, what Buffalo Bill is *really* like?"

"Why," replied Jerry, with his old self-assured manner of superiority returning to him, "why, Tommy, it's just like what you can see for yourself on the boards over there."



## "COMPRENEZ-VOUS?"

BY JENNIE BETTS HARTSWICK.

A QUIANT Dutch doll and a doll from France  
One birthday morning met by chance;  
And the Juffrouw said to Mademoiselle  
In politest Dutch, "I hope you 're well."

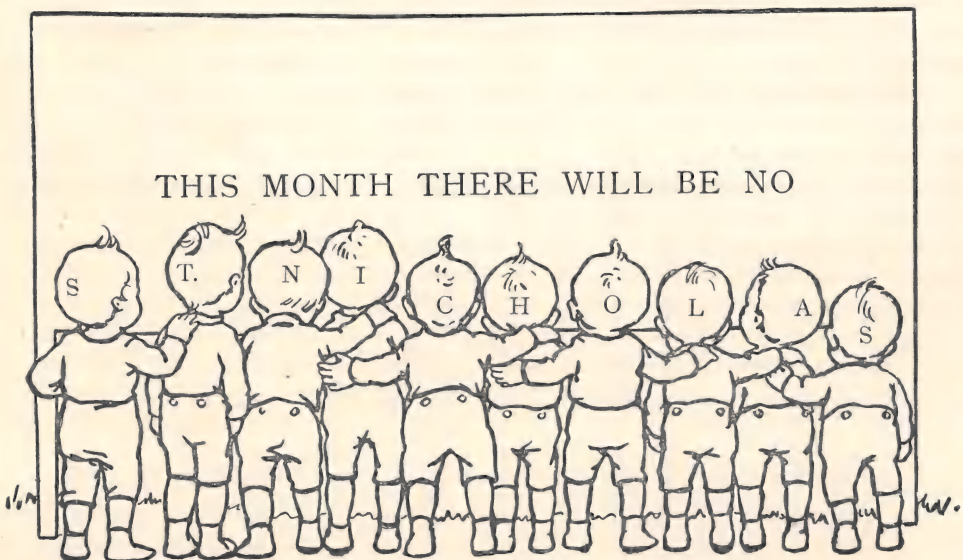
But the doll from Paris shook her head,  
And in her very best French she said:  
"I regret, indeed, that I cannot tell  
What your meaning is—but I hope you 're  
well."

So the doll with the wooden countenance  
And the waxen lady that came from France  
In courteous silence together lay  
In the shadowy dawn of that festal day.

But by and by, when the room grew light,  
A little maid in a nightgown white  
Peeped in, as her loving parents planned,  
With the sparkling eyes of Yankee-land.

And never a single word said she,  
But she *smiled* as brightly as could be;  
And though those dolls were of wax and  
wood,  
It really seemed that they understood.

For you may journey many a mile,  
But, wherever you go, a smile 's a smile!  
And its meaning is easy to understand  
In Holland, in France, or in Yankee-land.



TEN LITTLE APRIL FOOLS.



# JOSEY AND THE CHIPMUNK.

BY SYDNEY REID.

[This story was begun in the November number.]

## CHAPTER XII.

### A CALL ON THE FROGS — WHERE THE SHEEP LIVE — THE WOLF AND THE CHIPMUNK QUARREL.

THE frogs' country lay all along the river-bank. In the quiet places of the water the bulrushes grew like a forest, and there were great stretches covered with lily-leaves so large that Josey might have walked upon the river by stepping from leaf to leaf.

As she went forward into the heart of this country she heard big, big voices that called: "More room! More room! More room!" and little tiny voices that cried, "Too deep! Too deep! Too deep!"

Presently she came out in a broad, open place among the bulrushes, where hundreds of the frogs were sitting on the lily-leaves. They were of all sizes — some so small that one could hardly see them, and others very large. In the middle there sat one who was as big as a tea-kettle. He seemed to be the king, so the little girl walked toward him. When she got in front of him she dropped a curtsy. The chipmunk sat upon her shoulder, and Ethel was smiling in her arms. All the frogs were silent, and the big one stared at Josey.

"Well!" he said at last.

The little girl dropped another curtsy.

"We are travelers," she said, "going about and seeing the countries; so of course we had to see yours. Do you like to live in it?" asked Josey.

"Of course," replied the frog. "No people in the world have such a fine country as we, unless it is the Dutch."

"But I should think that you would catch your death of cold," Josey remarked.

"Not at all. There's no more fog here than there is in Holland or England."

"But you get yourselves so dreadfully wet."

"That does not do us a bit of harm. We live out of doors all the time. It is the people who are too fussy about their precious selves who are always sick. You never heard of a whale catching cold, did you?"

"Why, no."

"No more did anybody else. Whales don't catch cold, because they live out of doors all the time."

"But that's all nonsense!" said the chipmunk, impatiently. "Whales can't catch cold."

"Let me give you a bit of advice, young man," said the big frog, severely. "Never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Well, but whales can't catch cold," said the chipmunk, positively.

"How many whales have you seen?" asked the big frog.

"I saw a picture of one once," said the chipmunk, after a pause.

"And it had no cold?"

"I am sure that it had none."

"Very well, then. You should say that the whale that you once saw in the picture had no cold. And you should stop there and not try to tell us about whales that you never saw and don't know anything about. And now, just remember my advice: never interrupt your elders; don't be too positive; and never, *never*, NEVER play practical jokes."

"Why do you say not to play practical jokes?" asked Josey, sitting down comfortably and crossing her feet.

"Because," said the big frog, "they make your friends angry. No one likes to be made to look foolish, and that is what practical jokes do to the people they are played upon. Then,

again, the practical jokes don't always turn out exactly the way you want them to turn out."



"THE FRENCH ARE COMING!"

Just at that moment the chipmunk, who had been frisking about behind the big frog, gave a shout: "The French are coming! The French are coming!"

The frogs never stopped to look about them. They all jumped together and disappeared in the water—even the little ones who had been squealing about its being too deep. They hurried down and hid in the mud at the bottom as if they did not think it was even deep enough.

"Why did you do that?" asked Josey, reproachfully.

"I wanted to see them jump," said the chipmunk, who did not seem a bit sorry.

The frogs did not come up again, and so Josey and her friends went away up the river-bank and through the woods, on and on, and on and on, till they came to the country where all the lambs live.

When they came to the gate of the lambs' country, some of the lambs ran to meet them. Many wore broad, cherry-colored ribbons about their necks, tied in bows at the throat. They had big, gentle eyes, and fleece that was as white as snow and as soft as sea-foam. Josey shouted and ran toward the pretty things.

They stopped and threw their heads up in the air to look at her, and then fairly fell over one another running away. As they ran they kept screaming:

"Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! Ma-a-a-a-a-a-a-a! She was chasing us!"

"Oh, was that what they were running for?" asked Josey. "I only wanted to pet them and let my baby see how pretty they are."

The sheep were in a dreadful flutter at first, but by and by they became calmer. Two or three of the eldest ones sniffed at Josey and Ethel and the chipmunk, and said they smelt just like old friends.

"Why, we would n't hurt a curl of your wool," said the chipmunk. "We would n't hurt them. I'm very fierce with lions and tigers and things of that sort, and I'm death on wolves, but I never hurt a lamb in my life. I would think it beneath my dignity."

The lambs having recovered from their fright, Josey asked if they could not sing something for the visitors, and the mothers answered that they certainly should. So the lambs were formed in a circle about their visitors, and they sang this song:

#### RUN TO MOTHER.

If you hurt your little foot,  
Run to mother! Run to mother!  
If your pretty face is cut,  
Run to mother, mother, maa!  
Or if you tear your clothes,  
Or fall upon your nose,  
Go tell her all your woes—  
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! Don't you hear me crying?  
Maa, maa, maa! I am almost dying!  
Maa, maa, maa! Hurry! Hurry! Run!  
Nothing now will make me well but candy or  
a bun!

She's the doctor, she's the nurse—  
Run to mother! Run to mother!  
She has pennies in her purse—  
Run to mother, mother, maa!  
She has apples, she has cake,  
And sweet taffy she can bake,  
And we love her for their sake—  
Run to mother, mother, mother!

CHORUS: Maa, maa, maa! etc.



"Is n't it dreadful!" said one of the old sheep. "Somebody has gone and changed the words of that beautiful song."

"It's you!" she exclaimed, suddenly pointing at the little black lamb, who had turned his head away and stuffed his mouth with wool to prevent himself from laughing out loud. "You're the one that taught those new words to your brothers and sisters about only loving your mother because she gives you things, and making out that you care only to get buns!"

"Well, it's true," said the lamb, with an impudent caper. "I've found that the one that makes the most trouble gets the most good things. So I'm going to make as much trouble as I can." He cut another caper and dashed away down the field.

"Did you hear that?" asked the old sheep. "Is n't that dreadful? I don't know what I'll do with that one. He's spoiling the other lambs," continued the old sheep. "He teaches them to practise maaing, and to pretend that they are hurt so that they may get things to comfort them. They have me worried about nothing."

While they were talking they heard a dreadful screaming begin. Some lamb kept crying, "Maa! maa! maa! maa! maa!" as if in great

fear and pain. The sheep all ran toward the fence, and Josey and the chipmunk ran with them, carrying Ethel. When they looked over the fence, they saw a great wolf which had just let go of the black lamb. The lamb dived through a small hole in the fence and ran to his mother, screaming: "Maa! maa! maa!"

The old sheep turned him round and round.

"You bad, good little thing! you might have been eaten up, and it would have served you right!—and what would I have done?" she said, wiping her eyes with a paw. "How often must I tell you to stay in the field?"

Josey gave the lamb a biscuit, and he gradually stopped trembling, for he was more frightened than hurt. The old sheep went and looked over the fence at the wolf.

"You wicked wretch!" she said; "what do you mean by hurting my lamb?"

The wolf was sitting down in an easy position. His mouth was wide open and his eyes shining. He looked as if he was laughing. But he bowed quite politely when the old sheep spoke to him.

"If you come out here I will explain it to you, madam," he said. "I was just coming to complain to you of the actions of that lamb."



"I'M GOING TO MAKE AS MUCH TROUBLE AS I CAN," SAID THE BLACK LAMB."





"IF YOU COME OUT HERE I WILL EXPLAIN IT TO YOU, MADAM," THE WOLF SAID TO THE OLD SHEEP.

"There 's not a better lamb anywhere!" said the old sheep.

"That may be, madam, that may be! But if he lived among wolves he would be considered a wild and dangerous character."

"Dangerous!" exclaimed the old sheep, scornfully.

"Yes, indeed, madam. I do assure you it is true. You may not believe me, but he tried to take my life."

"What a wicked story-teller you are!" said the old sheep. "Do you dare to say that my innocent angel tried to take your life?"

"On my honor as a wolf, he did. He tried to choke me. He put his back in my mouth and would not take it out. If you will come out here I will explain it all to you."

Saying this, the wolf smiled in a most innocent manner. But Josey caught hold of the old sheep's fleece, and said, "Don't go!"

"No," said the chipmunk, "don't go! I believe that he 's a bold, bad creature, in spite

of his politeness. He only wants to get you out there so he can eat you up. I believe that he would like to eat us *all* up!"

The wolf curled his nose in a very contemptuous fashion.

"Wolves don't eat insects!" he said, glancing at the chipmunk.

At this the chipmunk flew into a terrible rage.

"Insect, sir!" he said. "Did you dare to hint that I am an insect? Yes, you did, sir! Don't prevaricate, sir! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it!"

In the first moment of his anger the chipmunk had dived down the back of Josey's neck. As he spoke he climbed up and peeped over her shoulder with one eye. Seeing that the wolf had not risen, but sat in his place shaking with something,—was it with fear?—he doubled his fist at the wolf and went on: "Don't prevaricate, sir! Don't dare to prevaricate with me! You have insulted me, sir, and you shall answer for it! What did you mean, sir, by calling me an insect? Don't answer me back, sir! What did you mean? Come up here and I 'll show you about insects! Just come here! Come half-way, if you dare! Insect, indeed! To me! Why, sir, I am as big as dozens of insects!"

"Well, if you are," said Josey, in a low voice, "it's nothing to boast about."

"Oh, yes, it is!" replied the angry chipmunk. "He 's not going to boast over me about insects or anything else!"

All this time the wolf kept on shaking in a very strange manner. The sheep afterward said that he was laughing, but the chipmunk



"THE CHIPMUNK DOUBLED HIS FIST AT THE WOLF."

was quite convinced that his big words had frightened him. Suddenly the wolf threw his head round, rose to his feet, and dashed off, seeming to leave a gray streak behind him, he flew so fast.

The chipmunk jumped down and climbed



the fence. "Come back, you coward!" he said. "I knew that he would never dare to face me."

"Indeed, it was not you that made him run," said the sheep. "He saw Reginald coming, and knew that he had better be off."

"Who is Reginald?" asked Josey

"Reginald is the shepherd's dog," said the old sheep, "and he's a hero. He is in charge of all this place about here, and would give his life for us. See, there he goes now, chasing the wolf. If Reginald catches him, the old rascal will get Ballyhoo."

When they went back into the meadow, they found all the sheep and lambs gathered there about the little black lamb. He seemed to think that he was a good deal of a hero. He made so many interruptions when his mother began to tell the story that at last he had to be sent away in disgrace.

Soon afterward Reginald himself returned from his long run after the wolf.

"Say," said the black lamb, swaggering up—"say, Mr. Reginald, did you see me when I met the wolf outside the fence?"

"Yes, I saw you," said Reginald, looking down at the little fellow. "Were you much hurt?"

"Pooh! It was nothing!" said the lamb. "He bit me when I was n't looking. I gave him something for himself that he did n't like very much. I

butted him in the ribs, and you should have seen him scorch!"

"What?" spoke up the chipmunk, in surprise. "Do you mean to say that it was you who frightened him away?"

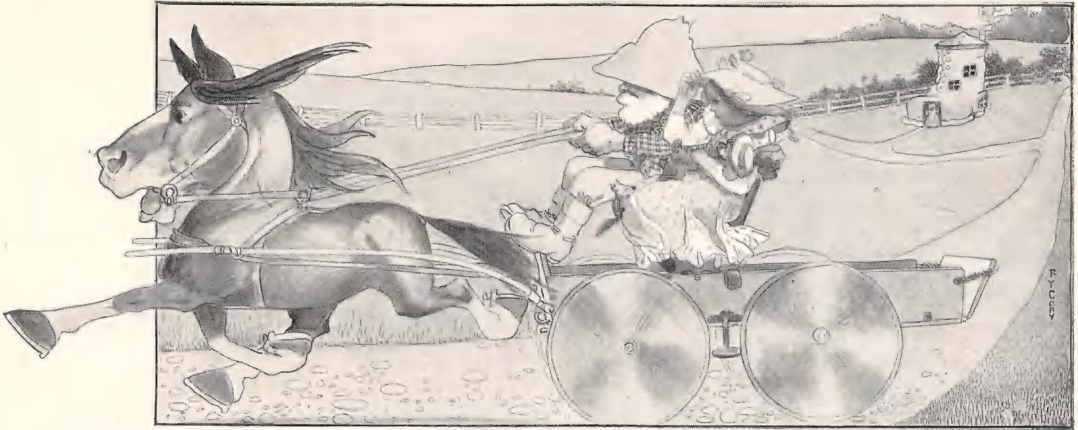
"If I did n't, I'd like to know who did!" exclaimed the black lamb.

"Why, he could not stand the awful gleam of my eye," said the chipmunk.

"Oh!" said the black lamb, turning a somersault. "The wolf could not stand the awful gleam of his eye! That is very funny! Why, how big do you think you are, Chippy?"



JOSEY COMES TO THE FROGS' COUNTRY.



"THEY WENT DOWN THE ROAD FLYING." (SEE PAGE 532.)

"I'm just as big as I choose to be. If I wanted to be bigger, perhaps I could be. It is no one's business how big I am," answered the chipmunk, stiffly.

"Here, you come with me," said Reginald at this moment, leading the black lamb away by the ear.

"You don't think I'm too little, do you?" the chipmunk asked Josey.

"Why," said the little girl, "I think that you're just the right size for a chipmunk."

It was then quite late, so when Reginald came back he took them to supper, and afterward showed them a beautiful room to sleep in. They were so tired with their long journey that they all went to sleep in no time, and dreamed ever so many pleasant things.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

EARLY the next morning Josey, Ethel, and the chipmunk left the lambs' country.

When they passed through the gate they came to a fine open country where it was all up hill and down dale for miles and miles. The chipmunk made Ethel carry him for a time so that he should not tire Josey, but as Josey was carrying Ethel all the time it did not make so very much difference.

They went on and on and on, till, looking over into the next country, they saw a very large shoe with windows in the side of it, a door in the toe, and a chimney at the top.

"Oh!" said Josey. "If you please, we will get down here. That may be the shoe that the old woman lives in who 'has so many children she does n't know what to do.' We must pay her a visit."

Josey and her friends went on down the road, and, sure enough, they saw the old woman sitting on the door-step reading a slip of paper that she held in her hand. The front yard was very neat and was filled with beautiful flowers.

When they came to the garden gate, a man passed them, opened the gate, and walked up the path to the place where the old woman was sitting. On his head was an old hat, and on his back a big pack. The old woman looked up at him when he stopped in front of her. He set the pack down and opened it.

"I have here, ma'am," he said, "the greatest invention of the age. Yes, ma'am, that is true—the greatest invention of this or any other age. It is called the Mother's Friend, and does half the work of taking care of a family. The very greatest invention of the age, ma'am—and I will sell it to you cheap for cash."

The old woman did not seem to be much interested at first in what the man was saying, but at last she lifted her head and said, "Is it a machine to do a woman's work?"

"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am! Do your work just the same way as you did it the last time I was here. It acts just like a mother to the children—they can hardly tell the difference."

"Well," said the old woman, "you might as well show me how the invention works."



"Yes, ma'am; yes, ma'am!" said the peddler, setting up the contrivance. "It scolds the children and whips them at the same time."

The peddler stepped backward and looked at the old woman with a broad smile. When he saw her expression he stopped smiling.

"Wait till I come back," she said—"you just wait!"

She said it in such a tone that he hurried and packed the machine, and was down at the gate by the time she returned in a hurry with a very determined look, and carrying the broom. When the peddler saw what she held in her hand he flew down the road so fast that all they could see was the dust he raised.

"As if I ever whipped the dear little darlings!" she continued.

Just then she caught sight of Josey and the chipmunk.

"What do you want, little girl?" the old woman asked in a very pleasant tone.

"We are travelers who have come to call on

woman, very sadly, sitting down on the steps and hiding her face. Josey thought she was crying.

"They must have been very bad to go away and leave you alone like this," she said.

"They were not bad children," said the old woman. "They were the best children that ever were. I never had any trouble with them, and they went away because they grew up."

"But you did have to scold them sometimes, did n't you?"

"Never once," said the old woman.

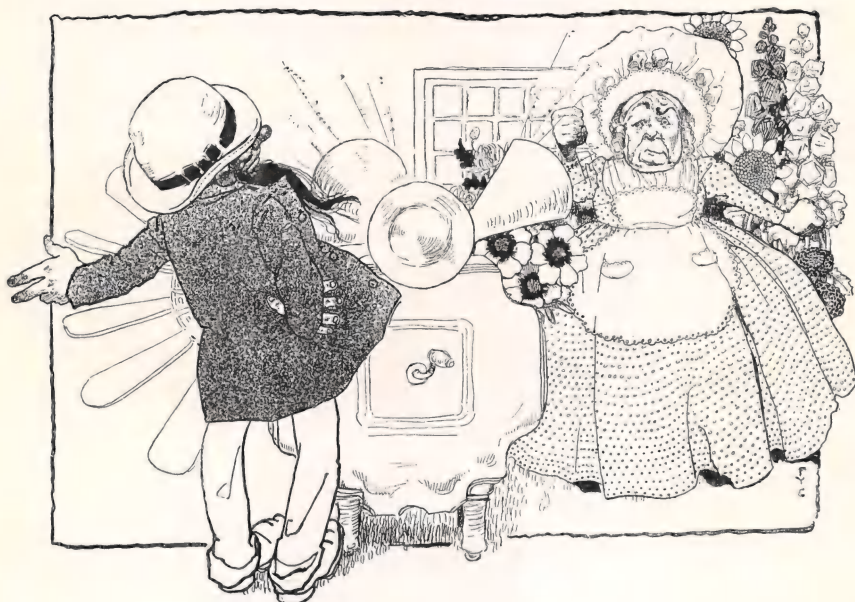
"Why," said the chipmunk, "it is in all the books! The books say:

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;

She had so many children she did n't know what to do.

Then the books go on to say that you gave them a whipping and sent them to bed."

"Well, the books are not always right," said the old woman. "If they were ever bad I've forgotten all about it now. Oh, dear! oh, dear!



"'WAIT TILL I COME BACK,' SHE SAID—'YOU JUST WAIT!'"

you," said Josey, making her a graceful curtsy. "We have read about you and the children, and wanted to see how they were."

"They've all gone away!" said the old

woman, very sadly, sitting down on the steps and hiding her face. Josey thought she was crying. "Indeed I do—the whole twenty-four of them."

When the old woman said this she began to cry, and Josey felt so sorry for her that she

said, "Never mind! We will stay with you to-night, and you can play that we are the children."

"Oh, can I?" said the old woman. "Then you must rush about and knock things down and make a great noise, and I must scold and threaten to tell your father and say that you're the worst children I ever saw."

So Josey and the chipmunk began to race about, making a great noise and knocking things down, and the old woman ran after them, saying that they were the worst children she ever saw. At last she was so tired she had to stop; but she said that she had greatly enjoyed it

After they had had their supper—and it was

a glorious supper; there was mince-pie and apple-pie and pumpkin-pie and plum-cake and currant-jelly and honey—they went upstairs to the children's big bedroom. Then they fell asleep and dreamed the grandest sort of dreams.

When they awoke there was the old woman up and scolding about the house as cheerfully as could be. She said they were the worst children that she ever met, and then she gave them a feast that they remembered for many a long day.

Then the old hired man took them in his wagon, and after they had promised to visit the shoe whenever they came that way again, they went down the road flying.

*(To be concluded.)*



A FIRST-OF-APRIL SHOWER—"OH, MY! IT 'S WAININ'!"





BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE HON. SAMUEL P. DRAGON had begun to show signs of age. His scales, once so brilliantly green, were turning gray; his wings creaked when folded after flight; and his eyes seldom glowed like red-hot coals, but were becoming ashy.

He no longer sallied forth whenever the clank of armor was heard outside of the cave, and, indeed, would not bestir himself unless a knight attempted to enter. Even then he scarcely exerted himself more than to emit a gentle roar and to puff a little flame toward the intruder.

Sammy, the eldest son, was at boarding-school, and could be home only during his vacations; but the other little dragons were now so well grown that Mrs. Dragon was justly proud of them. The very youngest of all had proved that he was a worthy son of the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon; for he had been sent out to market on several different nights, and had succeeded very well—securing fairly plump men. As a reward he now was allowed to sit up a little earlier than sunrise—which made him both proud and sleepy.

Though the little dragons were well grown, having well-hardened scales, and bright, fiery

eyes, and could spout flames nearly as well as their father, they had not lost their fondness for stories.

It happened to be vacation-time, and Samuel Dragon, Jr., was at home. The younger members of the family had been much pleased to see their big brother, and to hear his stories of life at school—of the studies; of the athletic games, where he had won a prize for flying, and another in a tail-whisking contest; and of how he had taken second honors in blowing flames. But at length he became tired of telling his school-boy adventures, and seemed annoyed that the eager youngsters would not let him rest.

"The sun will be up before long," he said to his mother, Scalena Dragon. "Is n't it time for the children to go to bed?"

"Not quite yet," she replied good-naturedly. "But, children, you need n't bother your brother. Remember that he is busy during all the long night hours while at boarding-school, and needs his daylight sleep."

"But, mother," insisted the little ones, "we do love to hear stories, and we have heard your Man Stories over and over again."

"If a story is what you want," said their

father, with much good-nature, "I will tell you one of my adventures—a new one."

"Oh, that will be just scorching!" one of the children exclaimed.

"No slang in this cave!" said their mother, waving a claw reprovingly. "Leave such practices to human children who do not know any better. Try to cultivate high ideals. Be worthy of your favorite hero—of brave St. Dragon who killed George of England!"

This appeal made the children serious, and for a moment none of them spoke. But the eldest, Sammy, said:

"Oh, by the way, mama, one of the dragon professors at school declared that among men there is actually a myth that George killed our St. Dragon!"

"Now, how supremely absurd!" cried Mrs. Dragon; and all the family rattled their wings as they laughed smokily.

When their mirthful glee had become

quieted somewhat, the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon spoke to them in a more serious vein:

"The idea of a knight overcoming a dragon—except, of course, by magic or accident—is

too ridiculous to be worth a crunch of the teeth. But, at the same time, even the wisest dragon may now and then make a mistake. I once was fooled myself."

"I can't believe it!" said Mrs. Dragon, warmly, while flickering flames of sympathy glowed in her loving eyes.

"It is true, nevertheless," said her husband.

"Of course," he hastened to add, "it was when I was yet young and foolish. And still, the trick by which I was deceived was really a clever one."

"Do tell us about that!" besought the little dragons, crawling nearer to him.

"Yes, do!" Mrs. Dragon said. "Come, dear, here is a comfortable flat rock with a cool rivulet trickling over the top. Settle yourself right where it is dampest, and keep chilled. You are not so young as you once were, Samuel, and should have the dampest perches in all the cave."



"ONE DAY, WHEN SHE WAS FEEDING HER GOLDFISH, I SUDDENLY DASHED DOWN."

"Thank you, Scalena," was the affectionate reply, as he took the moist and cool place she had pointed out. "I do appreciate the comforts of life more than I did. Why, formerly



I did not mind being out in the broad sunshine at midday; but now even the morning light makes my oid scales creak."

"Won't you tell us the story, father?" asked the eldest son.

"Certainly; I almost forgot."

When the whole family had coiled themselves among their favorite stalagmites, the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon blew a blast of fire or two to clear his throat, and told the story:

"As I said, I was young in those days, and knew little of the great world. Just how long ago it was I do not pretend to say within a hundred years or so, but it was before I was married. I boarded with a pleasant old dinosaur in a commodious chalky cave with a northeastern exposure. The men upon whom we lived then were not covered with the hard shells, which was much more convenient; it saved the trouble of shelling them when caught, and so we did not have to keep our claws sharp with sandstone-rubbing. The place where we lived was far nearer the sunrise than this, and the men, though well flavored, were not like these. They had beautiful slanting eyes like a dragon's, and a long black braid of hair hung down their backs. Their wooden caves were built of bamboo. You see, they too, like all modern men, were not satisfied with this world as it is, but must cut it into little pieces and make their curious rubbish-heaps to live in."

"How about your adventure, father?" asked Samuel, Jr., fearing that the old dragon would wander from his subject.

"Sammy," said his mother, "let your father tell his story in his own way. I should think

that your teacher would tell you that it is n't polite to interrupt one another as men do."

"I beg pardon," said Sammy, abashed at being reproved before the younger ones, who could not help giggling a little to see the pompous school-boy taken down.

"No harm done," said his kind father, placing one claw affectionately upon his son's saw-toothed spine. "I know that I am apt to be flighty. I will get on with my story. Well, not far from our cave was a large settlement of men. In the midst of them lived one they called their emperor, a very fine plump creature, in the best of condition. I used to dream of dining upon him, but could never catch him alone; he was always attended by a herd of other men. Finally I gave up the idea, but determined to capture his daughter instead. She, though not so fat as her father, was ready for the table.

"In this I succeeded very neatly. One day, when she was out feeding her goldfish, I suddenly dashed down from a mountain-peak not too distant, picked her up, and winged my way to the cave. A number of arrows were fired at me; but of course they only tickled a little, and I was soon out of reach.

"When I reached the cave, I put the emperor's daughter in the refrigerator, and stationed myself near the door of our home, in readiness to drive away any rascally man or men who might come to take my dinner."

"Oh, papa, did you kill her?" asked one of the younger children, smiling hungrily.

"Of course he did n't!" said Sammy, Jr.,



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"AS WE SAILED ALOFT, I DEVOTED MYSELF TO TEARING HIM TO LITTLE BITS." (SEE PAGE 536.)

impatiently. "Why, it would spoil her for eating! Have n't you learned that yet? It's very easy to see you have n't been to school!"

"There, don't be so superior, if you are in your second year," said Scalena Dragon to her son. "Let your father go on with his story."

"No; I like to keep them alive for a while," said the old dragon, "till they get cooled to the proper temperature. Meanwhile, as I said, I waited at the door

of the cave. I knew that some of the emperor's people would come bothering me at first, and I wished to be ready for them. I expected a whole flock of them with bows and arrows and sharp sticks; but, to my surprise, only one came, and that after a long delay. About nightfall, and just as I was becoming hungry, I saw a man—a very large one, I thought him the largest I ever saw—come boldly to the door of the cave. He was armed only with one of those long pointed sticks that men seem to think are good for fighting dragons."

"Spears, father," said Sammy, Jr.

"I know, I know," said his father, sharply. "I have been a long time out of school, but I know a spear when I see one as well as you do—better, perhaps. Well, this very large man was incased in a thick sort of dress, and wore a queer head-covering."

"Was he a knight?" asked Mrs. Dragon.

"Not exactly, my love," her husband replied; "but he seemed quite as troublesome a creature. Well, of course, as soon as he was within fair clawing distance, I sprang toward him, and buried my claws in his body. To my surprise, he did n't seem to mind this at all. He made no outcry, did not attempt



"THIS TIME SHE DID N'T GET AWAY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

to use his weapon, but simply *rose up into the air*. This surprised me still more. I had never seen a man fly, and I did not know that they could fly. But nevertheless I held on, and made up my mind to fight him in the air, if he preferred that to a combat on the ground. Away we went, higher and higher, with increasing speed. As we sailed aloft, I devoted myself to tearing him to little bits. He really made no resistance, and allowed me to do whatever I chose. We shot upward and away so rapidly, however, that by the time I had succeeded in tearing off his thick quilted dress we must have been a long flight from the cave. When I had reached the man's own body, I drove one claw deeply into him, and discovered that—he was *stuffed with straw*."

All the little dragons were so much amused that they rattled their scales and whacked their tails against the rocks; and even Scalena Dragon was forced to spread her jaws in a wide, green smile of amusement.

"Yes, my dears," said father Dragon; "I was tearing a dummy to pieces, and my mouth was filled with burning straw. Of course I at once dropped the figure, and let myself descend to the ground. Then I looked upward, and discovered that the dummy, which I had



set on fire with my breath, was sailing away into the air, attached to a great machine made of paper stretched flat upon sticks, and carried along by the wind."

"Father, was it what the men call a kite?" asked Sammy, Jr., speaking more respectfully than before.

"I believe so, my son. The emperor's people must have made the dummy, attached it to the machine, and then let it come up close to the door of the cave. Of course I made my way home as rapidly as I could. But I was too late. While I was chasing the dummy the people had robbed my refrigerator, and so I had to go supperless to bed. I was a little angry at first; but when I had thought it over, and had seen how cleverly I had been tricked, I could not help laughing at myself. I never told anybody about it before—not even your mother. I never mentioned it, Scalena?"

"Never," said Mrs. Dragon. "It was certainly very ingenious. Those must have been exceedingly bright creatures, for men. They are not often so sagacious."

"No," said the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon. "Those were the cleverest little fellows I have ever seen. They are so wise that they even admire dragons. Did you know that they have a picture of one on their flag?"

"I did n't know it," said Mrs. Dragon. "Did you, Sammy?"

"I guess I may have known it," said Sammy, cautiously. "I think I remember something about it in one of my lessons at school."

"What became of the emperor's daughter?" asked one of the little dragons, who seemed quite depressed because his father had lost his dinner.

"Don't let the story end with a disappointment, father," said Scalena Dragon, "because I'm afraid the children won't sleep well unless you can tell them that it turned out all right in the end."

"Dear child!" said the Hon. Samuel P. Dragon, taking his youngest on his knee, "you can go to sleep happily, love. Your father caught the emperor's daughter another time, and this time she did n't get away. I ate her—years and years ago. And very nice she was, too. It is almost sunrise, darling. The scorcher will soon be here. Run away, children, and sleep till the moon comes out again."

The dragon family slowly rose, and went yawning to bed; but before the last one was asleep, the sun was peeping over the hills, and far away could be heard faint cries of:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o!"



## ARE YOU GOING TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION?

BY MARGARET E. CALDWELL.



ALL over the land are young girls who are beginning to plan a trip to the Paris Exposition. By means of tourists' clubs, with their low rates and monthly payments, many girls of small means, girls who earn their own living, will be able to go. To these, and especially to such of them as have traveled little, a few suggestions may prove helpful.

Of course you are going not only for the sake of the enjoyment that I hope you will have, but also for the real benefit to be gained. Perhaps some of you may never go abroad again, and so are anxious to make all possible use of this opportunity. You ought, therefore, to begin to get ready as early as possible. For that matter, any girl who expects ever to go abroad ought all the time to be making ready—to be storing her mind with facts and fancies that she will find helpful in foreign lands.

It has been said that traveling helps to make geography and history real. To all girls I would say, "Try to have some geography and history to realize."

You have studied both in school, but, unless you are an exceptional scholar, when you visit foreign lands you will find that your school knowledge is hazy and indistinct.

To us who go from the United States, Paris itself will probably be found one of the most interesting features of our trip to the French Exposition.

When you hear people talking of the "Trianon," "St. Cloud," or "Fontainebleau," are you really sure the names mean anything to you? Do you know why they are famous?

A good guide-book will be a help, of course,

but you will probably not have time enough for an exhaustive study even of that. Then, too, if you depend upon gaining your knowledge of the history of these noted places from the guide-book as you go along, you will probably find when you reach home, and are trying to tell some one about your travels, that you have a regular "Mrs. Malaprop" idea of it all. Your historical anecdotes may be attributed to the wrong people, and the scenes of interesting events will very likely be laid in the wrong places.

Do your looking up and reading up *now*, while you are at home and have the time.

But if not used to solid reading, do not plunge boldly into a French history that goes back beyond the days of Charlemagne, and then feel sad and discouraged when you discover that you cannot remember the names and dates.

Read the story-books of travel. But read them intelligently. When you see in one something about "poor Marie Louise, whose history was one of life's riddles," if you do not know why her history was one of life's riddles, look it up. Find out all that you can about her strange career.

When you read something about "Marie Antoinette's Swiss cottage," and the trouble that it caused, do you not feel interested to know what the trouble was, and why a Swiss cottage caused it?

Then, about Marie Antoinette herself. Are you familiar enough with her story to make your visit to the Tuileries a double pleasure because you can, in fancy, people it, as you walk, with the gay throng who once made history there?

Unless you know the story of the people who made the history of these places, you are seeing only wood and stone; you are missing the best—the vital, breathing part, the



life. Every girl who has clearly settled in her mind any facts of French history, who knows anything about the life-stories of France's famous people, or about the places where the history was made or the lives lived, will find that her knowledge has added wonderfully to her enjoyment of the trip.

To be sure, you may have a guide who can tell you about the places that you are visiting, but the stories that you hear there will not take the hold on you, will not interest you, as do the facts with which you were familiar beforehand. It will be the old acquaintances among the Paris sights that you will enjoy most and remember best.

Looking up names of which you are doubtful, or with which you are unfamiliar, having to go to the encyclopedia about them, interests you in them—makes you remember them. Other characters and scenes group themselves with these, and before you realize it you will have a fair knowledge of French history.

Long ago Dr. Johnson said: "What we read with inclination makes a strong impression; what we read as a task is of little use." This is the reason that what you look up now of your own accord will impress itself more strongly on your mind and interest you more than your school studies. You are thinking, as you read of some historic places: "Next summer, perhaps, I shall be there. Next summer, perhaps, I shall see them."

And as it is with the city, so it will be with the great Exposition itself. Try to know something about the wonders gathered there. Read every promising scrap about the Paris Exposition that you see in the papers. Note the things that interest you. Make an effort, when there, to see these especially.

Of course, whatever knowledge of French you have, or even may acquire, will be useful. As all travelers tell you, there is almost always some one at hand who can speak or understand English. But, like the policeman whom the newspapers joke about, the English-speaking person is not always available. When you need him most you may not know just where to find him. You may miss your train some day when you are looking for some one to

translate the directions posted about the stations.

It will be a source of great satisfaction to you if you can read the signs you see about the streets, and can tell what is on the bills of fare, or, supposing you happen to be separated from your party, if you know enough French to inquire your way, or, if you cannot speak that language well, to write a request for directions.

Every ordinary French word that you know will add to your comfort. It gives one a helpless feeling to be in a foreign land and to know nothing of its language. If you have even a slight knowledge of French, when you hear the natives chattering you feel as did the new little boy at the kindergarten when he first saw the children making flowers: "I want to try! Let me do it, too!" And you do try, and you gain confidence in your powers, and soon you will find that you are making yourself understood, and that you have a number of phrases at command.

You will have a kindlier feeling toward a people whose language you can speak. You will feel more interested in them. As you study them and learn their ways, your own ideas of life and humanity will be broadened and deepened. This is one of the great advantages of travel. We are lifted out of our own little grooves, and made to see that other people, whose ways are not our ways, and whose opinions differ from ours, are yet living good and useful lives. Too many people miss this advantage because they hold themselves aloof, because they look on the strangers as "foreign and outlandish," and never come near enough really to know them, and the good that is in them.

And now for another suggestion. Cultivate the habit of observation. If you are weak in this, begin to-day to develop your powers. Many persons came back from the World's Fair at Chicago with their minds all a confused jumble. Ask them what they saw, and they would invariably reply, "Oh, I saw so much that I really can't remember any one thing." The objects that they saw made on their brains no more lasting impression than on the retina of their eyes. They knew that they "had a

lovely time," and often were "dreadfully tired," and that their "hotel was bad," and, apparently, that was nearly all that they did know. Not being used to observing, they had seen so much that they were not able to assimilate anything. Many people go through picture-galleries in the same blind way. They see so many pictures that no single one impresses them sufficiently to take its place on "memory's wall." Make up your mind that you will notice well. Make up your mind that you will remember the best of what you see.

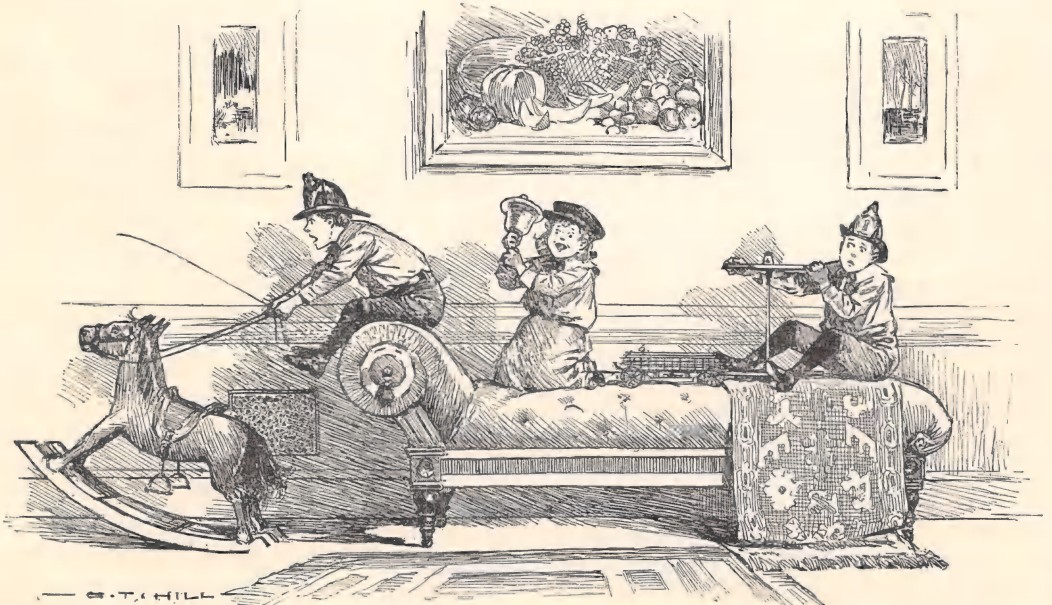
The girl who goes to the Paris Exposition leaving no one behind for whose benefit she is sight-seeing is poor indeed. Surely each of you has some one to whom you wish to write, to whom you wish to describe your trip so well that it will be her trip, too. If you have such a friend, and if you think of her when you see anything that specially interests you, and if

you say, "Now I will tell her about this—she will enjoy it," you have found the best method of cultivating the memory.

This method, like the quality of mercy, is "twice blessed; it blesseth him who gives and him who takes." By noticing and treasuring up things for your friend, you are writing them indelibly on your own tablets of memory, and they will freshen and enrich your own life.

We all must necessarily spend many lonely hours, and fortunate is the girl or woman who has happy memories to make these hours glad.

Any trip, either at home or abroad, ought to fill the memory with treasures. But a trip to Europe, if you start well equipped with a knowledge of foreign peoples and lands, with faculties wide awake, and with a determination to learn and remember as much as possible, ought to brighten your life and thereby make you happier through all coming years.



DINING-ROOM HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY — GETTING THERE IN A HURRY.



## PUNCH AND JUDY; AN APRIL JOKE.

BY E. LOUISE LIDDELL.



OOH! I'd like to get even with the old torment, some way. He's always spoiling our fun!"

Eleanor Warner started up from her dreamy reverie before the fire in the cozy library, as the voice of her brother Harry came to her through the portière-hung doorway that led to the next room.

"He's too mean for anything, that's a fact. Why can't we give him a good April fool?"

Eleanor recognized in the second speaker her brother's most intimate friend, whose name was Bert Hendrie.

"It's all nonsense," continued Harry, "to forbid our playing ball on that vacant lot next the church. There's no danger of our breaking the windows, if we're only half-way careful."

"And it is n't old Punch's business, anyway, if we break all the windows," declared Bert. "Just think of his setting the cop after us!"

"Yes, and we had to cut and run so lively that I dropped my new ball and left it behind," said Harry in aggrieved tones.

"And I tore my new coat climbing that plaguy board fence," chimed in Bert. "My! but I'd like to pay off the old sneak!"

Eleanor alternately frowned and smiled as she listened to this spirited dialogue. "Punch is crusty," she said to herself, "but I wish the boys would n't tease him so."

The nickname "Punch" had been bestowed upon the crabbed old colored man partly because of his readiness in using his cane upon

his youthful tormentors, and partly because his crippled grandchild, who lived with him, was named Judy, which naturally suggested Punch. So Punch and Judy they were likely to remain to the end.

The old man earned a poor livelihood by doing "day's works," as he designated the carpet-beating, whitewashing, hoeing, weeding, and other odd jobs he managed to pick up. Judy and he lived in a little tumble-down shanty, close by one of the finest church buildings in town.

Everybody, nearly, wondered why the shanty was allowed to remain, a blot upon the landscape. But there it was, and old Punch was very much in evidence, greatly to the discontent of the boys. For a vacant lot next to the church was a favorite though forbidden playground for the youngsters of the neighborhood, and the old darky had taken it upon himself to see that the regulation was enforced, and was not loath to invoke the aid of the police, if his own warnings failed.

As a matter of fact, old Punch had so long been imposed upon by his young adversaries, who liked nothing better than to excite him to wrath, that he had come to consider all boys his natural enemies, and lost no opportunity of avenging his injuries whenever and wherever the opportunity offered.

"The old fellow is so suspicious, I don't believe we can fool him very easily," said Harry, after a little thought.

"I have it!" exclaimed Bert.

"I'm all attention," announced Harry.

"Well," said Bert, "you know—or probably you *don't* know—that my mother occasionally sends old Punch a basket of groceries and eatables. Now, my plan is for us to fix up a basket of dummy packages and leave it on his door-step. Then we can watch and see him take it in and take out the things. There is n't

any shade or blind to the kitchen window, so we can see everything that's going on inside."

"Good!" cried Harry. "I can get any quantity of sawdust and shavings from the lumber-yard, and some odd-shaped pieces of wood, too. Jiminy! won't he be hopping mad?"

After a little further discussion of the proposed "April fool," Bert took his leave.

"Why, Nell! you here?" exclaimed Harry, in surprise, on entering the library after his friend's departure.

"I can't deny it," replied Eleanor, smiling. "I was just on the point of coming to express my delight in your joke, when Bert left."

"Oh! you heard, then?" said Harry, looking annoyed.

"Not being hard of hearing, I did," was the mischievous response.

"Well, don't you think it's a good one?" asked Harry, half defiantly.

"I suppose so, as such jokes go," returned the girl, carelessly.

"Say, you won't give us away, will you?" interrogated Harry, anxiously.

"My name is not 'Say,'" she rejoined, teasingly. "Your secret is safe, however, though I really wish you'd think of some better way of getting even, as you call it."

"Oh! I guess that's good enough," responded the youth. "I know you are above this fooling business, but a fellow must have a little fun."

"Very little, evidently," replied Eleanor. "However, if that is your idea of fun, I—"

"You know what I mean well enough," grumbled Harry. "Though I don't know as I care so very much about it, after all. But you know Bert's a great fellow for jokes."

"Well, if you must carry out your plan, and I don't take part, I'll say nothing about it, at least," Eleanor promised.

Her brother looked at her doubtfully. "Honor bright?" he asked.

"Honor bright," she returned, solemnly.

The 1st of April dawned with blue sky and balmy air. The contents of the "dummy" basket had been arranged the evening before in Harry's own room. The various packages had a very deceptive look. An especially large

bundle on top gave a glimpse of a pair of chicken's feet, stuck out in a truly "lifelike manner," as Bert declared.

The precious hamper was left in Harry's charge till the time of delivery, the visit to Punch's shanty being put off till dark in order to guard against any chance of detection, as well as to give the bearers a better opportunity to watch, unobserved, the joke upon their enemy.

A dim light was seen in the little hut when the jokers arrived and left their burden in the rough entrance-way leading to the kitchen.

This done, they lost no time in hiding themselves behind a fence, from which they could command a view of the living-room within. Little Judy was hobbling around, evidently busy preparing the evening meal. A very small fire was burning in a very small stove, but even the diminutive size of both stove and fire appeared to have about exhausted the supply of wood. However, the contents of a coffee-pot and a saucepan on top of the stove were boiling.

Judy proceeded to measure out, very carefully, in the cover of the little tin can that contained it, a small allowance of coffee, which she emptied into the coffee-pot, together with some very black-looking molasses, evidently the very dregs of the bottle from which she poured it.

Next she produced a paper bag containing a mere handful of corn-meal, which she stirred into the boiling water in the saucepan, turning the bag inside out in her anxiety to utilize every particle.

The dim light from the smoking kerosene lamp set forth the grotesqueness of the droll little figure, and at first the boys could scarcely control their laughter at sight of the solemn black face, surrounded by rows of bristling "pig-tails" standing out in every direction from the woolly pate. But when further examination of the pantry by the tiny house-keeper showed it to be as innocent of food as the renowned cupboard of Mother Hubbard in the nursery rhyme, the spectators began to feel decidedly uncomfortable. And when Judy completed her preparations by setting out on the bare table two cracked cups for the coffee



and two saucers and spoons for the porridge, Harry could restrain himself no longer.

"Look here," he whispered; "don't you s'pose they 're going to have any more of a spread than that?"

"How in time should I know?" returned Bert, gruffly. "I did n't dream of their being so con-foundedly short of victuals!"

There was silence for a moment, while Judy stirred the porridge; and the pig-tails bobbed to and fro this time without exciting the merriment of the lookers-on.

"See here," said Bert; "I wonder if we could n't manage to get that basket away before Punch gets along."

"I'd give anything if we could," cried Harry, eagerly.

"Let's try," returned Bert. But the words were hardly spoken before the boys heard the shuffling footsteps of the old dorky, and a moment later his muttered exclamation as he stumbled over the hamper. Another moment and he had entered the little kitchen.

"Oh, daddy!" cried Judy, "has yer done got a penny fo' de milk?"

"Ain't got no penny 't all, honey," replied daddy, looking fondly at the ebony damsel. "Dis am de rent-day, doan' yer know?"

Judy puckered up her face very much as if she would cry. "Dere ain't nuffin', skacely, fo' supper," she said dejectedly.

The old man, however, appeared to be in wonderfully good spirits, considering the state of the larder.

"Jes, look hyer, honey," he said, pushing forward the basket. "Dere 's sumpin' dat 'll do jes' ez well, I 'spects."

Judy clapped her little claw-like hands, and hopped about excitedly.

"Mos' 'pears like I could n' wait till yer gits it open!" she cried.

The old man was down on his knees by this time, tugging at the fastenings that secured the lid.

"*Chickun!*" fairly screamed the child, as she caught sight of the two sets of yellow toes projecting from the topmost package.

"I'll be hanged if I can stand this," muttered Bert; "I feel too mean to live!"

"Me, too," responded Harry, with superb

disregard of grammatical construction. "Let's light out"; and he began to edge away.

"Hold on! Hold on!" exclaimed Bert. "Here's a — a miracle, sure! Look, quick!"

Harry looked. Punch was holding up a plump chicken to the admiring gaze of the little cripple.

"That 's worth something anyway, even if all the rest are dummies," declared Bert, with a sigh of relief.

"Might 's well see it out, now," suggested Harry. "Maybe there 's some more hanky-panky business about it."

Sure enough. A bag of delicious brown crul-lers and a loaf of bread came next; then fol-lowed small packages of tea, coffee, and sugar; and last a layer of potatoes.

The investigation of the basket being now concluded, the spectators prepared to go.

"I'd no idea that old Punch could be so human," remarked Harry, as they walked away.

"Nor I," replied Bert; "I move that we treat him differently after this."

"I second the motion," responded Harry, warmly.

"That transformation scene beats me," con-tinued Bert. "Who under the sun could have —"

"Why, Nell, of course," interrupted Harry. "That was all her doing, depend upon it. She does n't approve of practical jokes."

"Why, I must say she 's played a pretty good one on us, anyway," asserted Bert, good-humoredly.

"That 's so. Must have used up every cent of her pocket-money into the bargain," affirmed Harry. "But was n't it splendid in her?"

"Well, I should say it was," responded Bert, with emphasis. "But it makes me feel small, I tell you."

The next morning, when Eleanor descended to the breakfast-table, she found two generous-sized boxes beside her plate, one filled with choicest candies, the other with sprays of fragrant roses. An accompanying card bore this inscription:

"With the appreciative thanks of

Yours truly,

TWO APRIL FOOLS."



# BOOKS AND READING



W.H.M

THOSE of our young readers who know how much wholesome fun and profit there may be in sensible bicycle-riding are also aware that there is a class of riders known by the slang name "scorchers." Frank R. Stockton recently applied the word to those readers whose idea of literary accomplishment is to run through as many books as possible in as little time as may be, and to keep up this task as long as they can.

There is no truth in the report that the Sultan of Turkey or any other potentate has offered a purse of goldpieces and a priceless ruby-ring to the boy or girl who shall read the most books in the shortest time, and with the least idea of what they contain. Neither has any university or other learned institution given notice that it will present to such misled young people the degree of B. S. — "Book Scorchers." The real B. S. degree is given for acquirements of a different sort, and means Bachelor of Science, as you know.

The pages of a good book should be considered as ore from a gold-mine — to be carefully examined until every little nugget is found and secured.

"THERE is so much to read, nowadays, that one almost forgets to live," said a thoughtful man, recently.

Bacon might have reminded us that "Reading maketh an idle man," as well as a "full man" — that is, if the reading ends in mere reading. "Read to live" would be, for a library, a better motto than "Live to read."

A YOUNG girl who is under the spell of the Wizard of the North has fitted up in her room a Sir Walter Scott corner. Over a shelf of the Waverley Novels and the Poems hangs a Scott Calendar, and above the calendar is the author's portrait.

Having recently finished "The Abbot," she is an ardent partizan of Mary Queen of Scots,

and ready to "shiver a lance," so to speak, against all who find reason to disapprove of anything in the career of the unhappy queen.

THE first of all the articles in this department was about Ruskin, whose recent death in England is to thousands the death of a loved friend and honored teacher. Ruskin was the last survivor of the greatest writers of the nineteenth century — those whose commanding rank is beyond question.

THE London "Academy," admittedly following ST. NICHOLAS, recently asked from its young readers lists of best books, and as a result of their labors presents this dozen:

Alice in Wonderland	Andersen's Fairy Tales
Struwwelpeter	Grimm's Fairy Tales
Water Babies	Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare
Robinson Crusoe	Arabian Nights
Pilgrim's Progress	Kingsley's Heroes
Stevenson's Child's Garden of Verses	
Little Lord Fauntleroy	

Comparing these with the ST. NICHOLAS prize list (that in our competition for a list of twenty-five) the "Academy" says that our list has "more solidity," but reminds us that their list was for children under twelve. The next thirteen in popularity with English children were these:

The Jungle Book	The Book of Nonsense
Æsop's Fables	Mother Goose
Masterman Ready	The Rose and the Ring
Through the Looking-Glass	Jackanapes
Tom Brown's School-Days	Black Beauty
Swiss Family Robinson	The Blue Fairy Book
The Boy's Own Paper (the English periodical)	

Here is the "Academy's" comment:

The list is altogether a very satisfactory one, we think. One or two points demand attention. "Through the Looking-Glass," for example, has only three votes to "Alice in Wonderland's" ten, whereas in many families that we know it is considered the better book. Possibly some of our correspondents meant the title "Alice



in *Wonderland*" to cover both. Mrs. Ewing we should have expected to see more favored. Concerning the suitability of Stevenson's "Child's Garden of Verses" we have already said something. Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" or "Tanglewood Tales," or one of Miss Alcott's excellent stories, might, we think, take its place. But the list really wants very little tinkering, and generous uncles might safely adopt it as a sure guide.

IN older days — when the world was younger — a reader was fortunate who possessed a few books. To-day, when all standard works appear in many editions, it is possible to secure your favorites in a form adapted to your especial taste. As soon as a young reader has learned which authors are likely to be lifelong friends, it will be worth while to select and to secure these companions in permanent and fitting dress. Those who can afford the luxury may put their best books into special bindings; and no expenditure of the same amount of money is likely to be more satisfactory.

Whether an edition should be illustrated is a much discussed question. One party urges that pictures greatly increase the reader's pleasure in a favorite book; the opposite party claims that the artist so often presents ideals differing from the reader's own that the pictures are an interference.

It may be that a classic should be read for the first time in an unillustrated edition. What do our readers advise?

A HANDICRAFT that seems especially fitted to the delicate artistic taste and skilful fingers of women and girls is fine book-binding. Several American women have already proved their ability in this work, and now comes word that in London there is a Guild of Woman Binders. Young girls might find this attractive trade worth learning for their life-work.

WITH some book-lovers "extra-illustrating" becomes an absorbing pursuit. They secure a good copy of some favorite book, collect from all sources pictures that have some relation to the text, mount these on paper of the right size, and then have the whole bound together into one or more volumes.

Augustin Daly, the manager, who died recently, left a large library of this sort. Lamb's "History of New York," published in two volumes, was thus increased to nine by the addi-

tion of views, portraits, and documents. A boy or a girl may find amusement in thus adding to the value of a favorite book — always remembering that the pursuit is not worth too much time.

WE should be glad if our readers will bear in mind that some lists of books for vacation reading — "out-of-door books" — might be sent in soon, if they are to be published in time to be useful in packing trunks for summer outings. Who will write a short letter of advice giving the titles of, say, five good books that will be of use in vacation trips — that will help young lovers of landscape, plants, and animals to see more and know more? The books recommended should be suitable for young readers, and not text-books of science.

A USEFUL companion when reading is a small blank-book with an alphabet index. Many recommend a "commonplace-book" in which to write remarks or copy useful and attractive bits, but it is doubtful whether the average reader will stop in his reading long enough to permit of copying even a paragraph or two. But with the little index-book one can instantly put down a brief memorandum, or the title of the book and the page, under a heading that will serve to remind you of the fact you wish to remember. Here are a few extracts from such a handy index, showing how it may be used:

- D. DOLLAR-SIGN: Griffis's "Romance of Discovery," p. 69.
- DIAMOND, PITT: "Eclectic Magazine," April, 1896.
- N. "Now I lay me down to sleep": author, John Cotton; "Outlook," August 7, 1897.
- S. SHAKSPERE: pronunciation of name, "Curiosities of Literature," p. 265.
- SHALL: "In the first person simply *shall* foretells; In *will* a threat or else a promise dwells. *Shall* in the second and the third doth threat; *Will* simply then foretells a future feat."

This rhyme is poor as verse, but useful as a grammatical guide. But in making your memoranda remember the poor man who, while in his garden, wrote down this valuable note: "Snails. Why? Who?" and could not recall what he meant. By the way, Burnand's "Happy Thoughts" (from which the instance is taken) describes very amusing scenes, and older young folks will enjoy much of its humor.



THE WOODCHUCK COMES OUT.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIZZLOW.



STOCKING AN AQUARIUM.

## THE OUTDOOR WORLD.

### AWAKES FROM A WINTER'S "SLEEP."

"I 've been asleep all winter, but now I 'm wide awake and ready to enjoy the spring and summer," doubtless the woodchuck would say



THE WOODCHUCK GOING TO THE FIELD OF CLOVER.

if he could talk, as he comes to the mouth of his hole under the old tree, as pictured in the heading on this page.

In the early part of last autumn, when he was very fat from his many summer feasts of red clover, he filled this nest nearly full of leaves, crawled into the middle of the long mass, and curling himself up into a ball, went to "sleep."

The woodchuck's appetite makes him the plague of every farmer, and his queer and interesting ways make him the delight of every farmer's boy. If we dig him out of his home in the winter, we shall find what appears to be a football covered with fur. Let us take him in by the warm fire in the farm-house, and soon he will wake up, but in such a drowsy way as not to be frightened. Before long he will roll up and go to sleep again. He is the soundest of the winter sleepers. The gray squirrel "sleeps" (hibernates, it is really) only in the coldest weather; the chipmunk sleeps

more, but awakes from time to time for a nibble at his store of nuts; but the woodchuck sleeps continually for about six months. In middle and late summer he lives alone, and for a large

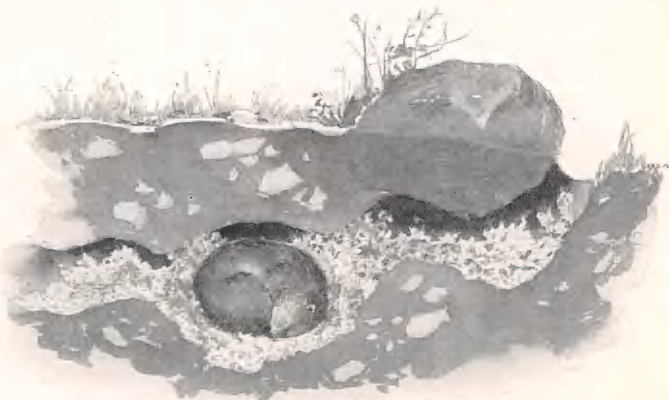
part of the time sits perfectly still at the mouth of his hole. The scientific people name him *Arctomys monax*. Those of you who have commenced to study ancient



THE RED CLOVER THAT THE WOODCHUCK LIKES SO WELL.

tongues know that *monax* means monk; so you see grown-up people have their fancies when they say in this scientific name that this is the bear-mouse monk.

While woodchucks are not rapid runners, it is very difficult to catch them, for they usually



THE WOODCHUCK CURLED UP IN HIS UNDERGROUND NEST FOR A WINTER'S SLEEP.



go but a little way from the hole, and keep a sharp watch to see if any one is coming. Sometimes the farmer's boys dig out the whole family of woodchucks in the spring. John Burroughs tells in "Riverby" an interesting story about feeding milk to young woodchucks, and says that they would hold the spoon in their little shining black paws; and in "Pe-pacton" he tells how the farm-dog "Cuff" outwitted an old woodchuck.

#### BIG BOULDERS AND LITTLE BOULDERS.

ON a Rhode Island hillside, high above a valley, is perched a boulder so balanced that it looks as if the slightest push would send it rolling down the hill. There are houses below it. Were it to fall on them they would be crushed like egg-shells, for it is as large as a house.

Before the white man lived in the valley the Indian hunted there. He climbed the hill and gave to this wonderful rock the name "Neuta-



THE BALANCED BOULDER.

conkanut." Long before the Indian found it, even long before history began, the rock stood there like a gigantic sentinel guarding the valley.

How came this immense boulder there? It is certainly not the work of man. It could not have dropped from the heavens like a shooting-star, and remain balanced there, because it would have been crushed in striking.

Agès ago, possibly before man lived on the

earth, this land was covered with ice and snow the year around, as are parts of Greenland and Iceland to-day. We can scarcely believe it, but wise men tell us that this ice was sometimes two or three miles thick. It covered nearly



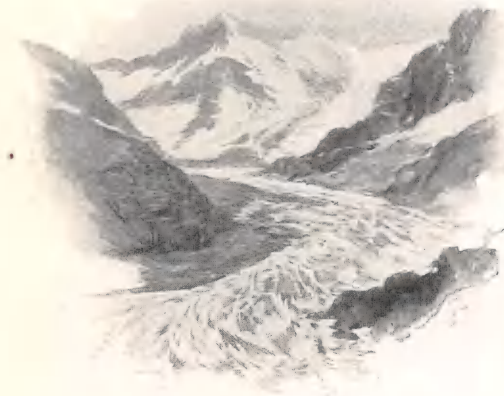
SEPARATING THE LITTLE BOULDERS FROM THE SOIL.

everything; only the highest mountain peaks appeared above its surface. It extended from the polar regions southward over a large part of our country. And this great blanket of ice did not remain in one place, but was slowly moving southward.

Perhaps you have seen pictures, like that on the next page, of the great glaciers of Switzerland or Greenland or Alaska — great rivers of ice moving slowly down the valleys, so slowly that it is difficult to believe they move at all.

Above they are parts of the ice-coats upon the mountain peaks; below, in the warmer regions, they melt into clear mountain streams or float away on the sea as icebergs. As these masses of ice flow along, they scrape the sides of the mountains, tear great pieces of rock from the solid ledges, carry them down to the valley, and, by means of the fragments of rock they carry, grind, polish, and groove the rocks over which they pass.

Of the same nature as these glaciers was the great ice mass that covered this land ages ago. As it moved from the regions of the north it tore great rocks from the northern hills and carried them southward. These scratched and polished and ground the granite and sandstone over which they passed. The great ice mass



A SWITZERLAND GLACIER.

dug out valleys and heaped up hills. It changed the whole appearance of the land.

After many years the climate changed, and it was no longer so cold. As the air became warmer the ice melted, leaving the more southern regions free from ice, but strewn with the boulders of many sizes which the ice had brought down.

Those who live in New England and in some parts of other Northern States know how the land is crisscrossed by stone walls. They have been built from the boulders picked up in the fields or dug out of the ground.

Most of the cobblestones in our pavement, the boulders of our stone walls, the larger boulders scattered here and there over the land,—some even larger than houses,—were all once frozen in the ice or pushed before it as it moved down from the North.

The balanced boulder was one of these rock fragments. It, too, was torn from some northern mountain-side and borne southward by the ice. When the ice melted it was left balanced high on the brow of the hill where to-day it stands undisturbed, a monument to the long ago departed age of ice. **FREDERIC P. GORHAM.**

## THE DRUMMER OF THE NATURE PROCESSION.

WHEN you have stood on the sidewalk waiting for the parade to pass, you remember how the people chatted with one another, apparently not having in mind the coming parade, or at least paying no attention to it. Suddenly some one called out, "It's coming! Here it is!" Immediately all the people, the baby-carriages, and the teams began to move, very slowly at first, but gradually increasing, till there was soon considerable bustle, confusion, and crowding.

The advance-guards came first, then the platoon of policemen, then you heard the rub-a-dub, dub, dub-b-b-b-b of the drums, and very soon there were so many things to claim your attention that you hardly knew where to look to best advantage. One friend would exclaim, "Just look at that!" while another was saying, "Oh, look there!"

Of course you kept very busy looking, for there were many interesting things, and you did n't want to miss any.

In many respects so it is with the nature procession. In January and February, while we knew it was coming, we gave but little active attention to it, since we were especially occupied with the interests of those months. In March were seen a few of the advance-guards. The owl had laid its eggs, the buds had swollen ready for opening, the skunk-cabbage had pushed its queer "hood" up through the old leaves on the ground in the swamp, and the mosses were greener from many rains. The phoebe, the red-winged blackbird, the song-sparrow, the bluebird, and other birds of early spring, had returned to us from the South. The woodchuck and the chipmunk have awakened from the winter's sleep.

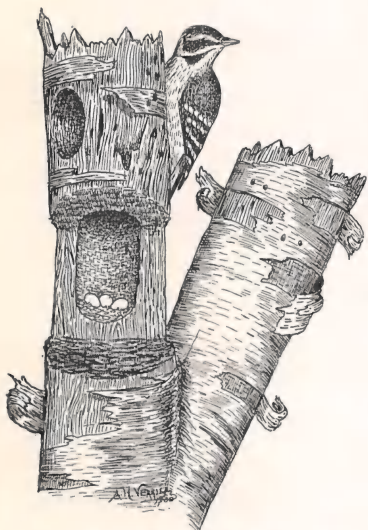


PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. VERRILL.  
THE DOWNY WOODPECKER DRUMMING ON A DRY LIMB.



The most interesting parts of the procession are soon to be passing, and how many things there are to be observed!

None of us is more happy and expectant than the downy woodpecker, that has been with us all winter. Like a noisy boy that gets an old tin



NEST IN DEAD BRANCH OF WHITE BIRCH.  
PART CUT OFF TO SHOW THE EGGS.

pan or pail, and beats on it, so this interesting bird must express his joy by drumming. Rat-a-tat, tat-a-tat, tat-a-tat-at-tat-tat-t-till his head vibrates so fast that the space above his body shows only a hazy series of heads, and the music is like the rolling tattoo of the snare-drum, and harmonizes with the crackle-crack, crackle-kr-r-r-r-r of the springtime chorus of the frogs down in the near-by marshes. This is the music of the downy woodpecker on some favorite old dry limb. Once in a while he stops to say "peek, peek," and then continues in a manner that shows he enjoys his music, and wishes us to. And so we will. He not only makes his spring music, with this rat-a-tat movement, but pecks out the insect eggs and larvæ, which are luscious titbits of food for him. The destruction of them is a great benefit to the farmer. Downy's tongue is especially adapted to spearing these insects and larvæ. His bill is chisel-like for cutting and pecking. His claws are so formed as easily to cling to the bark, and his tail has sharp-pointed stiff feathers by which he braces himself against the tree.

Last fall the downy selected a brittle dead branch, or the trunk, of a birch- or apple-tree, and made a hoie straight in for a few inches, and then downward for from ten to twenty, accord-

ing to the softness of the wood. The woodpecker never selects a natural cavity. Here was his winter home, and he so enjoyed it that he often did not get up till nine o'clock, though ordinarily he is an early riser. From here he visited other trees for insects, and the neighboring farm-house for crumbs or bits of meat, or to peck stray morsels from a bone, and he was very social with the nuthatches and chickadees. In the last of March we hear the first of his reveillé to spring. He continues this drumming through the nesting-time.

About the time of his first drumming he leaves his winter home, which then is often taken possession of by the bluebirds. He then makes another for himself and mate, and on soft bits of wood at the bottom of this new cavity in the tree are placed the glossy white eggs, and the little downies are cared for till they are able to go out in the world for themselves.



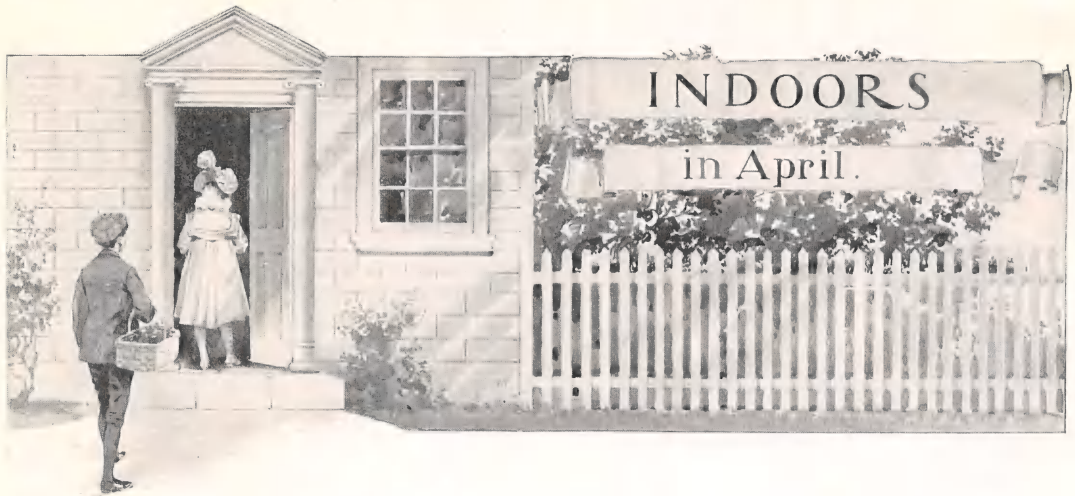
THE STIFF, POINTED  
TAIL-FEATHERS.

ANTS ORNAMENTING THEIR HOMES.

IN many parts of the great West—in Wyoming, Montana, the Dakotas, etc.—there are colonies of ants which collect from a considerable distance many little stones of about a uniform size, and put these on the outsides of their ant-hills. Some of these little pebble-stones they get from the inside of their houses as they burrow, but most of them they collect from the surface of the land near by. Teeth, also, of field-mice and gophers, or other small animals, they bring to the outside of these ant-hills, and if Indians camp near them, the ants pick up for the same purpose all the little beads dropped by the squaws. After the Indian camp has broken up and moved away, many Indian beads can usually be found on the outside of the ant-hills. Wide-awake naturalists never fail carefully to examine these hills for various specimens that the ants have found and used to decorate their homes.



BARBED TONGUE  
FOR SPEAR-  
ING INSECT  
LARVÆ.



THE colder weather has made the past few months seem especially suitable for indoor work, although there have been many outdoor interests and enjoyments. The higher temperature of the summer months will have the opposite effect—that is, bring us almost wholly out of doors.

But April, that charming month, gives us both enjoyments. Many outdoor games are now to be enjoyed, and many interesting things in nature to be observed. It's the opening of the months that promise new fields of pleasure, and opens the way to a wonderland of interest and beauty.

Still, the cozy sitting-room or library has lost none of its attractiveness, and has gained new objects of interest to be brought in from the outdoor world. Around the study-table, with the books and the papers and indoor games, we shall mingle our share of the interesting things from the awaking outdoor world.

#### SHARP EYES AND SKILFUL PENS.

LAST month every girl and boy was invited to vote for our nature emblems. We want to know not only which are your favorites, but your reasons for the preference. For the best statements of these reasons four prizes were offered. Over half a million young people belong to our Nature and Science Club. It includes all others. Is n't that really a grand club? What a busy time I would have if every member should send me a letter! But I assure you that every letter sent will have careful consideration,

and an answer, if a stamped and self-addressed envelope is inclosed.

Among all this great club there are many bright, sharp eyes, and very skilful pens, I am sure. Which are the best? From April 1st to October 1st you can look carefully at the interesting things in nature, and set your wits to work examining and writing to this department about them. The best letters and drawings (which must be in black ink on white paper or card, and mailed without folding or rolling) will be published.

For the best ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS from nature received within the six months (April 1st to October 1st) we will give five dollars' worth of books, to be selected from any published by The Century Co.; for the next BEST OBSERVATION, a subscription to ST. NICHOLAS for one year; for the third best, any book published by The Century Co. not exceeding one dollar and fifty cents in retail price. Tell about the most interesting new thing that you have seen.

Also, another set of three similar prizes, first, second, and third, are offered for best pen-and-ink drawings from nature.

Thus there are six prizes in all, for observing carefully and describing skilfully. Send as many drawings and letters as you wish. All will be carefully considered, but only one prize will be awarded to one competitor.

Address your letters or articles to Edward F. Bigelow, Stamford, Connecticut.



### STORY ABOUT THE "REAL" CHIPMUNK.

OUR indoor groups have become so interested in the fanciful story, "Josey and the Chipmunk," that I am sure all will want to know more of the real chipmunk, who made his appearance in March, with the earliest spring birds.

He has been asleep nearly all winter in his cozy home deep in the ground, waking up a few times to eat some of his store of nuts. In John Burroughs's "Riverby" you will find a very interesting chapter on "The Chipmunk."

### PRESENT AND FUTURE PLEASURES.

WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, when a boy, playing in the woods one day, picked up a chrysalis. As he held it, a butterfly slowly came out and fluttered in his hand. Do you think he was pleased and surprised? Yes, both.

That little event helped to form all his future life. His love of the beautiful and skill in representing it made him an artist, and this, combined with an appreciation of nature, made him a naturalist-artist.

Not all may be skilled naturalists or artists, but every one should love the wonderful and beautiful things in the world, and appreciate them.

### CATCHING AND MEASURING RAINDROPS.

PROBABLY every boy and girl has noticed that the drops of any one rain-storm or shower are not all of the same size, and that sometimes many of the drops are large, while at other times most of them are small. And again, in some showers and storms the drops seem nearly all of the same size — neither large nor small. You will find it very interesting to measure the different drops and compare those of one shower or storm with those of another under different conditions.

"But how can I measure a raindrop?" you will doubtless exclaim.

To measure them with absolute accuracy would, indeed, be difficult, but a measurement sufficiently correct for comparison may be obtained by a method not only simple and convenient, but entertaining. You can have a "Raindrop Party," with contests to see who

"beats" in getting the largest or the smallest drops. Here is the way to do it for science and fun, too.

Sift a little flour over the bottoms of shallow dishes. Open the window and hold out a dish only long enough for a few drops to strike into the flour, but not long enough to wet much of the surface. Put the dish in the oven, on a radiator, or in any other warm place, and the water will soon dry out, leaving a little pellet of hardened dough at the bottom of each raindrop impression. Each pellet will be very nearly the actual size of the raindrop that produced it, and can be easily measured. They vary in size from one-fiftieth to one-fourth inch.

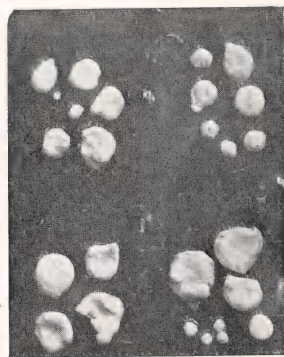
By taking many pellet-impressions of drops in this manner, and noting the kind and height of clouds from which they fell, we may learn much about the drops and the relations of their sizes to different kinds of clouds.

According to my observations and records, the smaller raindrops come from huge clouds that seem low down or from thin clouds high up in the air. The first drops of a shower or storm, that is, those coming from the edge of the cloud as it passes overhead, are usually small. There are not many large drops in long storms. Very small drops often fall along with those of larger size.

It is from the mountainous-looking clouds such as we have in thunder-showers that the largest drops fall, and sometimes all the drops from such clouds are very large.

According to my observations, lightning-flashes originate in those portions of the clouds from which we have the largest drops and the heaviest fall of rain.

I have noticed in a storm, when rain and hail were falling together, very large, medium, and very small drops, all at the same time. In some storms the change from large to small and from small to large is very sudden.



PRINTS OF RAINDROPS IN FLOUR.

W. A. BENTLEY.

## LETTERS FROM YOUNG NATURALISTS.



### PRIZES FOR WRITING LETTERS.

THE editor of this department desires to receive letters from all the girls and the boys who read *St. Nicholas*, whether they

are subscribers or not. Careful attention will be given to each, and a reply sent by mail, if stamped and self-addressed envelope is inclosed.

Let us know which animals you like best, and you may secure a prize. If you have not already written, read the offers under the heading "Vote for your Favorites," in the Indoor Department of the March number.

There are other prizes offered in the Indoor Department of this number. Read carefully all the offers.

### TELLING THE AGE OF AN APPLE TWIG.

FLORIDA, N. Y.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: Last spring I studied the toad from the polliwog to Mr. Hop-toad stage.

In the fall I was interested in studying plants and their seeds.

This winter we have been studying about the apple twigs. We broke off an apple twig and then studied it.

First we studied where the little branches started, then we studied about the wrinkles, which tell us how old they are.

We have a microscope now, which will help us very much. We have quite a good many more members to our Dewey Club now. I am interested in the work at my home, as well as in the school-room.

MAUD HOUSTON.

We hope our correspondent will tell us what the new microscope discovered. Some other clubs have new microscopes. I wonder which will find the most interesting things. "Dewey" is a good name for your club. May it acquire many new treasures of knowledge in "lands" at present unknown.

### WAS INTERESTED IN THE FROST PICTURES.

BURLINGTON, VT.

DEAR *ST. NICHOLAS*: The frost forms that appeared in the January number of *St. Nicholas* were very beautiful, but I think that there are many frost crystals found here in Vermont which are fully as beautiful. I send two of them.

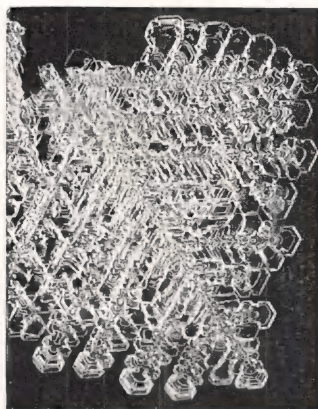
One of them represents pattern frost, that forms on ice or snow, near cracks and on doors of barns, woodsheds, etc. The other is a sample of window frost. Probably many of you have noticed and admired the beautiful formation of frost on window-glass, the long, coursing, lifelike forms. It often takes the shapes of stars, trees, tropical forest effects, etc.

Is it not wonderful that the frost can make such beautiful pictures with no utensils whatever, except, perhaps, a sharp, biting wind? It will be noticed that, on a cold, clear night in autumn or



FROST FORMED ON WINDOW-PANE.

spring, frost will form on leaves and flowers. This coating, when the sun shines on it, will gleam and glisten like so many diamonds. You will notice that on different frosty mornings the frost will assume different shapes, sometimes long, again hollow, and perhaps some will be flat. In midwinter beautiful frost crystals can be found on the surface of ice or



"JEWEL AND LACE" FORMS OF FROST.

snow, between layers of ice, and at the bottom of foot-prints in snow. Surely if nature takes such great pains to fashion so many beautiful frost forms, are we not ungrateful and neglectful if we fail to find, study, and enjoy them?

HELEN NASH.



## AMONG THE NEW THINGS.

ALL nature is new in the spring. There are new birds from the South, four-footed animals awaking from their winter's sleep, the opening of the leaf and flower buds, and the appearance



of many insects. Even the stars, as in all other months, keep coming apparently to us from the east, as we pass them in our journey around the sun.

So there is a never-ending succession of new things—new in freshness and en-

joyment, even if we have seen them before. You will recognize many, and welcome them as old friends. If you notice some new thing and cannot find out the name, write the editor of this department. The "Interrogation Point" extends a cordial welcome to those of you who write "because we want to know."

## MAKING LEAF-SKELETONS.

8. "What can I put on leaves so as to have the green stuff come off without hurting the veinlets?" This question was asked by Edna Moser in the Correspondence Department of the February number, but the answer has been deferred until the leaves are beginning to appear.

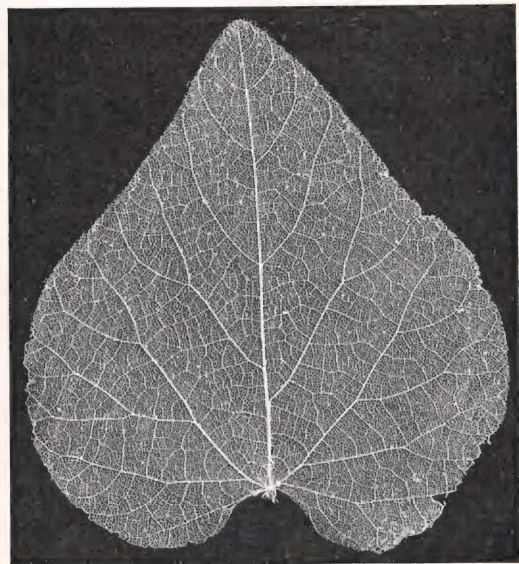
From thirty-five to forty-five years ago the making of leaf-skeletons, or leaf-lace, as it was sometimes called, was very popular. It was then the ladies' fancy-work, as at another time was the making of wax flowers. Miss E. M. Hoyt of Norwalk, Connecticut, kindly supplies specimens, from which the accompanying illustrations were made. Her mother was an expert, not only in making the leaf-lace, but in tastefully and skilfully arranging various styles and sizes into large designs, called "set pieces," that were put under glass covers in the parlor, or in a box-frame on the wall of old-

fashioned homes. The leaves are soaked for about six weeks, till the soft part is somewhat decayed. Then place in boiling soapy water for a very short time.

To prevent tearing, float out on stiff paper or a piece of glass. Wash in clear water and brush carefully with a very soft tooth-brush. Buy a little chloride of lime at the drug store, dissolve in water, and hold the leaf in it a short time. It will then be bleached white. Wash in clear water and dry on a piece of glass. The beautiful skeletons can then be used for



SKELETON OF THE PRICKLY CAPSULE OF THE THORN-APPLE.



THE VEINS AND VEINLETS OF A LEAF—"LEAF-LACE."

the different patterns of the little veins, or the venation, as the botanists call it. If any of the readers of this department try this, I should be glad to show other readers the results of your work.

# ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"LIVE TO LEARN AND LEARN TO LIVE"



A LITTLE lad on a hillside brown  
Wrote a story of life in town.  
A little maiden in town that day  
Wrote of the hillside far away.  
And neither did well, alas! for oh,  
They told of things that they did not know.  
There were others who wrote, and wrote too long,  
The pretty story or dainty song;

Or forgot their ages, or failed to do  
Something the rules required them to.  
Picture and puzzle and answer came  
Without indorsement of parent's name —  
Drawings in bright-red ink, or blue,  
Purple, or brown, and pencil, too;  
And many were good, but, with a sigh,  
The editors sadly put them by.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY BERTHA M. SOPER. (GOLD BADGE.)

But, for all that, better-prepared contributions have come this month than ever. Not only that, but better contributions, and more of them. Indeed, we are sure that the brightest and most talented children in the world belong to the St. Nicholas League. The work received is a constant surprise to the editors, and the contributions published this month are of such excellence as to convince the reader not only that the additional badges awarded were well merited, but that the twentieth century will be one of marked advancement in every form of literature and art.

We are growing in numbers, too, and every week brings hundreds of applications for membership badges. In after years, when we have reached up into the hundred thousands, it will be pleasant for those who join now to say, "I was a member of the St. Nicholas League during the first year it started." We shall be a big family by that



time, and some of those who are sending their work to the League now will be famous then, and their work sought by the greatest editors in the land.

Wherever it is possible League members should form chapters. Writers and artists derive the greatest benefit from association with one another, and young people with similar aims and tastes cannot find other than pleasure and profit in one another's society. Merely meeting together will bring out new ideas and lead to broader and better thought, which means more successful work.

It is a good time now to remember our motto. "Live to learn and learn to live" seems never more appropriate than when life springs anew. There is so much to be learned on every hand—in the groves, in the meadows, and in our own hearts. We never quite know ourselves until the sap begins to stir and the arbutus to grow pink un-

der the brown leaves. In winter, shut in with books and games, or mingling, perhaps, with brisk outdoor sport, life goes on quietly or merrily, and we say that winter days are happy days.

So they are, but with the first breath of young grass on the land and the smell of burning leaves there comes into the blood a joy that is of no other season, a glow of strong confidence that leads to higher achievement, and with, and for, a nobler purpose we may learn to live.

And this means to learn to let others live, too. Not only to let them live, but to make their lives brighter. "Do no evil, speak no evil, think no evil," say the Japanese, and these are words of gold. "Do kindly, speak kindly, think kindly," may be our way of putting it, and when we shall have learned to remember and act accordingly, then, truly, our motto will have become something more to us than a mere watchword.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY MARION FOSTER, AGE 11.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 4.

OWING to the unusual excellence of work received this month, and to the difficulty of absolute judgment as to its merits, a number of additional badges have been awarded. Those fortunate enough to be winners, or to have their work published, or their names on the roll of honor, may well feel proud of their success, for the competition is very great and the average of merit very high.

POEM. The title to contain the word "April."

Gold badges, Ethelbert Waldron (age 17), West Bay City, Michigan, and Marie Van Liew (age 14), 20 West Fifty-first Street, New York City.

Silver badges, Eleanor H. Adler (age 15), 123 East Sixtieth Street, New York City, and Pauline Jenks (age 12), Lawrence Park, Bronxville, New York.

PROSE. Some incident, accident, or adventure of early spring.

Gold badges, Katherine C. Gurney (age 13), 27 East Manning Street, Providence, Rhode Island, and Marguerite Crawford Cleveland (age 13), 412 Lafayette Avenue, Passaic, New Jersey.

Silver badge, H. G. Winslow (age 17), 131 Langdon Street, Madison, Wisconsin.

DRAWING. "My Favorite Place in Winter."

Gold badges, W. Gilbert Sherman (age 15), 691 Hackett Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Fred Stearnes (age 14), 6442 Normal Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Silver badges, Kittie L. Heusel (age 17), 117 Pacific Avenue, Jersey City, and Viola Beerbohm Tree (age 15), 77 Sloane Street, London, England.

PHOTOGRAPH. "Our Winter Companions."

Gold badge, Bertha M. Soper, South Royalton, Vermont.

Silver badge, Marion Foster, Merrill, Wisconsin.

PUZZLE. To contain the name or saying of some celebrated jester or fool.

Gold badge, Anne E. Valentine (age 14), 224 Scioto Street, Urbana, Ohio.

Silver badge, Barbara Eleanor Smythe (age 17), 24 Montague Road, Richmond-on-the-Thames, England.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest, January puzzles.

Gold badge, Augustus Bertram George (age 13), 472 Hally Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Silver badge, Carroll R. Harding (age 11), 142 North Broadway, Baltimore, Maryland.



"OUR WINTER COMPANIONS." BY JACKY TROUP, AGE 10 (ENGLAND).  
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)



"BEAR CUB." BY BEATRICE W. BILL. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

#### SPECIAL BADGES.

BESIDES the "wild animal photograph prize," we award a number of silver badges this month for work of unusual excellence from very young contributors.

POEM. Muriel Palmer (age 10), 2132 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Marian Shove (age 9), 365 Greene Street, Syracuse, New York; and Gregory Harts-wick (age 8), Locust Cottage, Clearfield, Pennsylvania.

PROSE. Kathryn Hone Auerbach (age 8), 7 East Ninth Street, New York City, and Charles Hurden Worsfold (age 9), Dell's Close, Sheldon Road, South Croydon, Surrey, England.

DRAWING. Sherwood Sunderland Day (age 12), Catskill, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH. Jacky Troup (age 10), Honiton, Eng-land.

WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH. 1. "Bear." By Bea-trice W. Bill, 284 Maple Street, Springfield, Massachu-setts. Taken in Canada woods. 2. "Deer." By Vera Reichelt, 340 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Taken in Colorado. 3. "Owl." By Warren French, West-field, New Jersey. Taken in New Jersey.

New York City members have bestirred themselves this time, and carried off some prizes. Our English cousins, too, have shown that we are not to have things all our own way. The St. Nicholas League is open to St. NICHOLAS readers in any part of the world.

#### TO NEW READERS.

THE St. Nicholas League, as explained in the Novem-ber number, is an organization of St. NICHOLAS readers.

To any reader of the magazine, or to any one desiring to become such, a League membership badge and an in-struction leaflet will be mailed free upon receipt of a written application, accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope.

*Every boy and girl should be a reader of "St. Nich-olas," and every reader of "St. Nicholas" should be a member of the St. Nicholas League.*

#### APRIL'S PROPHECY.

BY ETHELBERT WALDRON (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

FROM the southland comes a message! It is whispered  
by the breeze  
From the faint first flush of morning till the long last  
sunset gleam  
As it sweeps the lowland prairie and blows o'er the  
upland leas,  
As it stirs the weeping willow drooping sadly by the  
stream.  
And the whisper that is clear to my listening, raptured  
ear  
Is that "Summer is a-coming, happy summer is a-  
coming,

By and by."

From the southward comes a message! It is murmured  
by the rill  
From the dawning to the gloaming and the gloaming  
to the dawn  
As it tinkles o'er the pebbles, as it sparkles on the hill,  
As it gurgles through the rushes to the river and is  
gone.  
And the murmur that I hear, tinkled loudly and more  
clear,  
Is that "Summer-time 's a-coming, golden summer-  
time 's a-coming,

By and by."

From the southland comes a message! It is pattered  
by the rain  
From the rosy rift of daybreak till the coming of the  
dark  
As it beats upon the shingles, as it streaks the window-  
pane,  
As it falls like unset diamonds on the birches' silver  
bark.  
And the message that I hear, oh, so sweet to me and  
clear,  
Is that "Summer is a-coming, happy summer is a-  
coming,

By and by."



"DEER." BY VERA REICHELT. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")



## AN INCIDENT OF APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

BY KATHERINE C. GURNEY (AGE 13).

*(Gold Badge.)*

MARJORIE'S birthday came on April 1st. Every year Marjorie could remember, she had been the victim of some joke; but this year she made up her mind not to be fooled. She was to be ten years old, and would tie a piece of ribbon on one finger, and when papa or Uncle Tom tried to fool her, she would look down at the ribbon and remember.

The 1st of April dawned a beautiful spring day. Marjorie dressed quickly, for she knew her presents would be waiting by her plate at breakfast. She hurried in the dining-room. What a lot of bundles! First Marjorie opened a package marked "Marjorie, from Mama." It was a beautiful gold thimble, and a purse with ten dimes in it from papa. And this large bundle marked "Marjorie"! Marjorie looked down at her presents in her lap, and espied the ribbon; then she looked at the big bundle. It might be an April fool bundle. She took the bundle in her hands; it was heavy, very heavy. It might be filled with stones or a brick!

Marjorie made up her mind the long, heavy bundle was an April fool. She ate her breakfast gaily, thinking how wise she had been in not opening it. After breakfast Marjorie's curiosity got the better of her. She took the bundle, and opened it secretly. If it should be a brick or stones she would tie it up again. Carefully Marjorie opened the bundle, when, to her surprise, there lay a beautiful French doll! Marjorie gave a little scream of joy, and ran to find mama.

Uncle Tom laughed heartily when he heard about the bundle that was not an April fool bundle, but yet had fooled Marjorie.

## APRIL.

BY MARIE VAN LIEW (AGE 14).

*(Gold Badge.)*

OH, goddess April! here upon thy shrine  
We lay the offerings of the field and wood;  
Tender and green and shy are they, that come  
Too early to be seen or understood.

The dome that decks thy temple stands so high  
That many a cloud must cross its tender blue;  
And twittering birds a joyous choir make,  
To offer up a cup of early dew.

Here in thy temple, underneath that dome,  
Where in the spring bacchantic odors dwell,  
Wild and unheeding as some sylvan thing,  
We dance and sing, where others fought and fell.

Here, throbbing with the early woodland life,  
Like nymphs and satyrs of some goat-foot clan,  
We send our song out to the listening hills,  
And Echo answers on a reed of Pan.

The day will come when all this life will turn  
To autumn leaves and clusters on the vine;  
Yet memory will ever hold thee dear,  
And age will seek thee in a cup of wine.

Oh, Mother April, ever to be young,  
Ever to laugh and dance in this fair place,  
To smell the wood-like odors of our spring,  
And feel thy tears and kisses on our face!

## APRIL.

BY ELEANOR H. ADLER (AGE 15).

*(Silver Badge.)*

FOR sunny showers,  
And fragrant flowers  
(Though shy, dear children of the spring),  
For warmer skies  
That bluer rise,  
For rivers, once more murmuring;

For meadows green,  
In forest scene,  
For joyous carols, clear and free,  
For sunshine bright  
And balmy night,  
Our homage, April, bring we thee.



"OWL." BY WARREN FRENCH. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD ANIMALS.")

## A WATERY EPISODE.

BY H. G. WINSLOW (AGE 17).

*(Silver Badge.)*

THE snow was melting in fine style, and there was a great stream of water running in the gutters. Burt, legs incased in rubber boots, was busily engaged at making a dam. This was to be a triumph of engineering, unless of course, some rascally street-cleaner broke it up first.

Burt worked hard, and the dam was almost finished when Bobby came along.

As a matter of course, Bobby said, "What you doing?"

As a matter of course also, Burt replied, "Oh, something."

Matters thus being made clear, Bobby entered right into the game. Overshoes, of course, are not as good as rubber boots; but they are all right if you don't step too much in the deep places.

The two boys were just extending the dam's wall into the street when "Vandy" appeared. Vandy's real name was Roger Van — something or other, but he was always called Vandy. His mother did not approve of either Burt, Bobby, or mud; therefore Vandy approved of all three. His mother had gone out calling, and so he was enjoying a little stolen pleasure. When he first joined them, Vandy determined not to step in the water at all; then he went in just a little, to right a chip boat which had overturned; next he stepped in four inches, by accident; and after that he did n't care, but walked about just as freely as the other boys.

"Let's have boat-races," finally suggested Bobby.

There was a shout of joy, and in ten minutes three shingle boats were floating on the placid water.

"Now for the races," Burt said. Burt stood in the middle and held his boat, while Bobby on one side and Vandy on the other held theirs. "Go!" yelled Burt; and just then his foot slipped, and he went—down. In mid-air he tried to save himself, and caught Bobby; and Bobby tried to save *himself*, and caught Vandy; and they all went together in one grand heap.

While they were in this uncomfortable position, horror of horrors! who should approach but Vandy's mother? She shrieked in terror, and then, running across the muddy street, and finding her son not dead, but very much alive, she led him home.



"MY FAVORITE PLACE IN WINTER." BY W. GILBERT SHERMAN, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

The two boys picked themselves up, dripping with icy water. "Well," said Burt, as the ominous form of a street-cleaner approached, "we could n't have had it much longer anyhow, and it was great fun while it lasted."

### THE OLD MAN AND HIS THREE SONS.

BY CHARLES HURDEN WORSFOLD (AGE 9).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

THERE was once an old man who had three sons, but he could not tell one from the other. He gave the first a shovel, the second a pickax, the third a rake, and he sent them out into the world. They had not gone far when the first saw a man with a shovel, and the man with the shovel said, "I feel so tired; will you dig up my flower-bed for me?" The first said yes. He was just going to put his foot on the shovel when the shovel cut his foot and he had to go home. The second one saw a man with a pickax, and the man with the pickax said, "My pickax is broken; will you dig this up for me?" The second one said yes. He had not been digging long when the top of the pickax came off and cut his head, so he had to go home. The third had not gone far when he saw a man with a rake, and the man with the rake said, "I feel so tired; will you rake these stones up for me?" The third one said yes, and began raking. He had not been raking long when a stone caught in one of the prongs and broke it, and it cut his knee and he had to go home. "Now," said their father, "I see how to tell one from the other."

### APRIL FLOWERS.

BY PAULINE JENKS (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

WHERE forest tangle is the wildest  
And all is wet with April showers,  
And where the wind's fierce roar is mildest,  
'T is there you find the spring's first flowers.

Where thrush sings on the leafless tree,  
Where all is lonely, still, and wet,  
You 'll see a fair anemone,  
And possibly a violet.

### ADVENTURES OF A CAT AND A DOG.

BY KATHRYN HONE AUERBACH  
(AGE 8).

(*Special Silver Badge.*)

ONE warm, sultry spring afternoon a cat met a dog. The latter remarked to the former, rather loftily: "Your eyes are of a very dismal green. Now, if you but had fine, well-bred eyes like mine, you would be a great deal more favored in this curious world."

"People call my fur soft, and mine eyes help me and are very useful to me in a dark forest," said the cat, meekly.

"No matter, no matter; but let us try. We will start out now and see whether usefulness and softness are as good as well-bredth and beauty."

So off they set. Soon they came to a large and thick forest.

"No flowers grow here, don't you see?" said the dog, wisely. "And I can tell why. It is because of the thickness and gloominess of this forest."

"No doubt you are right," began the cat, when suddenly a flash of lightning, followed closely by a loud peal of thunder, made her stop short. Then the rain began to pour. Never, my children, never in your life did you see rain like that the cat and dog saw that day. The rain came down faster and faster. The little couple for a moment could not even see the sturdy forest trees. In a little while the cat recovered her senses (which had been lost at the sight of the dreadful storm), and peered about her with her bright, sharp eyes.

"We must and shall get home to-night," said the cat.

"Indeed we sha'n't," said the dog, scornfully. "How can I, a well-bred dog, trust to a creature with green—just fancy!—horrible green eyes?"

"Those same eyes," said the cat, "will lead us out of this forest and bring us safe home. Look well, and see if you do not see a bright light."

Her tone was so resolute that the dog had a feeling he must mind her. "Ah, yes; I see it. Is it, can it be, the candle that my master used to carry, when I sometimes got lost, to give him light?"

"Oh, no," said the cat. "They are the glimmer of my eyes in the dark. Come! follow me."

The dog did follow her, and when they came to the farm-yard gate he said:

"Forgive me, cat, for despising your eyes. They are better than mine by far."

NOTE.—Any size photographs may now compete for prizes. Don't send blue-prints!



## A SPRING TRAGEDY.

BY MARGUERITE CRAWFORD CLEVELAND (AGE 13).

*(Gold Badge.)*

"Oh, dear!" sobbed little Elsie Graylock. "I dropped B'linda in the river—and it's—tak-en her awa-a-y! Oh, what 'll I do-o!" she wailed.

But the river—beautiful, cruel thing!—swept on, bearing on its shining, swollen bosom poor B'linda. On and on it rushed! The spring flood was fiercer than usual, and B'linda's dress was soon in shreds.

Night came, and the heavy spring dew kissed the flowers and grass along the river's bank, and the stars blossomed in the misty blue depths of the heavens. Morning dawned, and still it rushed on.

The sky was blue, then cloudy, and often drops of rain dimpled the flood's swollen surface. On the river dashed, through fresh green fields and air fragrant with the breath of wild flowers; then under a bridge, and through a town, where people picked their way across streets slippery with mud; and sometimes its waters would grow dark with dyes and grease from the mills; then out into the sweet meadows again.

Sometimes it wound through quiet groves, and then swept on through sweet, green valleys where the orchards were bursting into bloom. And in the pasture-lands the kine were lowing as they wandered through the sweet, wet clover. And still upon its restless breast floated B'linda!

Day after day it swept along, while the sky laughed or wept in the sweet spring weather. Night after night the stars came or played hide-and-seek behind the clouds. And one night a great full moon changed the river to a shining silver mass.

And the days passed on.

The sun was setting. The flood was rushing yet faster and faster when the fresh salt air of the ocean was wafted up to poor B'linda's nostrils. There was little left of her now. All the color was washed from her once brilliant cheeks and lips, her hair was all gone, and her limbs were limp and lifeless. Would Elsie have loved her now?

There was a gust of cool salt air, a last wild note of the song the river had ever been singing. And still upon its proud bosom B'linda was borne into the sea!

## APRIL.

BY MARIAN SHOVE (AGE 9).

*(Special Silver Badge.)*

GENTLE as a kitten,  
Fair as any maiden—  
Her name is April.

Posies around her head,  
Cheeks as red as any roses—  
Her name is April.

Laughs and cries,  
Smiles and sighs—  
Her name is April.

## LOST BADGES.

LEAGUE members whose badges have been lost or injured may obtain new ones upon application.

## IN APRIL.

BY MURIEL PALMER (AGE 10).

*(Special Silver Badge.)*

"WAKE up! wake up!" the robin cried  
To the little violet blue.  
"Wake up! be quick! or the other flowers  
Will be ahead of you."

The violet heard the robin's cry,  
And lifted up her head;  
She looked around a little bit,  
And this is what she said:

"Oh, dear!" She heaved a little sigh.  
"I don't like spring at all.  
It's cold and damp and frosty yet—  
I wish you would n't call!"

The snowdrop heard the robin's call,  
And lifted up her head.  
She saw the robin on a tree,  
And jumped up out of bed.

The violet saw the snowdrop up,  
And came out to the door.  
"Oh, me!" she said, "how nice it is!  
I wish I'd come before!"

## APRIL FUN.

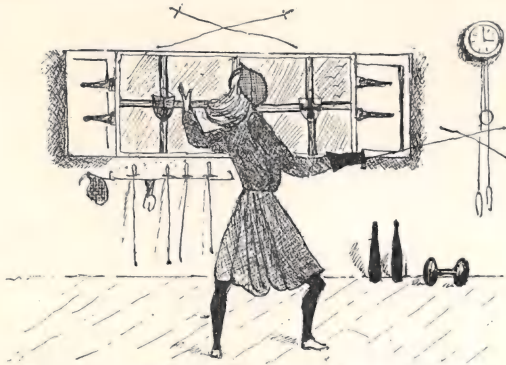
BY GREGORY HARTSWICK (AGE 8).

*(Special Silver Badge.)*

OF all the months of all the year  
Old April is the best  
For making dainty cakes and pies  
And putting them to test.



"MY FAVORITE PLACE IN WINTER." BY FRED STARNES, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY VIOLA BEERBOHM TREE, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

In May and June 't is different,  
 For, being warm and dry,  
 It 's very hard indeed to make  
 A tempting cake or pie.  
 But April is just full of dough,  
 All wet and ready-made;  
 It only needs to be stirred up  
 And patted with a spade.  
 There 's lots and lots of chocolate  
 A-lying all around—  
 You find it mostly in the road,  
 Or piled up on the ground.  
 You make it into caramels  
 And fudge and nice brown cake,  
 And if you put it in the sun  
 Right quickly it will bake.  
 So when she comes around again,  
 With all her rain and sun,  
 We 'll welcome her right merrily—  
 Old April and her fun!

## AN APRIL DAY IN VERMONT.

BY HELEN J. RIPLEY (AGE 14).\*

On the ground the leaves are lying,  
 Faded, ragged, brown, and dead,  
 And the somber pines are sighing  
 Sadly, softly overhead.  
 Here and there the snow is clinging;  
 Just a month ago were ringing  
 Sleigh-bells; now the birds are singing,  
 From the sunny southland led.  
 Though the sun is shining brightly  
 In the cloudless turquoise sky,  
 Yet the signs of stern old winter  
 Still are faintly lingering by.  
 But among the dead leaves peeping,  
 While all other flowers are sleeping,  
 Upward toward the sunlight creeping,  
 With its wee, half-open eye,  
 Is the sweetest of all flowers,  
 In a gown of pale pink dressed.  
 'T is the fair Vermont arbutus,  
 Hidden in its leafy nest;  
 But above dark clouds now lower,  
 And the dainty little flower  
 Bows its head before the shower,  
 For that, too, is April's guest.

\* The author of this poem won second prize in Competition No. I.

## APRIL.

BY CATHERINE LEE CARTER (AGE 12).

APRIL has reasons  
 As one of the seasons  
 To do as she likes for a space;  
 And though some people blame her,  
 I will not disclaim her,  
 For she always puts on a bright face.

To be sure, she brings showers,  
 And but a few flowers  
 To spread o'er the face of the plain;  
 But those few are so sweet  
 That I think it but meet  
 That I like her in spite of her rain.

## GEMS FROM YOUNG POETS.

INTERESTING selections from a number of other good poems received — some pretty, some amusing, all worth reading.

We will start the "gems" this time with two pretty stanzas written by Mildred Marguerite Whitney (age 9). There is something in them that suggests Milton's "L'Allegro."

Come, April, with your sweet spring flowers,  
 With your sunshine and your showers,  
 And with you come unto the tree  
 The bluebirds, whence they sing to me.

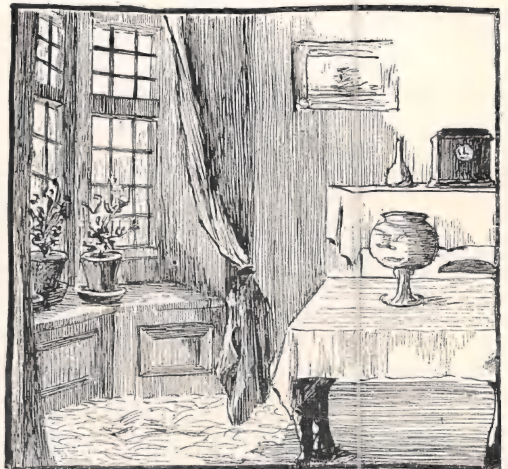
Free from care, too, now are they,  
 For winter snows have gone away;  
 And like this, too, feels everything  
 When the bluebirds wake the spring.

Here comes sorrowful April, weeping her time away,  
 sings Ruth H. McClenathan; and Laura E. McCully,  
 who had a poem published in full in the February number, adds:

April mists are falling, falling,  
 April voices calling, calling;  
 Dusky spreads the chillness of the eve.

It is the "chillness of the eve" that League members should look out for. April, with her first waim nights, tempts us, but dry feet and warm fires must not be forgotten.

There is something very sweet and delicate about



BY KITTIE L. HEUSEL, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



Ruth S. Lighton's poem, of which we quote two stanzas. The poem is entitled "April Fairies."

A little silver raindrop  
Fell from an April shower,  
And made its nest where hidden lay  
The seed of a future flower.

And myriads of fairies,  
Filling all the air,  
Arose from every raindrop  
And made a rainbow there.

Here is a little flower poem by Katherine T. Bastedo, whose age is ten, and whose penmanship is certainly fine for one of her age:

Arbutus, hepatica, violets,  
Hidden beneath the snow,  
Waiting for April's gentle showers  
To help to make them grow.

Arbutus, hepatica, violets,  
Again in their little brown beds,  
With snow for a nice warm coverlet  
Drawn over their pretty heads.

George Elliston sends another good poem this month. We print one stanza. We expect still better things from this author.

With the first faint touch of the languorous spring,  
When the birds in their glee make the whole  
world ring  
With their songs of praise,  
When the odors of flowers that fill the air  
Shed a rest and a blessing everywhere,  
Come the April days.

Marguerite M. Hillery is an old friend, and nearly always sends a good poem when she sends any. Here are two stanzas of her poem on April:

A crimson glow on the placid lake,  
And the children that laugh and play,  
Can be seen and heard on an afternoon  
At the close of an April day.

And the buzz and buzz of the busy bee  
As he flits from flower to flower  
Is often heard on an afternoon  
After an April shower.

And there is a touch of genius in this closing stanza by Irwin G. Priest:

Back again is the bluebird,  
The herald of spring,  
With the earth on his breast,  
And the sky on his wing.

Lucy G. Bastien is fond of April, and begins to tell us about it as follows:

June is drowsy, lazy;  
In July we have the Fourth;  
In winter, what with ice and snow,  
We think we're 'way up north.

Alice Goddard Waldo, who won a prize in March, starts off charmingly, as you will see:

The sun was shining clear and bright,  
And flooding all the world with light,  
In April;  
My love went forth with gladsome tread  
To wander where her fancy led,  
In April.

We would like to print all of Alice's poem if we had room.

Linda G. McCallister, age nine, begins by telling us where to gather violets:

In swamp and lowland all around  
The purple violet is found.



BY RAYMOND W. PERRY.

While Ida M. Ufford describes an April shower, of which we will have only a part, though she tells of it all very prettily:

A tiny cloud in the distance,  
But see how fast it spreads!  
A dash of pattering raindrops—  
The storm breaks o'er our heads.  
How thick and fast 't is beating  
Against the window-pane!  
And all the surrounding landscape  
Is shut out by the rain.

Annie Olivia Hawkins tells us something about April-fooling:

A little boy sat, one day,  
Counting the months that had flown away:  
"Jan., Feb., March, then April fool;  
That is the day that all the school  
Play their tricks and funny jokes  
On the school-teacher and other grown folks."

But Mary K. Harris tells us a good deal more on this subject, and we wish we had room to print all that she says:

Aunt Priscilla awoke in the early morn,  
With thoughts of fooling and thoughts of scorn.  
"Aunt Priscilla, just look! Aunt Priscilla, I say!  
It's raining! It's raining! It's a horrid wet  
day!"

From the door to the window quickly she ran.  
"April fool! April fool!" called out naughty Dan.

Winifred Herdman, age thirteen, grows reflective in remembering the past:

When I look back on the days of my childhood,  
I dwell with pleasure on fun that I had;  
But when I think in a serious manner,  
There is a something that makes me feel sad.



BY SHERWOOD SUNDERLAND DAY, AGE 12.  
(SPECIAL SILVER BADGE.)

John Cooley is eleven years old, and his poem is good throughout. We have room for only the closing lines:

That April showers  
Bring May flowers  
Is true as true can be;  
But April has flowers  
As well as showers,  
And many a nice green tree.  
The days are warm,  
And it does no harm  
For a shower now and then;  
For April showers  
Bring out the flowers,  
And spring has come again.

"'T is April fool! 'T is April fool!"  
One boy cried to another.  
"Come out and play — there is no school!"  
Go quick and get your brother."

Such are the opening lines of a poem by Arthur Edward Weld. Arthur then tells us how these boys prepared a knife and a string with which they fooled many worthy citizens. Or, as Arthur himself says:

All went well for a long while,  
Until a man quite old  
Came by, and, with a crafty smile,  
Said, "A knife I do behold!"

He did not do as others did —  
Put out his foot to knock it;  
He stepped upon the string instead,  
And slipped it in his pocket.

Margaret Stockbridge writes a nice letter about Christmas, and says:

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,  
In hopes that ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there;  
and incloses a little poem of her own about a very charming little April fool. Margaret will find her name in the roll of honor.

Carolyn Edith Butler is fifteen, and sends a dainty poem entitled "The April Violet":

A tiny April violet  
Had blossomed on the green;  
Its little stem stood upright,  
As if anxious to be seen.

The little girl carelessly steps on the poor blossom,

And so the April violet  
Has nevermore been seen;  
But still its memory lingers  
Where it blossomed on the green.

Dora Call, whose age is eleven, and whose heart is merry, rain or shine, says:

If it rains we stay inside,  
If it's clear we take a ride;  
Or if we've no carriage we play in the yard;  
If we play croquet we hit our balls hard.

And that is the proper thing to do. Make the best of things as they come, and "hit the balls hard."

Everything's fresh and everything's green,  
And everything's at the best stage to be seen,

says Gertrude Crosland, age thirteen; while Marjorie McIver, who has one year less and much the same spirit, sings:

Where she passeth grows a flower,  
Just the best that ever grew;  
Where she stoppeth falls a shower,  
Soft and cool as summer dew.

In fact, spring is the season for poetry, and our young League writers love it. They have never written so much or so well. And among the best of our "gems" is one by Alice May Fuller, whose age is fifteen, and whose little "Song of April Weather" we print in full as a fitting and beautiful finale.

#### A SONG OF APRIL WEATHER.

SHE dreamed it was an April day;  
The air was soft and sweet,  
The dandelions all were out,  
And tiny leaves began to sprout  
Where branch and twiglet meet.

The pussy-willows in the marsh  
Were nodding at each other,  
While raindrops hung from bush and tree,  
And birdies caroled merrily  
Of spring and one another.

She woke, and waking, saw a sight  
That filled her with dismay:  
The air was dark with lines of rain;  
A cold, raw day had come again —  
A real, true April day.



BY JAMES K. BONNER.



## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, either wholly or in part, has yet been found worthy of honorable mention.

## POEMS.

George S. Marks  
Ruth Getchell  
Margaret Van Slyck  
Jessie Day  
Mary Rice Bannister  
Justin R. Weddell  
Margaret Stockbridge  
Helen M. Rives



BY REED H. HUBBELL.



BY JOS. M. DUGAN, AGE 16.

William Patch  
Risa Lowie  
Lena Bogardus  
Ruth Olyphant  
Walter Holmes Beecher  
Margaret Murphy  
M. Louise Hurlbrett  
Marjorie Hughson  
Florence L. Forestier  
Ringgold W. Lardner  
Ella Varick Morrison  
Richard Patten Bruce  
Antoinette C. Hearne  
Ida B. Jelleme  
Corita M. Estrada  
Waldron C. Beekly  
Margaret Stevens  
Lula Mills  
Mae Goodrich Hughes  
Dorothea Davis

## PROSE.

David M. Cheney  
Ethel L. Courtemanche  
Margaret J. Williams  
Rose S. Kinsman  
Jessie Murray  
Mary A. Hogan  
Karl Wendell Kirshwey  
Edith Chapin  
Rachel Tappan Sanborn  
Olive Voswinkle  
Elbert Durfee  
Eunice Fuller  
Marguerite Child  
Edna Smith  
Elford Eddy  
Clara J. Groth  
Arthur C. Read  
Reed Potter  
Winifred Birge Praeger  
J. Wheaton Chambers  
Laura Benet  
Ethel M. Albertson  
Frances Condon  
Beatrice A. Vilas  
Rebecca F. Isaacs

Herbert Williams  
Dorothy Wagner  
Marie Thompson  
E. L. Jarvis



BY NATALIE B. KIMBER, AGE 15.

Ruth Perkins Vickery  
Gertrude Dykeman  
Helen Fitzwater  
Helen Murphy  
Walt Shelton  
May A. Chambers  
Lillian E. Judd  
Mary Perkins Abbott  
Janet Percy Dana  
Julia G. McKee  
Christine Payson  
Maude R. Kraus  
Lily S. Hawkins  
Helena Ross  
Helene Marie Boas  
Louise Karr Hodge  
Fred Faulkner  
Mary Harman  
Gustava Schwartz



BY MARJORIE T. HOOD, AGE 12.

## DRAWINGS.

Arthur W. Bell  
Alice Fellowes  
Bessie Greene  
Harlow F. Pease  
Lorraine March  
Lillian Brooks  
Martha Rosentreter  
Sophie K. Smith  
Alfred P. Hanchett  
Edith M. Thompson  
May B. Cooke  
F. C. Wilkinson  
Hildegard Meigs  
Mabel Alice Browne  
Jessie Gilroy  
Sophia D. Hely-Hutchinson  
G. Hobbs  
Charlotte Woodford  
Clare Currier



BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 13.

Carl A. Lohmann  
Mary A. Carolan  
Donald Cole  
Arthur Edwin Bye  
Hans Krasiman

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

George F. Englesby  
Stanley Randall  
Ellen H. Skinner  
Philip Heartt  
Anna R. Cole  
Larned V. P. Allen  
Marjorie T. Clark  
Sara Oakley (blue)  
Elizabeth Williams  
Ervin W. Mitchell



BY CHARLOTTE P. DODGE, AGE 15 (HAWAII).

Edith A. Roberts  
Mary H. Hamkens  
John Harvey  
Edward C. Day  
Philip Andrews  
Amelia A. Glick  
May E. Maynard  
E. Kerr  
Edwin D. Rider  
Eleanor George (brown ink)  
Edna Marrett  
Minna Hoskins  
Seward W. Rathbun  
Dora Waring  
Marcus H. Doll  
Ruth B. Hand  
Henry Martyn Hoyt, Jr.  
Mabel C. White  
Gordon Ewings  
Helen M. Bissell  
M. W. Palmer  
Ellis Matthews



BY RUTH OSGOOD, AGE 12.

## PUZZLES.

George S. Brengle  
R. W. Lardner  
Elinor Daniels  
Carroll S. Daniels  
Frank G. Sayre  
Pauline Angell  
Madeleine Dickie

C. B. Georgen  
Mary Morton  
Hazel C. Smith  
Mary G. Osborne  
Philip Sidney Beebe  
Ruth Allaire  
Frances Richardson  
Helene S. Stevens  
Robert W. Wilson  
Beulah M. Sanford  
Bertha B. Janney



BY ELSIE WILLIAMS, AGE 13.

The prize puzzles and others selected for publication, as well as the list of puzzle-answerers, will be found in the regular "Riddle-box."

## SPECIAL MENTION.

THOUGH not quite available for publication, special mention should be made of the drawings received this month from Mollie and Agnes Wood, Mortimer M. Lawrence, Marjorie Watmough, Elwyn Lee Barron, and Katherine Denison. Also of stories and essays by Katherine Gaul Rusk, A. B. Skinner, Emily Colguhoun, Rachel D. Kanes, and Ruth W. Kantrowitz. The work sent by these young writers and artists is full of promise, and we shall expect to have better things from them later.

## LETTERS.

WE have so little room for letters that we hardly know how to select for publication. We would gladly print all that come, and especially those thanking us for prize badges.

For instance, Marjorie Watmough, whose drawing published in February won the gold badge, says:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My prize badge came on Monday, and I cannot tell you how it pleased me. I think it is a perfect beauty, and all my friends have admired it greatly.

And here is a little girl, Elsie Jung, age eleven, who has a teacher of the right sort. Elsie's letter says:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new reader of your wonderful magazine, and can hardly wait for it to come out, and as our teacher has told us that we should try to become members of the St. Nicholas League, I have taken a great interest in it.

Here is a member with the right spirit:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE: Having seen your announcement in the November number of the ST. NICHOLAS, and being desirous of becoming a member, I send a stamped and addressed envelope, in which please send me a badge.

I mean to try the competition every month, but even if I don't get a prize, I am *not* going to be discouraged.

Sincerely yours, KATHARINE S. HAZELTINE.

Other interesting letters have been received by the League from Helen B. Maxey, Alfred and Katherine M. Botsford, Ruth Alice Bliss, Maria H. Hamkins, Russel S. Dart (spells "much" with an s), Mae Geary, Louise Mygrant, Helen Stroud, Dorothy Child, Marie Sinclair, Lyle Barnes, Herbert R. Stolz (with pretty bunny picture), Irene Bauer, Pauline Angell, Ethel Deane, James J. Bevan, Helen S. Leib, J. R., Geraldine E. Watson, Harry Howe, Richard B. Grant, Frederick W. Baumann, B. George Segar, Henry Mylin Kieffer, Donna Margaret Drew, Harry Rogers, Anna Howell, Shirley Willis, Franklin E. Wolf, Teddy Scott, Hepburn Michael, Isidore Douglas, and Frederic Ullman, Jr.



BY FRED CARTER (ENGLAND).

## CHAPTERS.

SPECIAL TO TEACHERS: Chapters of the St. Nicholas League are being formed in many of the schools, and a number of the teachers have taken a kindly interest in these organizations and their work. To all teachers desiring them, League badges and instruction leaflets will be sent post-paid, free of charge.

No. 37. Emma Horn, President; Dorothy Williams, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Catsauqua, Pennsylvania.

No. 38. Dorothy Calman, President; Maude R. Kraus, Secretary; six members. Address, 155 West Seventy-second Street, New York City.

No. 39. W. Slattery, President; O. Denison, Secretary; six members. Address, 26 Pearl Street, South Framingham, Massachusetts.

No. 40. Sophia Miller, President; Elizabeth Roper, Secretary; seven members. Address, Pelham Manor, New York.

No. 41. Winifred B. Smith, President; Fanny R. Hill, Secretary; five members. Address, 22 Oakland Place, Buffalo, New York.

No. 42. Ozro C. Gould, Secretary; President's name not given; seven members. Address, 420 West Sanborn Street, Winona, Minnesota.

No. 43. Nina Tachan, President; Charlotte Forsyth, Secretary; five members. Address, 1731 Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 44. Earl Mallory, President; Myra Kelly, Secretary; ten members. Address, Tacoma, Washington.

No. 45. Rachel Nixon, President; Mildred C. Irwin, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Medicine Lodge, Barber County, Kansas.

No. 46. A. M. Levine, President; L. Clark, Secretary; eight members. Address, 155 East One Hundred and Sixth Street, New York City.

No. 47. Thomas B. Myers, President; Ethel K. Lemont, Secretary; seven members. Address, 4026 Parrish Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 48. George B. Duffy, President; ten members. Address, 237 Wyckoff Street, Brooklyn, New York.

No. 49. Marion Ellett, President; Hazel Murray, Secretary; six members. Address, Chillicothe Sanatorium, Chillicothe, Missouri.

## LEAGUE NOTES.

GOOD reports are coming in from many League chapters. One says: "We have such a lot of fun at every meeting. We hope the League will go on forever." Chapter 28 is growing and calls for more badges. "We meet every two weeks and read the stories of St. NICHOLAS."

Chapter 18 sends word that there was an error in their report. It should read as follows: No. 18. Mary R. Sanford, President; Fanny M. Lord, Secretary; five members. Address, Redding Ridge, Connecticut.



BY BEATRICE HERDMAN (ENGLAND).



## OUR VERY LITTLE ARTISTS.



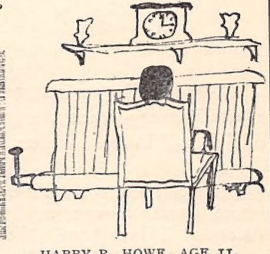
KATHERINE LIDDELL, AGE 11.



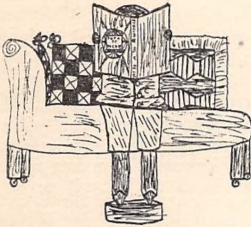
HENRY E. TUTTLE, AGE 9.



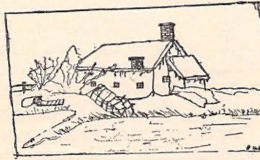
CAROL BRADLEY, AGE 13.



HARRY R. HOWE, AGE 11.



PHILIP P. COLE, AGE 9.



HARRY A. TOULMIN, AGE 9.



DONALD CALL, AGE 7.



HELEN GEARY, AGE 7.



RAFAEL ESTRADA, AGE 11.



ELIZABETH S. CRAMER, AGE 11.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 7.

*Prize Competition No. 7* will close on April 22. The award will be announced and prize contributions published in *St. NICHOLAS* for July. (No. 6 contributions will be published in June instead of May, as stated.)

POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and to relate in some manner to July 4.

PROSE. Not to contain over four hundred words, and to relate in some manner to the summer.

DRAWING. In India or very black writing-ink,

and only on white paper. The young artists this time may select their own subjects.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size. The young photographers may also select their own subjects this time, though seasonable things are always to be preferred.

PUZZLE. The answer to express something pertaining to July.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best and neatest and most complete set of answers to all the puzzles in this (April) number of *St. NICHOLAS*.

## THREE SPECIAL PRIZES.

GOLD and silver badges will be awarded best illustrated stories and poems, as follows:

ILLUSTRATED POEM. Not to contain over twenty-four lines, and illustrated with not more than three drawings or photographs by the author, who may also select the subject.

ILLUSTRATED STORY OR ARTICLE. Not to contain over four hundred words,



LINDA HOUGHTON, AGE 12.

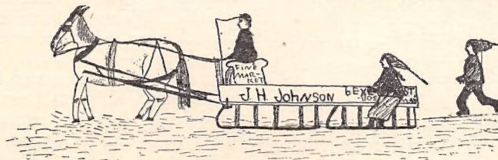
gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and the League gold badge. *Third Prize*, the League gold badge.

Remember, every contribution of whatever kind must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian.

Before sending any contribution read all the rules over carefully.

Address all communications to

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,  
Union Square,  
New York City.



BY THEODA FOSTER BUSH, AGE 11.



## THE LETTER-BOX.

THIS letter, by its references to Greek buildings and affairs as every-day matters, will help to make the "Boy of Galatia," in this number, seem real to us:

ATHENS, GREECE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a Greek girl, and I thought perhaps some of your readers would like to hear about Athens. I live close to the king's palace and opposite the gardens belonging to it. His Majesty kindly allows any one to enter at a certain hour in the afternoon three times a week. Tickets may also be obtained by favor to enter every day. We are very glad of this privilege, as in the spring, when it becomes very hot, we are unable to take walks to the ruins, as we generally do. One of our favorites is the Acropolis. It is really wonderful to think that this structure should have stood over two thousand years, only to be blown up by the Venetians in 1687. On entering there are a lot of steps to mount to get to the Propylæa, on the left of which is the Erechtheum, and in front the Parthenon—a big temple dedicated to the gods and goddesses. In this was kept the famous statue of Minerva, made of gold and ivory, whose spear could be seen by ships sailing past Phaleron to enter the harbor of Piræus. Phaleron, a favorite summer resort, is also a favorite drive, being only half an hour's distance from Athens. Other places of repute are the Temple of Jupiter and the Arch of Hadrian, built by that great emperor. There are two museums, in which are a great many antiquities and some skeletons.

This is the third year we are taking you, I and my sister Nina, and our favorite tales are "The Story of Betty," "The Lakerim Athletic Club," "With the Black Prince in France," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "The Raid of the Raffertys," and "Bright Sides of History."

I am named Paulemnia, after one of the Muses, but I am generally called Pauletta. I remain,

Your interested reader,

PAULEMNIA P. SKOUSÈS  
(aged twelve and a half years).

HERE is a young poet who sends us a letter to Santa Claus, and who knows how to make a pun:

ARKANSAS CITY, KAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I see by your ST. NICHOLAS that a good many other children write letters to you, and so I thought I would like to write one, too.

Your loving reader,

JUSTINE FITZPATRICK  
(twelve years old).

DEAR SANTA CLAUS: How do you do?  
And are you very cold?  
The air is getting pretty sharp  
For you who are so old.

I wear my nice blue mackintosh  
Which you gave to me last year.  
It is n't worn out the least bit—  
How I thank you, Santa dear!

I wish I had some books to read—  
I've read my old ones twice.  
I think the one about Denise  
And her pony "Ned" is nice.

And then, my big doll broke her head;  
She needs another one.  
She's put away upon the shelf,  
And can't have any fun.

To ask you for so many things  
Would really be quite mean;  
And so I'll simply sign myself  
Your loving, true

JUSTINE.

P. S. The letters that the others write  
Perhaps won't be like mine;  
But then, my pencil got so cold,  
I had to write in "rime."

WE are glad that this little girl has succeeded in her wish. Do American children know what she means by "got the brush"?

PORTLAND PLACE, LONDON, W.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have written to you twice before, and when I complained to Daddy that my letters were not in print, he just said: "They are n't good enough just yet. When you write one that ST. NICK will print, you shall have this!"—and he held out ten shillings. So I am trying very hard.

Last September I got the brush, when I was hunting with Daddy. My pony is black all over, and he has one little white star on his forehead, so he is called "Midnight Star."

I am taking fencing lessons now, and also dancing lessons, which I enjoy very much indeed. I have had ST. NICHOLAS since I was quite a little girl. I am now almost nine. My favorite story was "The Story of Betty."

I edit a magazine, and one rule is: "No one may join 'The Children's Gazette' unless they take ST. NICHOLAS regularly." I remain,

Your very loving

DAPHNE LETTICE RITCHIE.

Marjorie M. Harris sends an excellent drawing; Cora Brandt contributes an account of San Francisco; J. Herbert Hopp and Edmund W. Burroughs translate again the long German word given in the November number; Goldy Budd tells of his visit to Longfellow's house and the Washington Elm (who will tell in what city?); Louis M. Washburn writes to tell us what he wants for Christmas; Emma V. Runyon tells how she enjoyed her Christmas; Gertrude G. Brailey prefers the serials, "The Story of Betty" and "Trinity Bells," and the short stories, "How the Storm Went Round," "Saigo's Picnic," and "Foxglove Freaks"; Florence Secor praises her pony; Margaret Chamberlin received ST. NICHOLAS for a Christmas present; Anita Moffett talks of the old fort in New York City at Morningside Park; J. Rose Troup, Jr., sends a poem; Martha Prescott Bull writes a story.

Other good friends have sent us interesting letters, which we can acknowledge only by printing their names here:

Ruth L. B., Catharine Lines Chapin, Adelaide Avery Lyons, E. H. Lewis, Olive Beatrice Smith, Bernice S. Fisher, Raynor Allen (who tells an excellent story about a canary's tricks), D. F. N. (who relates how a kitten was by accident shut into an iron safe, and remained for several hours without harm), Dorothy Winslow (who entertainingly describes games and a Hallowe'en party) and George Meacham, a grown-up, who very kindly tells the true story of Santa Claus. But the story is in too many reference-books to make it necessary to reprint it here.







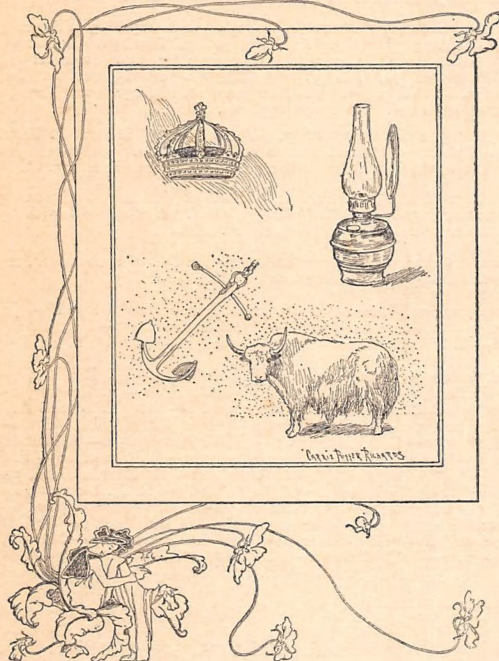
### CHARADE.

My *one* is a boy full of frolic and fun,  
*One* and *two* put together are same as my *one*,  
 My *three* 's what you want when you buy your new  
 clothes.

(If you didn't get them you'd growl, I suppose.) But if *one* and *two* should have *three*—oh, dear! His mama would worry the rest of the year. My *whole* we receive every day that we're living—I hope that you counted up yours on Thanksgiving.

M. E. FLOYD.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.**



EACH of the four small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the initial letters will spell the surname of a distinguished man who was born in April, one hundred and twenty-three years ago.

**A CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.**

(First Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

In each of the twelve following quotations one word is concealed. When the concealed words are rightly guessed, and written one below another, in the order here given, the central letters will spell the name of a famous jester, and also the name of one who knew him well.

1. "And spur thee on, with full as many lies  
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear  
From sun to sun."
2. "I had rather be a dog and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman."
3. "Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again?"
4. "Who lives, that 's not depraved, or depraves?"
5. "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!"
6. "Dainty bits  
Make rich their ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits."
7. "Not Hercules  
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had  
none."

8. "A man may hear this shower sing in the wind."
  9. "In simple and pure soul I come to you."
  10. "So full of shapes is fancy,  
That it alone is high fantastical."
  11. "Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold."
  12. "Death remember'd, should be like a mirror  
Who tells us, life 's but breath; to trust it, error."
- ANNE E. VALENTINE.

ANNE E. VALENTINE.

**FLORAL CROSS.**

[illegible]

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Parts of all plants. 2. The century plant. 3. A plant cultivated for its broad spikes of brilliant flowers. 4. The pansy. 5. A common September flower. 6. The month in which wild flowers are first found. 7. Low-growing masses of flowers or grass. 8. The color of foliage. 9. The "queenly flowers." 10. The Michaelmas daisy. 11. A thorn. 12. Something by which a famous cowslip once grew. 13. A species of clove-pink. 14. A flower named for a heavenly body.

From 1 to 2, the name of an April holiday.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

### WORD-SQUARES.

- I. 1. TIES. 2. A photographing apparatus. 3. Entertained. 4. Reposed. 5. To congeal. 6. To depress.  
II. 1. A strain. 2. A ditch. 3. A clergyman. 4. Whole. 5. Notched. 6. Small pieces.

MARIE B. REICHENHART.

**RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.**

(Second Prize, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN cross-words eight, of equal length, are guessed  
And placed as numbered, the initials show  
A jester who in one of Shakspeare's plays  
Appears. The letters in the final row  
Will spell a jester great, who made much sport  
For Queen Elizabeth and all her court.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. A violent storm is this of rain or wind.
2. Next, ensigns of true royalty you'll find.
3. A number whole, complete, and undivided.
4. Unbiased, and not partial or one-sided.
5. This dainty doth not off the "general" please.
6. Uneasy, agitated, ill at ease.
7. This Tuscan town's famed for straw-plaiting works.
8. Belonging or pertaining to the Turks.

BARBARA ELEANOR SMYTHE.